

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXIII. — FEBRUARY, 1889. — No. CCCLXXVI.

A WINTER COURTSHIP.

THE passenger and mail transportation between the towns of North Kilby and Sanscrit Pond was carried on by Mr. Jefferson Briley, whose two-seated covered wagon was usually much too large for the demands of business. Both the Sanscrit Pond and North Kilby people were stayers-at-home, and Mr. Briley often made his seven-mile journey in entire solitude, except for the limp leather mail-bag, which he held firmly to the floor of the carriage with his heavily shod left foot. The mail-bag had almost a personality to him, born of long association. Mr. Briley was a meek and timid-looking body, but he had a warlike soul, and encouraged his fancies by reading awful tales of bloodshed and lawlessness in the far West. Mindful of stage robberies and train thieves, and of express messengers who died at their posts, he was prepared for anything; and although he had trusted to his own strength and bravery these many years, he carried a heavy pistol under his front-seat cushion for better defense. This awful weapon was familiar to all his regular passengers, and was usually shown to strangers by the time two of the seven miles of Mr. Briley's route had been passed. The pistol was not loaded. Nobody (at least not Mr. Briley himself) doubted that the mere sight of such a weapon would turn the boldest adventurer aside.

Protected by such a man and such a piece of armament, one gray Friday

morning in the edge of winter, Mrs. Fanny Tobin was traveling from Sanscrit Pond to North Kilby. She was an elderly and feeble-looking woman, but with a shrewd twinkle in her eyes, and she felt very anxious about her numerous pieces of baggage and her own personal safety. She was enveloped in many shawls and smaller wrappings, but they were not securely fastened, and kept getting undone and flying loose, so that the bitter December cold seemed to be picking a lock now and then, and creeping in to steal away the little warmth she had. Mr. Briley was cold, too, and could only cheer himself by remembering the valor of those pony-express drivers of the pre-railroad days, who had to cross the Rocky Mountains on the great California route. He spoke at length of their perils to the suffering passenger, but she felt none the warmer, and at last gave a groan of weariness.

"How fur did you say 't was now?"

"I do' know's I said, Mis' Tobin," answered the driver, with a frosty laugh. "You see them big pines, and the side of a barn just this way with them yellow circus bills? That's my three-mile mark."

"Be we got four more to make? Oh, my laws!" mourned Mrs. Tobin. "Urge the beast, can't ye, Jeff'son? I ain't used to bein' out in such bleak weather. Seems if I could n't git my breath. I'm all pinched up and wigglin' with shivers now. 'Tain't no use

lettin' the hoss go step-a-ty-step, this fashion."

"Landy me!" exclaimed the affronted driver. "I don't see why folks expects me to race with the cars. Everybody that gits in wants me to run the hoss to death on the road. I make a good everage o' time, and that's all I *can* do. Ef you was to go back an' forth every day but Sabbath fur eighteen years, *you'd* want to ease it all you could, and let those thrash the spokes out o' their wheels that wanted to. North Kilby, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; Sanscrit Pond, Tuesdays, Thursdays, an' Saturdays. Me an' the beast's done it eighteen years together, and the creatur' warn't, so to say, young when we begun it, nor I neither. I re'lly did n't know's she'd hold out till this time. There, git up, will ye, old mar'!" as the beast of burden stopped short in the road.

There was a story that Jefferson gave this faithful creature a rest three times a mile, and took four hours for the journey by himself, and longer whenever he had a passenger. But in pleasant weather the road was delightful, and full of people who drove their own conveyances, and liked to stop and talk. There were not many farms, and the third growth of white pines made a pleasant shade, though Jefferson liked to say that when he began to carry the mail his way lay through an open country of stumps and sparse underbrush, where the white pines nowadays completely arched the road.

They had passed the barn with circus posters, and felt colder than ever when they caught sight of the weather-beaten acrobats in their tights.

"My gorry!" exclaimed Widow Tobin, "them pore creatur's looks as cheerless as little birch-trees in snow-time. I hope they dresses 'em warmer this time o' year. Now, there! look at that one jumpin' through the little hoop, will ye?"

"He could n't git himself through

there with two pair o' pants on," answered Mr. Briley. "I expect they must have to keep limber as eels. I used to think, when I was a boy, that 't was the only thing I could ever be reconciled to do for a livin'. I set out to run away an' follow a rovin' showman once, but mother needed me to home. There warn't nobody but me an' the little gals."

"You ain't the only one that's be'n disapp'inted o' their heart's desire," said Mrs. Tobin sadly. "'T warn't so that I could be spared from home to learn the dressmaker's trade."

"'T would a come handy later on, I declare," answered the sympathetic driver, "bein' s you went an' had such a passel o' gals to clothe an' feed. There, them that's livin' is all well off now, but it must ha' been sorae inconvenient for ye when they was small."

"Yes, Mr. Briley, but then I've had my mercies, too," said the widow somewhat grudgingly. "I take it master hard now, though, havin' to give up my own home and live round from place to place, if they be my own child'en. There was Ad'line and Susan Ellen fussin' an' bickerin' yesterday about who'd got to have me next; and, Lord be thanked, they both wanted me right off, but I hated to hear 'em talkin' of it over. I'd rather live to home, and do for myself."

"I've got consider'ble used to boardin'," said Jefferson, "sence marm died, but it made me ache 'long at the fust on't, I tell ye. Bein' on the road's I be, I could n't do no ways at keepin' house. I should want to keep right there and see to things."

"Course you would," replied Mrs. Tobin, with a sudden inspiration of opportunity which sent a welcome glow all over her. "Course you would, Jefferson," — she leaned toward the front seat; "that is to say, on-less you had jest the right one to do it for ye."

And Jefferson felt a strange glow

also, and a sense of unexpected interest and enjoyment.

"See here, Sister Tobin," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Why can't ye take the trouble to shift seats, and come front here 'long o' me? We could put one buff'lo top o' the other, — they 're both wearin' thin, — and set close, and I do' know but we sh'd be more protected ag'inst the weather."

"Well, I could n't be no colder if I was friz to death," answered the widow, with an amiable simper. "Don't ye let me delay you, nor put you out, Mr. Briley. I don't know 's I'd set forth to-day if I'd known 't was so cold; but I had all my bundles done up, and I ain't one that puts my hand to the plough an' looks back, 'cordin' to Scriptur'."

"You would n't wanted me to ride all them seven miles alone?" asked the gallant Briley sentimentally, as he lifted her down, and helped her up again to the front seat. She was a few years older than he, but they had been school-mates, and Mrs. Tobin's youthful freshness was suddenly revived to his mind's eye. She had a little farm; there was nobody left at home now but herself, and so she had broken up housekeeping for the winter. Jefferson himself had savings of no mean amount.

They tucked themselves in, and felt better for the change, but there was a sudden awkwardness between them; they had not had time to prepare for an unexpected crisis.

"They say Elder Bickers, over to East Sanscrit, 's been and got married again to a gal that 's four year younger than his daughter," proclaimed Mrs. Tobin presently. "Seems to me 't was fool's business."

"I view it so," said the stage-driver. "There 's goin' to be a mild open winter for that fam'ly."

"What a joker you be for a man that 's had so much responsibility!" smiled Mrs. Tobin, after they had done laughing. "Ain't you never 'fraid, car-

ryin' mail matter and such valuable stuff, that you 'll be set on an' robbed, 'specially by night?"

Jefferson braced his feet against the dasher under the worn buffalo. "It is kind o' scary, or would be for some folks, but I 'd like to see anybody get the better o' me. I go armed, and I don't care who knows it. Some o' them drover men that comes from Canady looks as if they did n't care what they did, but I look 'em right in the eye every time."

"Men folks is brave by natur'," said the widow admiringly. "You know how Tobin would let his fist right out at anybody that undertook to sass him. Town-meetin' days, if he got disappointed about the way things went, he lay 'em out in win'rows; and ef he had n't been a church member he 'd been a real fightin' character. I was always 'fraid to have him roused, for all he was so willin' and meechin' to home, and set round clever as anybody. My Susan Ellen used to boss him same 's the kitchen, when she was four year old."

"I 've got a kind of a sideways cant to my nose, that Tobin give me when we was to school. I don't know 's you ever noticed it," said Mr. Briley. "We was scufflin', as lads will. I never bore him no kind of a grudge. I pitied ye, when he was taken away. I re'lly did, now, Fanny. I liked Tobin first-rate, and I liked you. I used to say you was the han'somest girl to school."

"Lemme see your nose. 'T is all straight, for what I know," said the widow gently, and with a trace of coyness she gave a hasty glance. "I don't know but what 't is warped a little, but nothin' to speak of. You 've got real nice features, like your marm's folks."

It was becoming a sentimental occasion, and Jefferson Briley felt that he was in for something more than he had bargained. He hurried the faltering sorrel horse, and began to talk of the weather. It certainly did look like

snow, and he was tired bumping over the frozen road.

"I should n't wonder if I hired a hand here another year, and went off out West myself to see the country."

"Why, how you talk!" answered the widow.

"Yes'm," pursued Jefferson. "'T is tamer here than I like, and I was tellin' 'em yesterday I've got to know this road most too well. I'd like to go out an' ride in the mountains with some o' them great clipper coaches, where the driver don't know any minute but he'll be shot dead the next. They carry an awful sight o' gold down from the mines, I expect."

"I should be scairt to death," said Mrs. Tobin. "What creatur's men folks be to like such things! Well, I do declare."

"Yes," explained the mild little man. "There's sights of desp'radoes makes a han'some livin' out o' followin' them coaches, an' stoppin' an' robbin' 'em clean to the bone. Your money or your life!" and he flourished his stub of a whip over the sorrel mare.

"Landy me! you make me run all of a cold creep. Do tell somethin' heartenin', this cold day. I shall dream bad dreams all night."

"They put on black crape over their faces," said the driver mysteriously. "Nobody knows who most on 'em be, and like as not some o' them fellers come o' good families. They've got so they stop the cars, and go right through 'em bold as brass. I could make your hair stand on end, Mis' Tobin, — I could so!"

"I hope none on 'em 'll git round our way, I'm sure," said Fanny Tobin. "I don't want to see none on 'em in their crape bunnits comin' after me."

"I ain't goin' to let nobody touch a hair o' your head," and Mr. Briley moved a little nearer, and tucked in the buffaloes again.

"I feel considerable warm to what I

did," observed the widow by way of reward.

"There, I used to have my fears," Mr. Briley resumed, with an inward feeling that he never would get to North Kilby depot a single man. "But you see I had nobody but myself to think of. I've got cousins, as you know, but nothin' nearer, and what I've laid up would soon be parted out; and — well, I suppose some folks would think o' me if anything was to happen."

Mrs. Tobin was holding her cloud over her face, — the wind was sharp on that bit of open road, — but she gave an encouraging sound, between a groan and a chirp.

"'T would n't be like nothin' to me not to see you drivin' by," she said, after a minute. "I should n't know the days o' the week. I says to Susan Ellen last week I was sure 't was Friday, and she said no, 't was Thursday; but next minute you druv by and headin' toward North Kilby, so we found I was right."

"I've got to be a featur' of the landscape," said Mr. Briley plaintively. "This kind o' weather the old mare and me, we wish we was done with it, and could settle down kind o' comfortable. I've been lookin' this good while, as I drove the road, and I've picked me out a piece o' land two or three times. But I can't abide the thought o' buildin', — 't would plague me to death; and both Sister Peak to North Kilby and Mis' Deacon Ash to the Pond, they vie with one another to do well by me, fear I'll like the other stoppin'-place best."

"I should n't covet livin' long o' neither one o' them women," responded the passenger with some spirit. "I see some o' Mis' Peak's cookin' to a farmers' supper once, when I was visitin' Susan Ellen's folks, an' I says, 'Deliver me from sech pale-complected baked beans as them! and she give a kind of quack. She was settin' jest at my left hand, and could n't help hearin' me. I would n't

have spoken if I had known, but she need n't have let on they was hers. 'I guess them beans tastes just as well as other folks', says she, and she would n't never speak to me afterward."

"Do' know's I blame her," ventured Mr. Briley. "Women folks is dreadful pudjicky about their cookin'. I've always heard you was one o' the best o' cooks, Mis' Tobin. I know them dough-nuts an' things you've give me in times past, when I was drivin' by. Wish I had some on 'em now. I never let on, but Mis' Ash's cookin' 's the best by a long chalk. Mis' Peak's handy about some things, and looks after mendin' me up."

"It doos seem as if a man o' your years and your quiet make ought to hev a home you could call your own," suggested the passenger. "I kind of hate to think o' your bangein' here and boardin' there, and one old woman mendin', and the other settin' ye down to meals that like 's not don't agree with ye."

"Lor', now, Mis' Tobin, le's not fuss round no longer," said Mr. Briley impatiently. "You know you covet me same's I do you."

"I don't nuther. Don't you go an' say fo'lish things you can't stand to."

"I've been tryin' to git a chance to put in a word with you ever sence — Well, I expected you'd want to get your feelin's kind o' calloused after losin' Tobin."

"There's nobody can fill his place," said the widow.

"I do' know but I can fight for ye town-meetin' days, on a pinch," urged Jefferson boldly.

"I never see the beat o' you men fur conceit," and Mrs. Tobin laughed. "I ain't goin' to bother with ye, gone half the time as you be, an' carryin' on with your Mis' Peaks and Mis' Ashes. I dare say you've promised yourself to both on 'em twenty times."

"I hope to gracious if I ever breathed a word to none on 'em!" protested the lover. "'Tain't for lack o' opportuni-

ties set afore me, nuther;" and then Mr. Briley craftily kept silence, as if he had made a fair proposal, and expected a definite reply.

The lady of his choice was, as she might have expressed it, much beat about. As she truly thought, she was getting along in years, and must put up with Jefferson all the rest of the time. It was not likely she would ever have the chance of choosing again, though she was one who liked variety. Jefferson was n't much to look at, but he was pleasant and kind of boyish and young-feeling. "I do' know's I should do better," she said unconsciously and half aloud. "Well, yes, Jefferson, seein' it's you. But we're both on us kind of old to change our situation," and Fanny Tobin gave a gentle sigh.

"Hooray!" said Jefferson. "I was scairt you meant to keep me sufferin' here a half an hour. I declare, I'm more pleased than I calc'lated on. You tell Susan Ellen the news, won't ye? She'll be surprised to hear you've jest come on a visit. How you must ha' tugged to get them bundles ready, an' all for nothin'; but now I'll lend a hand 'bout everythin'. An' I expected till lately to die a single man!"

"'T would re'lly have been a shame; 'tain't natur'," said Mrs. Tobin, with confidence. "I don't see how you held out so long with bein' solitary."

"I'll hire a hand to drive for me, and we'll have a good comfortable winter, me an' you an' the old sorrel. I've been promisin' of her a rest this good while."

"Better keep her a-steppin'," urged thrifty Mrs. Fanny. "She'll stiffen up master, an' disapp'int ye, come spring."

"You'll have me, now, won't ye, sartin'?" pleaded Jefferson, to make sure. "You ain't one o' them that plays with a man's feelin's. Say right out you'll have me."

"I s'pose I shall have to," said Mrs. Tobin somewhat mournfully. "I feel

for Mis' Peak an' Mis' Ash, pore creatur's. I expect they'll be hardshipped. They've always been hard-worked, an' may kind o' looked forward to a little ease. But one on 'em would be left lamentin', anyhow," and she gave a girlish laugh. An air of victory animated the frame of Mrs. Tobin. She felt but twenty-five years of age. In that moment she made plans for cutting her Briley's hair, and making him look smartened-up and ambitious. Then she wished that she knew for certain how much money he had in the bank; not that it would make any difference now. "He need n't bluster none before me,"

she thought gayly. "He's harmless as a fly."

"There's the big ellum past, an' we're only a third of a mile from the depot," said Mr. Briley. "Feel warmer, do ye?"

"Who'd have thought we'd done such a piece of engineerin', when we started out?" inquired the dear one of Mr. Briley's heart, as he tenderly helped her to alight at Susan Ellen's door.

"Both on us, jest the least grain," answered the lover. "Gimme a good smack, now, you clever creatur'," and so they parted. Mr. Briley had been taken on the road in spite of his pistol.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

BUTTERFLIES IN DISGUISE.

EVERY observer, even the most casual, has at some time had his attention arrested by the strange resemblance of some creature to the object upon which it rested; to this form of imitation the term "mimicry" was applied as long ago as 1815 by Kirby and Spence, in the introductory letter to their treatise on entomology. "You would declare," say they, "upon beholding some insects, that they had robbed the trees of their leaves to form for themselves artificial wings, so exactly do they resemble them in their form, substance, and vascular structure; some representing green leaves, and others those that are dry and withered. Nay, sometimes this mimicry is so exquisite that you would mistake the whole insect for a portion of the branching spray of a tree."

It is not a little curious that it was on the very eve of the publication of the *Origin of Species*, at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1859, that the first attempt was made to collect facts of this nature, and to inquire into the laws

which regulate them. At this meeting the late Mr. Andrew Murray read a paper upon the Disguises of Nature, in which he showed that the most perfect imitation of inanimate objects occurs, not rarely or exceptionally, but in some groups so commonly that the want of it might be regarded as the exception, and that the concealment of the animal was the plain purpose of the disguise. He confesses, however, that he cannot tell what law has set in motion such endless provision of protection, and can only suggest that it may be found in some force analogous to the great law of attraction; that "like draws to like, or like begets like."

The theory of natural selection, immediately afterward proposed by Darwin, was the key to this puzzle. Its use for this purpose by Bates, in 1862, was one of the earliest independent contributions to the theory from new observations. Buried in the depths of a special systematic paper, there were presented by Bates some of the most striking instances that are known of such

protective resemblance, in which the animals imitate, not the objects on or near which they live, nor such other creatures as are in themselves frightful or predaceous, but butterflies quite like themselves, to all external appearance as harmless and as much in need of protection as they. He pointed out, moreover, that there is a special group of butterflies (*Heliconinæ*), of vivid coloring and slow and easy flight, which are the constant subjects of mimicry, while the greater portion of the mimicking butterflies he observed belonged to a very different group (*Pierinæ*), normally white and tolerably uniform in color, but which had so changed their livery and even the form of their wings as closely to resemble the objects they mimicked in brilliancy of color and variegation, and even in mode of flight. Some, says he, "show a minute and palpably intentional likeness which is perfectly staggering." Indeed, the likeness proved so close that even after he became aware of the mimicry his practiced eye was often deceived. Or if he wandered to a new locality, where occurred a new set of *Ithomyiæ* (the most numerous represented among the mimicked genera), the *Leptalides* (the mimickers) would vary with them so as to preserve the mockery band for band and spot for spot. Now his field observations showed him that the mimicking species belonged to a group of butterflies very subject to attack by birds and other foes, while the group which they mimicked had an offensive odor and apparently a taste obnoxious to insectivorous animals, so as to be exempt practically from their attacks. This was shown partly by their exceptional abundance, which did not seem to accord with slow and easy flight and conspicuous coloring, features that naturally would render them an easy prey to their enemies. That these butterflies were truly distasteful to birds has been shown again and again. Thus Belt says, in his *Naturalist in Nicaragua*:

"I had an opportunity of proving in Brazil that some birds, if not all, reject the *Heliconii* butterflies, which are closely resembled by butterflies of other families and by moths. I observed a pair of birds that were bringing butterflies and dragonflies to their young, and although the *Heliconii* swarmed in the neighborhood, and are of weak flight, so as to be easily caught, the birds never brought one to their nest. I had a still better means of testing both these and other insects that are mimicked in Nicaragua. The tame, white-faced monkey I have already mentioned was extremely fond of insects, and would greedily munch up any beetle or butterfly given to him, and I used to bring him any insects that I found imitated by others, to see whether they were distasteful or not. I found he would never eat the *Heliconii*. He was too polite not to take them when they were offered to him, and would sometimes smell them, but invariably rolled them up in his hand, and dropped them quietly again after a few minutes. A large species of spider (*Nephila*) also used to drop them out of its web when I put them into it. Another spider that frequented flowers seemed to be fond of them, and I have already mentioned a wasp that caught them to store its nest with. There could be no doubt, however, from the monkey's actions, that they were distasteful to him."

Bates very naturally argued that if these offensive properties gave the *Ithomyiæ* such exemption from attack as enabled them to swarm in spite of lazy habits and brilliant coloring, then other butterflies living in the same places would gain a certain amount of freedom from attack if their flight and coloring so nearly resembled those of the offensive species as actually to deceive insect-eating animals, even though they were themselves in no way distasteful.

The fact of a resemblance so close that it is to all appearances a "palpa-

bly intentional likeness" is impossible to question. But how explain it? How could a butterfly change its appearance to such a degree, its wings from a uniform color to a banded, streaked, and spotted pattern, and at the same time lengthen their form and extend the antennæ? "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"

The answer, as Bates clearly saw, was to be looked for in the same direction as when accounting for the assumption by animals of the color of their surroundings. Both are produced in the same way, and have the same cause and end. It is only by keeping in view this tolerably obvious truth that we can explain all the freaks of mimicry. "The specific, mimetic analogies," says Bates, "are adaptations, — phenomena of precisely the same nature as those in which insects . . . are assimilated in superficial appearance to the vegetable or inorganic substance on which or amongst which they live."

To gain an idea, then, of the processes by which the "staggering" examples of mimicry are produced, we must look first at the simplest forms of protective resemblance. Go to the sea-shore and observe the grasshoppers among the beach grass. They fly up at your approach, whiz off a rod or so, and alight. Can you see them? They are colored so nearly like the sands they live upon that detection of one at rest is almost impossible. On yonder grassy bluff, a stone's-throw away, you will find none of them, but other kinds equally, or almost equally, lost to sight by their harmony with *their* surroundings. What chance of life for either if they suddenly changed places? They would be so conspicuous that every passing bird or other insectivorous creature would sight them. Of course these protective colors have been gained by slow steps. Every grasshopper that found its preferred food among the sands was liable to be eaten. In the long run just those would

be eaten which were most easily seen. One which varied in coloring in never so small a degree, so as to be less easily seen than his brother, would live to perpetuate his kind, and his brother come to an untimely end; the progeny would show the fortunate variation, and be more likely to be spared to transmit in increased volume the probability of the happy coloring. Given, then, a brood of grasshoppers that find their preferred food in sandy spots, and unless other and more powerful forces act upon them it *must* result, from their liability to be eaten by creatures fond of grasshoppers, that in time they will resemble in coloring the sand on which they live; it is impossible that they should not. Any creature not specially protected by nauseousness, or habit, or special device of some sort, must in the very nature of things, if it is to live at all, have some other protection, and that afforded by color and pattern is by far the most common. The world is made up of eaters and eaten, of devices to catch and devices to avoid being caught.

We may apply the same reasoning to two kinds of butterflies subject naturally to the same class of enemies; that is, living in the same region and flying at the same time. If one has the slightest advantage over the other in the fight for life, by being, for instance, distasteful to one class of common enemies, so that these forbear to attack it after experiment or by instinct (the result of ancestral experiments), and there be among the less favored flock, here and there, an individual which, under circumstances favoring it, such as distance or shadow, may more often than its fellows be mistaken by the enemy for one of its distasteful neighbors through its possession of a little more than usual of a certain tint on a part of the wing, a little larger spot here, or more of the semblance of a band there, — how small soever this difference may be, it must, by the very laws of natural selection,

be cherished, perpetuated, increased, by slow but sure steps. Nor is there any limit to its increase except its absolute deception of the enemy. So long as there is the slightest advantage in variation in a definite possible direction, the struggle for existence will compel that variation. Knowing what we now know of the laws of life, mimicry of favored races might even have been predicted.

It is to be presumed that the actual colors found in a mimicking butterfly are, with rare exceptions, such as existed somewhere in the ancestral form. In the case of our own mimicking *Basilarchia*, for example, whose orange ground tint is so totally at variance with the general color of the other normal members of the group, it will be observed that all the normal species possess some orange. Without this as a precedent fact, such perfect mimicry might perhaps never have arisen. Individuals among the normal species vary somewhat in this particular, so that it is easy to suppose that some of the original *B. archippus*, with more orange than usual, may have escaped capture, on occasion, from this cause. From such a small beginning, such as one may now see every year in *B. astyanax*, sprang doubtless the whole story, and at last we find a butterfly which has for a ground color of both surfaces of the wings an orange which is the exact counterpart of that of *Anosia plexippus*; by reason of which, in all probability, it enjoys a freedom from molestation comparable to that attributed to *plexippus*, so that it ventures more into the open country than its allies, and thus gains a wider pasturage and surer subsistence.

It would seem, then, to be plain that all cases of protective coloring and mimetic form come under one and the same law, and have been produced by the same means (the survival of the best mocker), whether the object imi-

tated be animal, vegetable, or mineral. The actual outcome is, indeed, vastly more surprising in some cases than in others,—in some “perfectly staggering,” as Bates says; yet though there be to all appearances a “palpably intentional likeness,” there is found to be no intention in the case so far as mocker and mocked are concerned, but the result of a natural selection against which neither could even strive, and of which neither was ever conscious.¹ The process has been a long one, so that in the case of parastatic mimicry, as that form which involves the copying of one’s fellows might be termed (or, if one prefers an English term, neighborly mimicry), we may readily presume far less difference between mocker and mocked when the mimicry between them first began than now exists between the mocked and the normal relatives of the mocker. It is argued, indeed, with great show of reason, that as the resemblance grew stronger the birds became more sharp-sighted, which reflected again on the mimicry, and that thus the final departure from the normal type was intensified; but this assumption is not necessary.

So far we have referred only to the first illustrations of mimicry given by Bates, those which present the simplest, though not the least striking forms, involving as they do the widest departure of mimetic butterflies from their normal type. Let us glance briefly at some other points.

A new element enters when we find that neighborly mimicry is sometimes confined to a single sex of a butterfly; that is to say, one sex is of the normal color of its allies, while the opposite sex departs widely therefrom, and is found to resemble closely another and a nauseous butterfly of the same region. Now, as mimicry is clearly only a protective device, or rather outcome, we should naturally inquire whether either sex was

¹ “Imitation” and “mimicry” both imply intention; but the limits of our language com-

pel us to use figurative speech; we have no word to express unconscious mimicry.

more in need than the other of protection from those foes against which mimicry could avail anything. Plainly, it would be the female, since, were she lost before oviposition, just so many eggs would be lost with her; and besides this, her heavier, more sluggish flight—a necessity from her burden of eggs—makes her an easier prey to insectivorous creatures against which mimicry is aimed. Accordingly, we find many instances in which the female is mimetic and the male normal. Probably they are far more numerous than we imagine, and many of the exceedingly common differences between the sexes, which since Darwin's day we have been wont to set down to sexual selection, doubtless are to be attributed to something of this nature. But there is no known case of neighborly mimicry confined to the male sex. On the other hand, some of the most vivid and striking examples of mimicry are to be found confined to the females. There is one example brought forward by Trimen which is the most surprising yet published, where not only have two kinds of African swallow-tail butterflies, one with, the other without, tails, long supposed to be widely distinct species, been proved to be male and female, the female departing from the type to mimic a *Eupleid* butterfly, but the male is found to have no less than three distinct wives, each mimicking a different kind of *Eupleid* characteristic of the region inhabited by mocker and mocked, and each very different from the husband; while an allied male, formerly thought to be the same as the preceding, keeps a similar harem, similarly mimetic of species of *Euploina* prevailing in its districts, and, besides, has in one place at least a concubine which is not at all mimetic. Surely the play of mimicry can go little farther.

But in all this arises a new difficulty. How is it that mimetic qualities, which in a given locality breed so true, are inherited by one sex only? Why do the

males escape? Here the question is, not, Why are the females mimetic? but rather, Why are the males not mimetic? To this no satisfactory answer has yet been given. It has been attributed to sexual selection, the females being supposed to be of a conservative frame of mind, and admitting no variation in their consorts; but this it would be difficult to prove, or, it seems to me, to render very probable.

This, however, is the view of it taken by Belt, who remarks that "it is supported by the fact that many of the males of the mimetic *Leptalides* have the upper half of the lower wing of a pure white, whilst all the rest of the wings is barred and spotted with black, red, or yellow, like the species they mimic. The females have not this white patch, and the males usually conceal it by covering it with the upper wing, so that I cannot imagine its being of any other use to them than as an attraction in courtship, when they exhibit it to the females, and thus gratify their deep-seated preference for the normal color of the order [tribe] to which the *Leptalides* belong."

Still another difficulty besets the subject,—a difficulty in part recognized by Bates. It has been the subject of much discussion, but on the principles supported above is far more easily disposed of. Bates found not only that the distasteful *Heliconoid* butterflies were mimicked by those which were in evident need of protection, from the fact of their being greedily eaten by insectivorous animals, but that there were cases of mimicry quite as close among the *Heliconoid* butterflies themselves. Many instances of the same kind have since been recognized in other parts of the world. Here both mocked and mockers were protected by nauseousness, and it was by no means clear to him how any advantage, the fundamental cause of variation of this kind, was to be gained by such imitation. The resemblance was so close

that, according to his own words, "species belonging to distinct genera have been confounded, owing to their being almost identical in colors and markings; in fact, many of them can scarcely be distinguished except by their generic characters." Bates himself was inclined to look upon these, not as cases of parastatic mimicry, but as due "to the similar adaptation of all to the same local, probably inorganic conditions."

But this vague explanation has not been satisfactory to others, and Wallace and Meldola, and particularly Fritz Müller, have followed the matter, and shown that, if the mimicked species possesses the slightest advantage in the mere point of numbers over the mimicking, this advantage is sufficient to produce the mimicry concerned. It is highly probable, from the experiments of Fritz Müller and the observations of Belt, that the *Heliconoid* butterflies are simply distasteful, not poisonous, to insectivorous animals. Müller has even figured a considerable number of examples of a single species found by him (in this instance belonging to the *Acræinæ*, a closely allied nauseous group) in which the wings had evidently been seized by insectivorous birds, for they show great gaps in their wings, such as a bill would make upon them. By such seizures many of the distasteful butterflies doubtless perish, and Meldola shows very clearly by mathematical analysis that a resemblance between two species so close that the experimental seizures would be divided between them in the ratio of their numbers gives an advantage decidedly in favor of the scarcer species. Or, as Wallace puts it, "if two species, both equally distasteful, closely resemble each other, then the number of individuals sacrificed is divided between them in the proportion of the squares of their respective numbers." If the rarer species is only one tenth as numerous, it will benefit in the proportion of one hundred to one.

Exactly the same argument can be applied to examples of mimicry between two species where neither is distasteful. These cases, though less conspicuous, are probably more numerous than those of which we have been speaking; for, on the principles that we have laid down, any advantage which one species has over another will be attacked by that other in every possible way; and if there be elements in the structure or markings which admit of a closer resemblance between the two, and this resemblance will lessen the disadvantage under which the weaker species labors, then in the very nature of things that resemblance must follow, unless other opposing elements intervene. For here, at least, the relative abundance of the species concerned is an essential element. It has been thought by some to be also an essential element of all mimicry; but not only is there no sufficient reason for holding such a view, excepting in cases like those last quoted, but it has been asserted by no less keen an observer than Fritz Müller himself, and agreed to by others, that the mimicked species is not always more abundant than its counterfeit; indeed, the mimicking and the mimicked species have been found to vary in their relative numbers in different localities, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, preponderating. But with regard to mimicry of one distasteful butterfly by another, there may also enter another element; for it is hardly to be believed that all distasteful butterflies are equally objectionable to all birds, and it is obvious that the more distasteful the butterfly is to its rapacious foes, by so much more has it the advantage in the struggle for life; so that mimicry of one distasteful butterfly by another less distasteful is scarcely more surprising than the mimicry of a nauseous butterfly by one that has not this quality.

Only one further difficulty remains, and this is that, in a few instances, an

insect has been found differing so peculiarly from its congeners as to leave no doubt in the mind that it differs in the direction of mimicry when no exact prototype can be found. For example, the butterfly of one of the *Nymphalinae*, with normal dark colors and a definite pattern, will vary altogether from that pattern and coloring, to take on the livery peculiar to the *Euploinae*, a group very extensively imitated, when there is found in the regions inhabited by this supposed mimicking species no *Euploid* which it in any way specially resembles. In this case but two explanations have been offered: one that the mimicked butterfly has not yet been found, another that it has for some cause become extinct. But with the extinction of the mimicked form we should expect speedy extinction of the mimicking, and it would seem more probable that these were cases of general mimicry in process of formation toward some specific type. At any rate, we need to know more definitely about these instances before we can properly discuss them. They have never been collated.

In support of the general theory of mimicry, it may be said that cases are far more common in the tropics than in temperate regions, even relatively; and so, too, are insectivorous animals. The accounts of travelers in the tropics constantly mention the attacks of birds upon butterflies, while instances of butterflies being seen pursued by birds are vastly more rare in the temperate regions. I have never seen one. In the tropics, moreover, the birds are aided by a great number of other insectivorous animals, such as lizards. In our own country, therefore, we should not look for many instances of mimicry of any decided type. The most striking is unquestionably that of *Basilarchia archippus*, which mimics *Anosia plexippus*, and the closely related case of *Basilarchia eros* and *Tasitia berenice*, the last two butterflies largely supplanting the first two on the

peninsula of Florida. In both these instances the mimicry is enjoyed by both sexes. A third case is found in the less close but still striking mimicry of *Basilarchia astyanax* by the female of *Semnopsyche diana*, an instance the more remarkable as the mimicked species belongs to the same genus as our two other mimicking forms.

When we take a general view of mimicry as exhibited by one butterfly for another, how strange it seems; and what an interesting illustration it is of the adaptability and pliancy of natural forces, that for the evident protection of one species in the struggle for existence so exact and beautiful a resemblance should be brought about! Consider for a moment that the subjects of mimicry are at the final stage of life; they have already passed through nearly all the dangers to which the species as a species is subjected,—so rudely subjected that they are indeed but a centesimal, or even less, rarely or never more, of those brought into the world with them. During the early period of their life they were exposed to vastly more dangers than they can now experience. At times they were absolutely helpless, without the power of movement. They are now endowed with powers of flight sufficient to thwart the purpose of many a foe; yet it is in just this period that these special and extraordinary provisions for their safety and for the accomplishment, so far as the species is concerned, of the end of their life are given them. All this has been brought about for the sole purpose of prolonging their aerial life for the exceedingly few days which are necessary for pairing and the deposition of eggs. The more we contemplate so strange and perfect a provision, and the means by which it is accomplished, the more are we impressed with the capabilities of natural selection, and begin to comprehend how powerful an element it has been in the development of the varied world of beauty about us.

Samuel H. Scudder.

PASSE ROSE.

XVII.

It was the harvest month, and the leaves were beginning to strew the windy lanes of the wood. All the day long the hillsides resounded with the baying of hounds, baffled by the water of the marsh where the boar had fled. One could hear the heavy flight of the heron scared from its haunt, and the quick beat of the wild duck's wings skimming the surface of the pond. The quail, listening with head erect, ran through the thick reeds as the tumult drew near. But their fear was vain; it was not these the hunter sought. Twice the long, monotonous bay of the pack changed to the sharp, quick cry whose meaning the hunter knows so well, — when the trail grows fresh, and more than water to the dripping tongue is the sight of its prey to the eager hound. Twice those foremost in the chase found a spot where the trampled grass was matted with blood and torn from the mould by the struggling feet, — where the flags were pressed into the moist earth, and the boar on its haunches had waited its pursuers; and here, — ah, poor Brochart, the leader of the pack, slit from breast to flank by the tusk. What, thou canst still lick the hand? Brave dog! And here another has crawled into the thicket, leaving a red track. Is it thou, Biche, thy mistress's favorite? Seigneur, what a struggle was here! The dog moans pitifully, feeling the hand's caress. But hark! the beast is at bay again. The hand strokes the ears gently once more, then lifts the horn to the lips, and the dog is left alone to die.

At last, for the third time, the boar turned. It was at the very spot where, startled from its sleep, it had first heard the distant cry of the pack, and,

rising on its forefeet from the moss, had crashed through the reeds bordering the swamp. Hound and hunter were scattered now. The race had been hot, and there were dogs in the wood that never would answer cry again. Its bristles erect on its neck, its small eyes twinkling with rage, blood and foam dripping from its yellow tusks, the boar waited on its haunches. A hound, springing out of the thicket, leaped upon one of these tusks, to receive its death-wound before the cry on its tongue was finished. Its fellow, following close behind, stood at a little distance, howling piteously, its flanks smeared with blood. At the sound of its master breaking through the flags, it began to run to and fro, yelping furiously. The boar paid it no heed, watching the place whence came the sound of breaking stems; *there* was the enemy to be feared, — Gui of Tours.

Gui stopped at the edge of the opening to get his breath. His horse had been long since abandoned; his spear was lost; he had a wooden javelin shod with iron in his hand, and a knife in his belt; the broken cord of his horn hung from its ring. For a moment man and beast confronted each other. Cowed by the silence, the dog began to whine. The boar was still unhurt, though lacerated by the dogs' teeth. It was an old one, as could be seen by the curved tusks. Gui drew his knife and looked into its eyes. He would have risked death a thousand times to find Passe Rose, but why should he risk life to slay a boar? When the blood is up one does not think of such things. He wiped the perspiration from his eyes, planted his feet firmly, drew back his arm, and launched his weapon.

A heavy weight had crushed him to the earth. He struck out blindly with his knife: it was in his right hand;

how had he changed it? His hip burned as with fire: was it the tusk or the hoof? he wondered. Ah, he had struck the dog! A warm stream ran down his arm, then a shower of sparks danced before his eyes, and the weight on his chest grew heavier. He made an effort with both hands to cast it off; there was nothing there, yet it grew heavier. Was he bound? He endeavored to cry out. What had he said in that moment of involuntary terror, when the fear, not of death, but of ceasing to think, to feel, to love, seized him? Passe Rose!

The sun was already low, a cold fog was beginning to rise from the marshes, and the queen had resolved to return to the hunting-seat of Frankenburg to await the king. The day had not passed as had been planned. Everything had been arranged as for a battle; actor and spectator had each been assigned his post and duty. But the ambuscades had failed; the would-be actor had heard the noise of the pursuit drift away, and the spectator had found himself in the thick of the fray without warning; twice the *cortège* of the queen had been scattered; the battle had become a *mêlée*. Followed by a numerous train, the queen advanced slowly through the wood. Where was the king? God only knew. From far away came the cry of baffled dogs, a solitary shout, the echo of a horn. The queen rode in silence, surrounded by her escort; from time to time she turned her head to listen, or to address some question to those at her side. In advance went the royal equerries, alert, their javelins in their hands. With such a beast it was necessary to be cautious, even though the vine-clad tower of Frankenburg was in sight. The waters of the lake shone through the trees like an amethyst; it was said that these colors were due to the fires of Fastrade's magic ring, hidden in its depths. Behind the queen, among the king's daughters, there were laughter

and whispering. All were there, — Rothrude, Bertrade, and the timid Giséle, their robes double-dyed with purple and sewn with flowers of gold; and last of all, Rothaïde, the eldest, grave and stately between the young children of Fastrade. In proportion as the distance from the queen increased, the laughter was more merry and the conversation less restrained. They recounted the day's adventures, conjectured its issue, and discussed what should have been done.

"Do they chase the boar with thee?" cried Gesualda to Rothilde, leaning back on her horse.

"If I had had a net, when the beast halted, perceiving us, and the dogs were upon him" — a page was saying.

"Thou wouldst have attacked it single-handed," laughed Heluiz of Hesbaye, patting the blonde head at her stirrup.

"Ho, there!" cried the page to a grayhound, which, leaving the boy's heel, sniffed in the bushes.

"It is a hare," said Rothilde.

"Ho!" cried the page, tugging at the thong and raising his whip. The dog, straining at the collar, tore the strap from the boy's hand. "By the King of Heaven!" exclaimed the latter, disappearing after the hound in the thicket.

"He hath the king's oath by heart," laughed Heluiz of Hesbaye.

A furious barking, succeeded by a shout, came from the copse. At the sound of this cry Heluiz's laughter ceased. Two men-at-arms ran into the bush, followed by Gesualda and Rothilde. "What is it?" cried those in advance. "A dog hath started a hare," said one. But a sort of terror spread through the troop. Some ran back; others waited, listening. Beyond, among the king's daughters, they turned their heads, asking what had happened. Her heart beating, Heluiz urged her horse in the direction whence the cry had come. At a little distance the copse grew thin;

there was an opening, and a crowd about something in its centre. "Water, — run to the lake!" cried a voice from its midst.

Heluiz slipped from her horse, and ran forward. Stretched on the ground were a man and a dog. "Agnes! Agnes!" she cried involuntarily. The man's body was straight, the hands by the side; but the dog, lying on its back, seemed still defending itself, its mouth full of hair and bristles, and a dagger buried to the hilt in its neck.

"Ho, here! the boar! the boar!" cried one from the edge of the opening. Those on the skirts of the group ran to see.

Heluiz pressed forward to where Gui lay. "Is he dead?"

"Nay, a scratch," said the page, unfastening the tunic, and wishing it were he who was thus watched by such eyes and lifted by such hands. For Heluiz had taken Gui's head in her lap.

She tore the wet moss from its roots to lay it on his brow; it was wet indeed, but with blood. "Loosen the belt," she said to the page.

As he obeyed, Rothilde, leaning over the captain, uttered a cry of terror. Between the leather pleatings, next his heart, she saw the sealed packet of papers she had given the monk at Immaburg for the prior. They were those which *Passe Rose* had gotten from Brother Dominic, together with that other she had found in the road by the abbey, the night of her last visit to Friedgis. They had fallen from her bosom when the captain bore her in his arms from the chapel at Immaburg to the wagon, and he had thrust them in his tunic, where they had remained to this day. Rothilde, paler than Gui, reached forth her hand to take them, when a rough arm pushed her aside, and a voice of command said, —

"Away with these women! Here, you fellows, think ye a dead boar will run away? Make a litter of lances and

boughs." And the speaker lifted Gui in his vigorous arms.

On every side they were discussing, questioning. Each related how the affair had taken place. Gui must have closed with the boar knife in hand. There were six thrusts behind the shoulder within the space of two palms, from below upward, — therefore the beast was above; the dog had leaped on its back, and received the knife by hazard.

"I would I had been there," said the page.

Rothilde was not listening. She wished to follow the litter, but dared not. At the sight of the papers, a multitude of pictures, hitherto distinct in her mind, blended into one: *Passe Rose* wearing her collar in the supper-room at Immaburg, with Friedgis' name on her lips; her whisperings with the monk at the chapel porch; and Gui's defense of her on the terrace and at supper. "Cursed girl!" she muttered, following at a little distance her companions.

Heluiz thought only of Agnes, who, vexed with her lover, had refused to join in the chase. "In the morning one pouts, and at night sheds bitter tears," Heluiz said to herself. "My heart bleeds for her," she whispered to Gesualda, as they left the place together.

"Nay," answered Gesualda, knowing well of whom Heluiz spoke, "the wound is not deep; only when blood is lost" —

"I would some one told her gently," interrupted Heluiz.

Rothilde, walking behind the two, stooped suddenly to the page's ear. "Wilt thou ride with me to Aix to-night?"

"Aye, truly, mistress," said the boy wonderingly.

"Run, then, quickly to the queen, and say that I have gone to soften the tidings to Agnes of Solier. Here, take my horse; I will find another."

The night was near when the two left the wood. On reaching the road

Rothilde gave her horse the rein. "Hold firm," she said. The boy laughed scornfully to think a woman should so address him, and drove his horse to her side. But the girl was mounted on a long limbed mare she had gotten from one of the escort, while he had but her palfrey; and stride by stride, to his rage and mortification, she drew away, till naught but a cloud of dust was before him, and a distant beat of hoofs borne backward by the wind.

Fleet as her own shadow, leaping from stone to hedge, and from hedge to meadow, leaped the girl's thought from conjecture to plan. She was ignorant of the contents of the papers. A clerk from Beneventum — one of those sent by the Pope to teach the plain chant — had given them to her at Immaburg for the prior, and the latter had bidden her send such by the hand of Brother Dominic. "Cursed monk!" she repeated under her breath, as the lights of Aix came in view. The strings of the net had been in her grasp, the life of the king in her hand, wherewith to buy of his gratitude her heart's desires. A few days more — and now, perhaps, the sword and the cord. She did not fear them, but to lose her soul's desires. And with her rage mingled a fierce indignation, — the indignation of a virtue balked. For was she not purposing to save the king's life? — and this lovesick monk would ruin all. The distance was scarce two thousand paces, but the steed breathed hard and hung its head as the girl drew up before the abbot of Fontenelle's. Sliding from her seat, she patted the warm neck, bidding the mare stand, and went boldly in the gate. Her mind was made up. She would know the contents of the papers; and if it proved as she feared, she would go that very night to Frankenburg and tell the king. By the fountain on the side of the stables men were watering horses, and among them she saw with joy the prior's asses. Raising one hand to her lips, she uttered a low, peculiar

cry. Instantly one of the men turned and ran towards her. It was Friedgis.

"Hush!" she whispered, laying hold of his hand. "Is thy master, the prior, within?"

Seeing her white face, he nodded, speechless.

"Go to him and say, 'To-night, this very hour, at the ford of the Wurm, without fail.' Repeat the words after me." He repeated them. "Aye, without fail. And do thou," — she pressed his hand and drew nearer to him, — "do thou take the horse thou wilt find without, and wait for me at the west gate, the gate by which thou camest." She raised herself on her feet till her lips touched his. "Go," she said.

She stroked the mare's neck again as she passed in the street, hurrying to the palace on foot. The square was crowded with those waiting to see the king's return. She threaded the throng as a young quail threads the rye, slipped between the pillars under the gallery, and ran up the stairs. At the threshold of Agnes' room she hesitated. It was not for this she had come, and words failed her. Agnes was sitting before her toilet-table, preparing for the supper awaiting the king's return. She would not ride that day with her lover to the chase, but she was making ready, nevertheless, for his coming, and was looking at herself in the metal disk when she saw there the face of Rothilde. She turned, penetrated with a sudden fear.

"He is not much hurt," stammered Rothilde.

"Who?" said Agnes, striving to conceal her own wound, but seeing the walls reel.

"A mere scratch," said Rothilde, remembering what some one had said in the wood. Then she saw Agnes put out her hands and totter. She sprang to the table for the cruet, and there beside the flask of rose-water lay her pearls! For a moment she stood aghast; then, grasping them in her hand, ran out, call-

ing aid. "Thy mistress is ill," she said to the women who answered her cry. "Gui of Tours is hurt by the boar. Go to her; and you, Marcent, run for the king's leech," saying which, she disappeared down the stair.

In the court the page was dismounting from her palfrey. She laughed at his rueful face.

"Give me thy knee," she said.

"Where art thou going?" he asked, aiding her to the saddle.

"To meet the queen."

"Another time, mistress," said the boy, clenching his fist, "I will ride with thee" —

She laughed over her shoulder as she went out of the gate, and put the palfrey to a gallop on the road to Immaburg.

XVIII.

On leaping from the wagon at the edge of the ford, *Passe Rose* fell; but, springing quickly to her feet, ran with all her speed, giving no backward glance till she came to the waters. Every eddy and muddy cloud which the wheels had made was gone, and the stars shone placid in the smooth-flowing current; but so deep were they set, and so forbidding was the stream, that for all her haste she turned along the bank, still running, nor stopped for breath till the wood had hidden the distant glare of the torches. The moon was behind the trees, but she saw by the narrow lane of stars overhead that another road branched from the ford, and this she took without debate; now running, now walking, and so pressed by the fear of pursuit that all her thought was fixed on the sounds she could scarce separate from her own flying footsteps. Suddenly the star-track above widened, and a dark mass, distinguishable only by reason of its denser blackness, detached itself from the gloom of the forest. She stopped, spent and terrified, when a low, fami-

liar sound of cooing doves, crowding each other on their perch, came as it were from the tree-tops. Reassured, she advanced step by step till the thatch of a roof stood out against the sky-line; then stopped again, listening. Heated by her long run, the night air made her shiver. As she debated whether to seek shelter in this hut, thinking how those within might receive her, and whether, if any pursued, to tarry here were not certain discovery, a distant shout caused her to start forward again; but being out of the road she stumbled and fell, and on regaining her feet found her passage blocked by a low out-building. Her outstretched hand touched the door-post; an odor of trodden hay and steaming bodies came from within. Stooping to avoid the thatch, she stepped over the threshold, groping in the darkness. It was the sheepfold. "So, so," she said softly, for the sheep, huddled together, began to press toward the opening. "So, so," she repeated. But the flock crowded the more, and knowing well that to argue or threaten were folly, she dropped on the floor among them. The space was small, and they pressed about her, she lying still, as if one of them, till their alarm had subsided. One had its nose against her neck, and the murmur of its breathing filled her ear. She lifted her head and listened, — without, also, all was still; then she rested her cheek on the soft shoulder next her, her face deep in the fleece, the smell of the wool in her nostrils, the hot breath on her throat. The warmth and shelter of the place filled her with a sense of safety and comfort, and, no longer shivering, she closed her eyes.

It is strange that the mind, having such power to torture us, should be so readily set aside by a little bodily discomfort. The scratch of a pin or an aching nerve is enough to make it loose its hold; the lesser pain routs the greater, and thought and feeling must wait till the body hath ease again. But no

sooner did *Passe Rose* close her eyes in warmth and safety than thick-coming thoughts forced them open; and there they stared in the dark, as if the fold were lighted by a thousand candles, and her mind's pictures painted on its clay walls. Little the sheep knew what splendors and miseries of love and passion God and the Devil there showed her; and it would have puzzled the abbot, or even Alcuin, the king's chief scholar, to separate on the right hand and on the left the motives which kept her to her first resolve. Mixed with the clay and dross as they were, they filled the secret deeps of her heart with a sweet satisfaction, like the calm below a wind-tossed ocean. Often she was ready to rise up and go to claim her own. Was it not hers by right? What if she should possess it for but a moment, — that moment of possession in the eyes of them all, of Agnes? O Mother of God! Was this not hers in justice? Why should she hide like a felon in a sheep-pen while another laughed in the sun? Her blood boiled, and, lying the while motionless among the sheep, she braved, in thought, the guards at the king's gate, and stood before them all. Jewels and dresses were not her quest, but he, her lover. The king would frown, the women stare, and Agnes of Solier, — there she stood, insolent, as in the supper-hall of Immaburg. What mattered it? She would put her hand in her lover's: its grasp was like iron; it was hers, and none other's. If the king smote her — nay, let God himself smite her, — the greater the despoiler, the greater the wrong. He was hers by right. The world might grind her to dust — what mattered it? — and him also — ah, no! And like the river, the rush of whose waters the rock, mid-stream, hurls back and scatters, her thought recoiled, and she began to tremble. Why throw away everything just to lie on his breast? She could wait, oh, for ages; and a vision of some far-

away place rose before her. When? Where? She did not ask, but some time, somewhere, — God would not permit it to be otherwise, — her lover would come. She saw him afar, — at every step she quivered; now he was come, and stood above her; his touch made her cry out; then she lay still in his arms, trembling. Cramped between the sheep, she slid down lower, at full length. Her foot pained her. She must have hurt it when she leaped. What had he thought when he looked in the wagon and found her gone? By this time they must have reached the city. Would he turn back to find her? If he came, she would lie still; and if he found her, that would be a sign that God would have it so. She would arise; they would go forth together; and a sudden childish memory of a blue sea shimmering in the sunlight passed before her eyes. She recollected the Greek jeweler whom she had met when she was with the merchants. He had told her of isles in a sea where no rain fell. Bah, how she loathed him and his jewels! "Oh, my Gui, my Gui!" she whispered. Her thought grew more confused. The murmur of the breathing sheep sounded louder. Now it was the oft-heard roar of the river next the wall at Maestricht, of the leaves in the wood of Hesbaye, and now the lapping of the blue sea waves on isles where no rain falls. Her eyes struggled to open. It was true! Nightingales were, indeed, singing in the myrtles, and she had thought herself pursued and hiding in a sheep-pen! She opened her eyes wide now. The ugly dream was over. Her lover bent over her; above his head was the sky. "Oh, my Gui, my Gui!" she murmured, and so fell asleep.

It was fortunate for *Passe Rose* that the master of the grange was with Pepin in the marshes of the Theiss, for his soul was small with the greed of gain; and another mouth to fill, though it were that of the babe that came the last

Easter night, made him cry out against God's injustice. But the wife was tender of every living thing, even to the hare which fled from the kite to her door. The children had found the girl still asleep in the gray of the dawn, and had brought her within, gaping with wonder at her strange dress, the tinkling bells, and the anklets about her feet. "Give me only shelter from the wolves," had said *Passe Rose*, "till my foot is at ease," — for she limped with pain, — "and I will gather thy fagots and grind thy wheat."

"Whence art thou?" asked the woman, astonished at her beauty.

"I am from the south," said *Passe Rose*; and seeing the woman observing her hair, "In my country a girl may braid her hair, if she will."

"Hast thou no kin?"

"Aye," said *Passe Rose*, thinking how *Agnes of Solier* had asked her the same question at *Immaburg*. "I have a mother who loves me well."

"Poor soul," replied the woman, "thy foot is bruised."

"Give me the babe while thou stirrest the stew," said *Passe Rose*. The woman hesitated. Her babe was christened, yet if by chance the girl were a witch — "I will guard the pot myself," laughed *Passe Rose*.

If the mother feared, as well she might, her doubts scarce lived till night. Never in the prime of her strength, before her children taxed her care, had she accomplished what *Passe Rose* did that day; and when they were all together in bed *Passe Rose* had the babe in her arms, while the wife was planning what she should say to her husband that he should grant the girl to stay; for, if by God's grace the Huns had not slain him, he must now be well on his way home.

Within a week's time *Passe Rose* was no more to be spared than the thumb of one's hand. She drew the water from the spring which ran into the *Wurm*,

and made a cape of lamb's wool for the boy who watched the sheep in the meadow below the spring; she ground the corn and gathered the wood, and put such savor into the pot that to smell the steam was to long for what was within. Her foot was wellnigh healed, though she spared it not, and the good-wife feared each day to see her go.

"How happens it," she asked, "that thou leavest thy mother, if she loves thee well?"

"Never fear," replied *Passe Rose*, whose hand was on the mill; "it is as I say."

Then once again: "Is thy father in the expedition with the king's son?"

"I have no father," said *Passe Rose*, winding the yarn.

At another time: "Is thy mother far? Perchance thou returnest where she is?"

"Between them that love there is no space," said *Passe Rose*.

So the woman bridled her tongue, lest her questions should drive the girl away.

Behind the house a path led to the spring, for all the world like the fay's pool in the wood of *Hesbaye*. Overrunning the hollow whence it flowed, it slid between the stones to the river just below the ford, and where it left the stones for the rushes stood a black tower which the Romans had built before the ford shifted its place. Its stones were still firm, and a stairway led to the top, whence one could see the river up and down, and a glint from its surface across the meadow beyond the bend till the wood barred the view. The woman of the grange, indeed, had no desire to climb its stair, for the walls of her hut, or at most the circling forest, bounded her world, and little she cared to see what was beyond. Her husband would come soon enough without spying him out from afar. Moreover, the tower was of heathen construction, and the children were warned against looking even in its door, for fear of some evil

imp that might dwell within. But all the thoughts of Passe Rose were of that beyond the wood horizon, and it eased her heart to stand on the tower's top and follow the river's flow as far as she could see.

Having filled, one evening, her jar at the pool, she followed the rill to the stream, and entered the door, dark as a wolf's mouth; for the arch was low, and, because of the winding stair, no light came from above. The sun was behind the trees, shooting beams of red light, like the fingers of a mighty hand, through the openings, and a thin mist lay on the water beneath. As she looked a company of travelers came to the ford, and halted on the farther side. Presently one pricked his horse forward into the Wurm and passed over, but the second, a monk, following after on his mule, got no farther than mid-stream; for there the beast stopped, and neither blows nor coaxings would prevail upon it to advance or retreat. The robe of its rider trailed in the water, the current foamed about its legs, when a third person strode into the stream, and lifting the monk in his arms bore him safely over. Passe Rose, watching this scene, sprang suddenly to her feet. If the arms which grasped so fat a monk thus easily were not those which had borne her from the press at the exposure of the relics, then her eyes deceived her. Descending the stairs in leaps, she ran along the bank, and reached the ford in time to see Friedgis wading the river with the beasts of burden, the monk of Imbaburg mounting his mule, and the prior of St. Servais chafing at the delay. Then the three resumed their journey. Passe Rose waited till they had gone, then stole from her hiding-place. There they were, on the road to Aix, already indistinct in the shadows, and now beyond sight and hearing. An overwhelming desire to follow them seized her. She walked slowly along the road, under the mastery of a presentiment she could

not resist. Why try to? What had she to do with those behind,—with the water-jar at the pool? Her business was with these, at the end of that road stretching before her. It were better to go on; nay, she must. The very certainty of it was a satisfaction. She stopped suddenly, and ran back with all her speed. The time was not yet come. Some day she should follow that road to its end. When that time came it would be in vain to resist. "Yes, certainly, it will come," she said, lifting the jar to her shoulder.

After this encounter an uneasy feeling harassed her. Death itself was not so certain as this *something* near at hand. The sense of it made her heart stand still and the spindle drop from her fingers; it struck her like a chill in the middle of the night, in broad day. "Oh, my Gui!" she repeated under her breath, terrified. Yet never once did she imagine that her lover had forgotten her. There were times when she was happier than she had ever been before. The bitterness with which she had thrown down the holy image in her chamber and cursed the altar in the chapel of Imbaburg had left her; sometimes it seemed as if God were in her heart. She went now often to the ford, to gaze at that road she was one day so sure to follow. She stopped midway in the wood-path, as often, too, she started from her sleep. Did any one call her? No, the time was not yet come.

One day she sat in the doorway combing the washed wool. Behind her the woman of the house was hanging the rovings on a stick suspended at either end from the rafters. The odor of the fleece filled the room, so that Passe Rose had seated herself where the air was fresh. The woman was talking of the approaching *fête* at Aix. "Of what use to us are all these treasures," she was saying, "since they serve only to increase the price of everything? It were better to leave them to the Huns. More

than a thousand horses, they say, were left down there in the marshes. My husband was forced to furnish one, a fine colt that is now doubtless food for vultures, and he will come back empty-handed, for this treasure is not for us. They will make pictures of little stones in the church the king is building. Hast thou seen these pictures? I saw one in the church of St. Marcellus. The mantle of the martyr is of little stones, of gold and silver and red garnet. But what avails it to shed blood for treasures if a silver sou is worth no more than twenty deniers? Let us keep our husbands and our horses, and leave the Huns their gold."

"In my country they have many such pictures," said *Passe Rose*, with an air of superiority.

"And all the young girls in thy country wear collars of gold," rejoined the woman, vexed.

"Nay," said *Passe Rose*, the color mounting to her cheeks. "The collar is not mine own. But if thou wilt, thou mayst have my anklet," unfastening it as she spoke, and offering it to the woman; for in divesting herself of all *Werdric* had given her, she had forgotten her anklets. "It is of beaten gold; my father gave it me."

"If thy father gave it thee," said the latter, ashamed, but weighing it in her hand, "it were certainly dear to thee."

"Thou mayst have it and welcome," replied *Passe Rose*.

"Nay," said the woman, giving it back; "if thou lovest it" —

"I love it not," said *Passe Rose*.

The woman looked at her curiously. The anklet shone in the wool where she had placed it. "If thou wilt not wear it, I will put it in my chest; the daws are such thieves," she said, opening the lid. "The key is at my girdle, and thou mayst have it when thou wilt."

Passe Rose made no reply. The daws peeped from the rabbit-burrows in the

hedge, their gray ear-coverts and black plumage shining in the sun. The comb flashed back and forth in the white wool. Suddenly it fell from *Passe Rose's* hand to the floor, and she rose to her feet with a suppressed cry. Over the hedge, far down the road, the form of a woman appeared. *Passe Rose* stood still, only trembling, the wool about her feet. A fire seemed burning in her breast. She walked slowly down the slope to the hedge; then she began to run, her eyes fixed on the short, thick figure advancing with the uncertain gait she knew so well. As she approached, the woman stopped, gazing at her suspiciously. *Passe Rose* ceased running and began to walk again; then stopped, also. The fire in her breast had become like ice. It was *Jeanne*, — yet it was not *Jeanne*. The latter still eyed her uneasily. *Passe Rose* advanced a step; she endeavored to speak, but could not.

"Hail, little dove," said *Jeanne* timidly.

At the sound of this voice *Passe Rose* trembled again. One would say these two feared each other. "Mother, — little mother," whispered *Passe Rose*.

A momentary gleam of recollection flashed in *Jeanne's* sunken eyes.

"Hush!" she said, glancing nervously about her; "I am no mother. If I were a mother, I should find my child, — my bowels yearn for her; but being no mother, I cannot see where she is. She was of thy height. They say that if a string be stretched before the door at nightfall — I have the string here in my wallet," — her fingers fumbled at the pouch, — "but the door is lost."

"Come," said *Passe Rose*, drawing her by the hand which still held hers. Some stranger soul which knew her not seemed to tenant this body so familiar and so dear to her. She wished to clasp it against her breast, but dared not. "Come," she repeated irresolutely.

"Willingly. Thou hast a good face," said *Jeanne*, looking wistfully into her

eyes. "Is there perchance a little cake in the oven?"

Passe Rose did not reply; the words filled her throat. Her mother was hungry.

They walked together side by side, Passe Rose looking straight before her. Jeanne, who had not withdrawn her hand, stole from time to time a timid glance at the girl's face. It seemed as if the hand lying so passive in that of Passe Rose recognized what the spirit could not; as if the touch of the girl's fingers awakened sense-impressions to which the mind could not respond, yet which soothed it, producing a feeling of contentment and ease.

"It is my mother," said Passe Rose to the woman, who stood in the doorway watching them.

Jeanne's face shone with pleasure. "Foolish little one," she said in a supplicating voice, "let her think so if she will; it can do no harm." She hesitated. "I am no beggar. If ever thou shouldst pass by Maestricht, ask for the goldsmith of St. Servais. I will give thee a little cheese, such as the abbot loves. Four every year I send to the abbot, and six to the king."

"Enter," said Passe Rose. It was more humiliating to her to see Jeanne receiving succor than to have asked for it herself. She drew her to the table, and set before her some wheaten cakes and a cup of goat's milk, of which Jeanne partook eagerly. In the satisfaction of her hunger she lost all sense of the presence of others, bending over the platter, and munching the dry cakes from which she could not take her eyes. When she had finished, she glanced nervously about the room till she found Passe Rose; then she smiled.

"Come," said Passe Rose, "it is time to rest."

Forcing her gently to the bed, she made her lie down, and threw over her a coverlet of wool. Jeanne submitted without remonstrance, but kept her eyes

fixed upon Passe Rose, who sat down beside her.

"To sleep one must close one's eyes," said the latter. Jeanne shut her eyes. Presently she opened them again, and, reaching out her hand, drew Passe Rose's face to hers.

"To-morrow we will search — for her — together," she whispered.

"Aye, to-morrow," replied Passe Rose.

Satisfied, Jeanne closed her eyes again, holding the girl's dress fast in her hand. Gradually the tired body asserted its claims; the mouth opened, the lids parted and ceased to tremble, the smile disappeared from the face. Sleep seemed to increase its age and despair. But Passe Rose saw in it only the work of her own hand: *she* had furrowed those wrinkles and filled them with tears; *she* had blanched those cheeks and driven recollection from those eyes. Releasing herself from the hand which still held her, she crossed the room on tiptoe to the woman, who looked in silent wonder.

"She shall have my place this night in the bed," said Passe Rose, pointing to Jeanne. "To-morrow we will go hence."

"Thy mother is" — The woman tapped her forehead with her finger.

A gleam of anger shone in Passe Rose's eyes. "Nay," she replied, struggling with her tears, "her heart grieves her."

"Be at ease," said the woman assuringly. "She shall rest here till my husband comes."

"Thou shalt keep the anklet, and I will give thee its mate."

"Nay," remonstrated the woman indignantly, "that were" —

"Sh!" said Passe Rose; and she went to the bedside and sat down again. She thought no more of the road to Aix. All those forms which had filled her imagination — Gui, Agnes of Solier, the prior, Friedgis, and the rest — had be-

come as dreams. She saw nothing but Jeanne.

All the afternoon Jeanne slept, and *Passe Rose* sat motionless beside her. Night came, the firelight danced on the smoke-stained rafters, and she had not moved. "I have brewed for thy mother some wine of mulberry," whispered the woman. "Do thou hold my babe while I fetch the water from the spring." *Passe Rose* started. Her thoughts were far away in the garden at *Maestricht*. It seemed to her that once within its walls Jeanne would be well again.

"I will fetch the water, lest the child cry," she replied, taking the jar and lifting it to her shoulder. The night was soft and clear. As she went down the path she calculated the distance to *Maestricht*. "If her strength does not fail her, we will go to-morrow," she said to herself, thinking of Jeanne. She dipped the jar to its brim in the pool. "To-morrow, to-morrow," the gurgling water repeated. Would the day be fine? She set the jar on the moss, ran to the river and up the tower stair. Above the forest the sky glittered with stars. "To-morrow," she said, half aloud.

Passe Rose had scarcely crossed the threshold with her jar when Jeanne opened her eyes. She looked straight upward, vacantly, for a moment, then raised herself on her elbow. The woman, seeing her awake, laid her babe on the bed, and brought the wine. "Drink," she said; "it will refresh thee. Art thou better?"

Jeanne, sitting on the edge of the bed, took the bowl in both hands and drank. The child, alone on the bed, began to cry. At this cry Jeanne seemed to recollect. "Where is she, — thy daughter?" she asked, looking about the room anxiously.

"She hath gone to the spring for water," replied the woman. "In a moment she will come."

Jeanne eyed her suspiciously. The woman took the bowl from her hand;

then, loosening her robe, gave the child her breast. This sight seemed to affect Jeanne profoundly. Her hand wandered over her bosom, and her lips trembled.

"Lie down; she will come presently."

Jeanne obeyed, but, only half closing her eyes, watched through the lashes. The child, satisfied, slept in its mother's arms. The latter rose gently, and laid it on the bed. "She sleeps again," thought she, looking at Jeanne. No sooner was her back turned than Jeanne arose softly, stealing to the door.

"Where art thou going?" exclaimed the woman, hearing her footsteps, and hastening to intercept her.

"Stand aside!" cried Jeanne. Her eyes gleamed, and her hands were hooked like a tiger's claws.

"Saints of God!" gasped the woman, recoiling, terrified. Whether by chance or instinct, Jeanne, spying the path from the door into the wood, followed it without question. "Saints of God!" cried the woman as she disappeared.

Passe Rose was issuing from the tower's arch when she heard the sound of some one coming through the wood, and suddenly Jeanne stood before her. A look so glad greeted her from Jeanne's eyes that she reached out both her hands. "Mother, my mother!" she cried, straining the trembling form to her bosom and searching the eyes passionately. It seemed to her that Jeanne made a mighty effort; she pressed her closer. "O God, a little help for my mother!" No, the task was too great. She felt the body in her arms relax, as one who, straining at a burden he may not lift, gives over exhausted, and, burying her face in Jeanne's neck, she gave way to uncontrollable sobbings.

"Hush," said Jeanne, shaken with their violence. "Hush," she repeated, caressing the girl's hair and striving to lift her face. "I had just now a dream. Listen while I tell it thee." She raised the head from her shoulder, and kissed

the eyes as she spoke. *Passe Rose* experienced a strange sensation in contemplating Jeanne's pale face, its eyes so bright but haggard, its cheeks so sunken; in feeling herself the object of such pity from a creature so pitiful. "I dreamed that I returned to my garden in *Maestricht*. I went in by the little door close to the square, and there, under the plum-trees which hug the wall, was my daughter." *Passe Rose* began to smile; that was her dream also. "She rose up to meet me. Come, let us go back. I will show her to thee. She is like thee. When thou seest her, thou wilt love her, also."

"Yes, let us go," murmured *Passe Rose*.

"I am strong," continued Jeanne eagerly, "if only thou knowest the way" —

"I know it. Is there not a little walk in thy garden between the grass and the shallot?"

"True," said Jeanne, listening intently; "the grass is on the left hand."

"Set with wild-cherry trees, and on the right the plums" —

"It is there she sat," interrupted Jeanne. "Come. But how knowest thou the place so well?"

"Hear me," said *Passe Rose* earnestly. "I will lead thee to the very place. Trust me, for I know it well. But the night is now come, and thou hast need of more rest. See, how thy limbs tremble! To-morrow" —

Jeanne was troubled. "Show me the way, since thou knowest it so well," she said.

"How can I tell it thee? But to-morrow" —

"Nay, if thou knowest it, surely" —

"And if I show it thee, wilt thou wait till the morrow?" cried *Passe Rose*.

"Aye, if thou showest it truly."

"Come," said *Passe Rose*. She took Jeanne by the hand and led her within the arch. "Hold fast to my hand — now — there is a stair — so, I will help

thee; it is not far. There, dost thou see the river where the stones make the ripple? The ford is there. Beyond the ford is the road we shall take. Art thou satisfied?"

"Truly," said Jeanne, following with her eyes *Passe Rose's* outstretched finger, "I believe thee."

Passe Rose threw her arms about her and drew her close. "Thou mayst indeed. I know the way well. We will start with the sun. We shall find her. She will rise to greet thee, for she loves thee."

"Nay, it is I who loved."

"Did not thy daughter love thee?" stammered *Passe Rose*.

"Aye, but a fay bewitched her."

"The spell is broken," said *Passe Rose*. "She will love thee, — I swear to thee she will love thee. She will hold thee as I do in her arms; she will leave thee no more; the birds will sing in the garden; we will sit there in the sun, and listen to the chant in the church of *St. Sebastian*. Dost thou not remember that she loved thee? Though she said it not, yet she loved thee; when thou findest her again, she will tell thee, — her tongue will be loosed."

Jeanne, feeling the heart beating next her cheek and the arms fast about her, watching now the eyes, now the stars bending above her, listened in silent delight to the words murmured in her ear. Dim recollections came back like the snatches of familiar songs. As a child lulled to slumber, she sighed from time to time, and when *Passe Rose* ceased, and stooped to kiss her, she was asleep.

And when the child sleeps on its mother's breast, does not the mother dream of the stature to which those tiny limbs shall grow, of the deeds they shall do? Oh, of so many things! So *Passe Rose* began to dream, to merge her life in that of the old mother in her arms, returning to all she had cast away, and casting from her all she had yearned to possess.

Look ! a flash of light on the edge of the wood. Along the bank, between the trees and the river, it shines, and vanishes, and shines again. Making a pillow of her cloak, *Passe Rose* laid *Jeanne's* head gently upon it, and stood up, shuddering. The light came nearer. She watched it glimmering under the branches, fascinated. Something told her that the hour had come.

XIX.

As she looked, two forms emerged into the starlight, approaching the tower from the ford. One was slender, with a long robe, whose hood concealed the face ; the other wore a casque rimmed with metal. It was this casque which flashed in the starbeams.

"This should be the place," said one, as they passed out of sight under the tower wall. *Passe Rose* knew the voice well, — the prior of *St. Servais*. "Look within," she heard him say.

The answer came up the stair : "Bah ! a rat's hole. But thy maid is not here."

"I would I were as sure of the Greek," rejoined the prior.

"He will come, he will come," replied the other.

"If he left *Pavia* the same day with thee, he should be here now."

"He will not fail, he will not fail," said the soldier confidently.

"What vexes me," pursued the prior, "is that I have no message from the duke. He promised to send me tidings by one of the clerks the Pope sent the king. All is ready. Beyond the *Elbe* a spark will kindle the fire, and once lighted it will spread throughout *Saxony*. At its signal the Emir will cross the *Ebro*. *Pepin* should be here now, and in his absence the Lombards will join the duke. The fleet has set sail for *Tarentum*, if only thy Greek" —

"By Heaven," retorted the other

hotly, "if he fails, I will take his place myself."

"And taste the girl's knife?" sneered the prior.

His companion laughed. "Believest thou she will have the courage to strike?" he asked.

"If she but scratch him, it is enough," said the prior. "I have a poison for the blade. The plan is simple. Bid the Greek not to strike her till after the king is slain, till he is about to leave her. She must have time to use her own weapon. Though she strike not first, she will defend herself. If thy Greek can kill a king, he can stab a girl in the dark ; and if she scratch him not before he is done, then a wildcat hath no use for its claws."

"By the gods," said the soldier, laughing, "it is well conceived. They will destroy each other. I laugh whenever I think of it. So she hath claws, thy wildcat. Hath she whiskers also on her chin?"

"One would say an angel of God, a toy to play with, her face hath such sweetness in it," replied the prior. "Wait, thou shalt see." There was a moment of silence, and *Passe Rose* slid softly to her knees, holding her breath. Reinforced by the echoing walls, every word seemed uttered in her ear. "I would I knew the reason of her haste," muttered the prior. "She said the third night. Hist ! some one comes. It is she."

Passe Rose raised her head softly above the parapet. Two others were approaching along the bank, a woman and a man. She could hear their footsteps in the dry leaves. At the edge of the wood the woman stopped, whispered something to her companion, then advanced alone from under the trees. *Passe Rose* heard the prior greeting her.

"Who is with thee?" he asked.

"I will tell thee later. Come within ; the night grows bright," was the reply.

"Rothilde!" said Passe Rose, recognizing the voice of the Saxon who sat beside Agnes of Solier in the supper-room at Immaburg, and whose conversation she had overheard in the wagon at the ford.

At the entrance of the tower, Rothilde, perceiving the soldier, paused, and drew back.

"A friend," said the prior; "enter. What brings thee here? The Greek is not come."

"I thought surely it was he," murmured Rothilde, her eyes fixed upon the prior's companion.

"Truly, the face of a saint," said the soldier to himself.

Impatient, the prior repeated his question. "Thou saidst the third night," he whispered.

Rothilde stepped from the door into the shadow, where she could observe the prior's face. "Listen," she said, watching him. "Gui of Tours was hurt to-day by the boar in the wood of — Hark!" she exclaimed, turning her head.

"A bat's wing," said the prior, listening also.

"I was there," she continued. "His corselet was loosened to give room to breathe, and within were the papers I sent thee by the monk who brought the missal to Immaburg for the queen."

The soldier uttered an oath.

"Peace," said the prior; "what papers?"

"How should I know?" replied the girl, her eyes riveted on the prior's face, over which a pallor was spreading. "A clerk from Beneventum gave them to me, and I sent them by the monk, as thou badst me. Have they to do with the death of the king?" she asked boldly.

The prior sought in vain to find the girl's eyes in the darkness. "Nay," he answered quickly, "they were of other matters."

"Thou liest," thought Rothilde to her-

self. But she gave a sigh of relief. "God be praised!" she exclaimed. "I felt the cord at my throat. When I saw them the seal was unbroken. None gave heed to them, — they were seeking the wound; a moment more and I had them safe in my hand; but they bore him away, thrusting the women aside. I remembered them well because of the seal" —

"Thou gavest them to the monk?" interrupted the prior. She saw that his composure was affected.

"Aye; but after setting out he returned again, — for what purpose I know not. I saw him after supper, with a dancing-girl. Knowest thou one called Passe Rose? The captain said she was of Maestricht. When I saw the papers in his bosom, I said to myself, 'The girl got them of the monk and gave them to her lover.' She might well bewitch a monk, having first bewitched a captain. Ask Agnes of Solier, who trembles now for her morning-gift. But if the papers matter nothing — God! I shall sleep sweetly to-night; I thought to be strangled in bed."

The prior laughed nervously. "Why shouldst thou fear? The papers do not concern thee. Thy time is not come."

"Liar!" thought the girl, watching his face. "I will give thee this night to the king."

"Come, let us go," said Sergius, raising his hood.

"Wait!" whispered Rothilde, laying hold of his arm. "Thou sayest the papers put us in no jeopardy; a stone is lifted from my heart. But I said I would tell thee who is with me."

"Who is he?" asked the prior, with ill-disguised impatience.

"Fool!" thought Rothilde, "thou art in haste." Then aloud: "Dost thou remember the footsteps we heard in the chapel, in the church of St. Marcellus?" The prior, turning back, scrutinized her face. "There was one listening, thy servant, the Saxon serf. I

saw his eyes, like a ferret's. I watched to see whither he would go. He ran before me to the palace, asking for the king. Blessed be God, the king slept last night at Frankenburg. But this morning the Saxon came again, asking for the queen. The guard refused him entrance, for he would not tell his errand" —

"By hell's demons!" exclaimed the soldier; "hast thou him here?"

"For what reason should I bring him?" said the girl significantly.

For a moment the three were silent. The soldier, looking at the prior, drew his sword.

"Go," said the latter gently.

"Be not rash; he is brave," whispered the girl.

"Tut," said the other, hiding his weapon within his cloak, "I will bring thee his tongue on my sword's point."

Peering above the parapet, Passe Rose saw him cross the open space and disappear in the wood. Her thoughts whirled in her head like leaves caught in the wind and carried up to vanish no one knows where. The papers, — those she had got from the monk, and the other found on the road by the abbey pond, — she had missed them indeed, but since that night when her love stood revealed she had thought no more of them than of her collar or anklets. They must have fallen from her bosom when she swooned in the chapel at Immaburg, and her lover had taken them. The death of the king! Had she then unwittingly brought her lover into peril? A fear overspread her thought and dulled her power to reason. She remembered no more Jeanne, the garden by the square of St. Sebastian. "Gui of Tours was hurt to-day by the boar in the wood," — these words she repeated to herself over and over, as if not understanding them, seeing all the while Gui stretched before her on the trampled grass, his corselet torn open, and within the papers, more to be feared than the

boar's tusk. Forgetting all else, she rose up, trembling in every limb. Jeanne was still sleeping, her head on the cloak. Below, everything was silent. Rothilde, leaning against the wall, her eyes closed, still held the prior's arm. Then a horse neighed in the wood; there was a cry, an oath — and silence again. At this cry Rothilde drew a quick breath and opened her eyes. A pleasure so fierce shone in them that the prior recoiled.

"What ails thee?" she said. "Thou desirest the life of a king. I wished only for that of a serf. The blood of a slave for that of a king, — that is not much." Her voice was insolent with joy, as of one drunk with wine. "Bring me now thy Greek, and I will show him the way to the king's bed."

"She-devil!" muttered the prior to himself.

The girl laughed and let go his arm. Without, the soldier was wiping his blade on the grass.

"Is it done?" she asked.

He held up his sword in the light. She made no reply, and entered the wood alone. The horses neighed as she approached. Near by, a black bulk lay in the reeds. She stopped and listened, advanced a step, then, hurrying forward, stooped, searching with her hand. Aye, it was done. Her course was free. Now for the king! Rising to her feet, she loosed the rein from the branch. The trembling horse snorted with terror. "Peace, peace," she whispered, laying her cheek to its nostril, and hugging its neck with her arms. "Now, for the king!"

"Said I not the duke had messages for thee?" the soldier was saying to Sergius. "Ask her where this captain is to be found."

"Nay, it will alarm her," replied the prior. "She said at Frankenburg." Notwithstanding Rothilde had come to tell him of the miscarriage of the papers, an involuntary mistrust tormented

him. Had Friedgis indeed followed him to the church of St. Marcellus? It was not probable. Some other motive had prompted a vengeance so swift. How her eyes shone when he cried from the wood! "She has tricked me," thought the prior. Like the Roman emperor, he feared his own legionaries. As for the papers, doubtless she was right; the captain had got them from *Passe Rose*. He recollected the captain's inquiry for the goldsmith's daughter at the abbey, and the presence of the latter with Brother Dominic at Im-maburg explained everything. "Cursed monk!" he muttered, half aloud.

"Waste no words on him," said his companion; "let us seek the captain. There is yet time. She said the seal was unbroken. A wounded man hath always need of a priest. If he knows the content of the letters, which is not probable, and the boar's work is not well done — a wound often reopens. If he knows nothing, we will have them by fair means. If he hath given them to others, it is already too late to fly. Come, let us go."

"Where is she?" asked the prior. His natural energy seemed paralyzed.

"To the devil with her; time presses."

"Hush! she comes."

Leading her horse by the bridle-rein, Rothilde advanced from the wood. Above, *Passe Rose*, standing erect in the full starlight, dared not move.

"Wilt thou go with us?" said Sergius. He appeared unwilling to lose sight of her for an instant, and she read his disquietude in his face.

"With thee! Where is thy wit?" she exclaimed. "What! a priest and a girl to be seen entering the gate alone at midnight? Moreover, I rode from Frankenburg at the queen's command, to tell Agnes of Solier of her lover's hurt. I had a page for company," she laughed, "and left him on the way. Perchance I shall find him again, for I must join the queen."

"Come," whispered the soldier impatiently.

"Thou dost not fear to ride alone?" said the prior, reluctant to leave her, and eying her suspiciously. She shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "Have a care, then, to thy face," he said. "Farewell."

When they were gone, Rothilde led the horse to the tower, sitting down on a stone near the door, while the horse browsed beside her among the reeds. She could scarce wait to hear the hoofs on the distant road. She proposed to take the other, the one skirting the city through the wood. "Robert of Tours returns from Hungary to-morrow with Pepin. In an hour I will tell the king." This was all her thought. She stroked the horse's ears, and smiled.

Suddenly, above her head, something stirred. It was Jeanne turning in her dreams. "Aye, I believe thee," said a voice; "only show me first the way." *Passe Rose*, dumb with terror, knelt down and pressed Jeanne's hand. She heard a noise below, then on the stair, but before she could get from her knees, or even think what she would do, Rothilde stood before her.

Afterwards she could remember nothing, only that she heard a cry as of a wild beast, and saw the flash of a knife in the girl's hand. Now she was alone, on the edge of the parapet, panting, and below in the river something struggled. She had grappled with the girl; the knife was now in her own hand, and her fingers were cut. *Seigneur!* what had she done?

"Mother, little mother," she whispered, stooping to Jeanne's ear. Jeanne opened her eyes. "The time is come, — the time is come."

Jeanne, sitting up, smiled. "The sun is not yet up," she said.

"It is time," urged *Passe Rose*, pulling her by the hand to her feet. Her mouth was set and her eyes were fixed, like those of the statue in the porch of

St. Sebastian indeed. Down the stair,
along the river, dragging Jeanne after
her, she hurried. "Oh, my Gui!" she
murmured.

"Thou art in haste," said Jeanne,
half awake. "But it is well to start
before the sun, the way is so long."

"Aye, long," murmured Passe Rose.

At the ford Jeanne paused. "Thou
saidst this way."

"Nay, I swear to thee, this is best."

"I believe thee," Jeanne answered
calmly. "Thou hast a good face, — lead
on." And the two, close together, disap-
peared between the tall trees hemming,
like a giant hedge, the road to Aix.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

EURYLOCHUS TRANSFORMED.

[According to Homer, Ulysses, coming to the Island of Circe, divided his band: one half remained at the ship; the other, led by Eurylochus, entered the palace of Circe, where all, save their leader, partaking of the feast, were transformed to swine. In the following modification of the legend, Eurylochus himself is supposed to have undergone the transformation, and to have spoken these words before and in the course of it.]

DIVINE or human, by whatever name
Mortals or gods have named thee, I salute, —
With reverence I salute thee, I alone.
They that be with me stay without the porch, —
Half of their number; but the other half
Are sitting with Ulysses at the oars.
For, following still that much-enduring man,
By many oarless waters we have come,
Dim coasts, and islands with far-shadowing peaks,
And moving floods from the dark wilderness,
And one Infernal gulf in thundering seas;
And we have met with monsters, men like beasts,
Centaur's that, issuing from the caverned hills,
Eyed us unmovingly, Lotophagi,
And Cyclops who devoured us day by day:
And some have met us on the brink with blows,
And some with smiles, and after that betrayed,
Not knowing how Zeus is the stranger's friend;
And some have paid us honors like the gods,
Wine, and the sacrifice, and song of bards,
And gifts at parting. For this cause I stand
Alone to learn what welcome waits us here.

(Circe having answered and offered him the cup, he proceeds.)

Thy words were gracious, had thy looks not made
All words superfluous. But keep thy cup!
It were not fitting that my lips should wear
The wine-stain, goddess, while Ulysses' ears
Thirst for these tidings. Give me leave! . . .

No more;
 I yield: and, first of all, I spill to thee
 The bright libation, — never one so bright
 Since that old morn when, in the sacred bowl
 At Aulis, peering, I beheld a face
 New-bearded and with wide, forth-looking eyes,
 While near at hand the smitten oxen moaned,
 Greece waited, breathless, for the oracle,
 Far off the seamen called, and on my cheek
 I felt the breezes, favoring for Troy.

(He drinks.)

Bacchus! What vine hath bled into thy cup?
 I see the things that have been and shall be, —
 The gods, the earth-born race, the brood of Hell.
 Ah me! the pain! the quest without an end!
 For, doubtless, one in after-time will say:
Eurylochus came once to Circe's house,
Seeking the day of his return from Troy;
Then all the rest watched through the stormy night,
But these reclined at the ambrosial feast.
He told her all the travail they had borne;
She gave him of the cup that loosens care.
 So one will speak, weaving a winter's tale.
 Thou wilt be gladdening others with thy smiles
 But I shall lie in earth in alien land.

Sweet are the lips of music, ever sweet, —
 Sweetest to ears weary of wind and wave.
 Soft hands! white arms! Why should we rise at all?
 The gods rise not; prone at perpetual feasts,
 On sloping elbows they survey the world.
 Why do we work, knowing no work remains
 Nothing abides; our very sorrows fade,
 Lest life should be made noble by despair.
 No new fire-stealer will high Zeus endure,
 Beak-tortured, on the lone Caucasian crag,
 To mock him with the never-changing eye.
 O failing heart! how all dimensions, all,
 Have shriveled to the measure of thy hope!
 This life, which erst seemed larger than all worlds,
 Now looks less huge than the marsh-gendered fly's,
 Whose Lethæan past and limitless to come
 Are rounded in one little, sunny hour.
 The gods are blessed, knowing they endure;
 The beasts are blest, not knowing but they last;
 But man is cursed, knowing that he dies, —
 Unhappy beast, striving to be a god!

Oh for the life dreamed under drowsy boughs
 By old Silenus and his careless crew!
 With happy satyrs clamoring his approach
 To happier fauns, who, hearing, off will flee
 To prop the tipsy god, what time he nods
 Upon his dripping, purple-stained car,
 Half holding, in one lazy-dropping hand,
 The leash of long-stemmed flowers wherewith he guides,
 At slumber-footed pace, the flexile, sleek,
 Indolent leopards, happiest of all!

Nearer the kind earth better, nearest best!
 To snuff the savory steam of upturned soil;
 To sally with the low-browed drove at dawn,
 Gurgling or jubilantly trumpeting,
 To where the sweet night-fallen acorns hide
 Under the lush, cool grasses, drenched with dew!
 I know the down-faced posture; now I feel
 The low, four-footed firmness. Let me go!
 The glaring lights are lost in grateful gloom!
 And now I scent the rain-washed herbage; now
 The welcome shine of slumberous pools appears —
 Ah! . . .

Wendell P. Stafford.

A PLEA FOR HUMOR.

SOME half dozen years have passed since Mr. Andrew Lang, startled for once out of his customary light-heartedness, asked himself, and his readers, and the ghost of Charles Dickens — all three powerless to answer — whether the dismal seriousness of the present day was going to last forever; or whether, when the great wave of earnestness had rippled over our heads, we would pluck up heart to be merry and, if needs be, foolish once again. Not that mirth and folly are in any degree synonymous, as of old; for the merry fool, too scarce, alas, even in the times when Jacke of Dover hunted for him in the highways, has since then grown to be rarer than a phoenix. He has carried his cap and bells, and jests and laughter, elsewhere, and has left us to the mercies of the

serious fool, who is by no means so seductive a companion. If the Cocquecigrues are in possession of the land, and if they are tenants exceedingly hard to evict, it is because of the connivance and encouragement they receive from those to whom we innocently turn for help: from the poets, and novelists, and men of letters, whose plain duty it is to brighten and make glad our days.

"It is obvious," sighs Mr. Birrell dejectedly, "that many people appear to like a drab-colored world, hung around with dusky shreds of philosophy;" but it is more obvious still that, whether they like it or not, the drapings grow a trifle dingier every year, and that no one seems to have the courage to tack up something gay. What is much worse, even those bits of wanton color which have

rested generations of weary eyes are being rapidly obscured by sombre and intricate scroll-work, warranted only to fatigue. The great masterpieces of humor, which have kept men young by laughter, are being tried in the courts of an orthodox morality, and found lamentably wanting; or else, by way of giving them another chance, they are being subjected to the *peine forte et dure* of modern analysis, and are revealing hideous and melancholy meanings in the process. I have always believed that Hudibras owes its chilly treatment at the hands of critics — with the single and most genial exception of Sainte-Beuve — to the absolute impossibility of twisting it into something serious. Strive as we may, we cannot put a new construction on those vigorous old jokes, and to be simply and barefacedly amusing is no longer considered a sufficient *raison d'être*. It is the most significant token of our ever-increasing "sense of moral responsibility in literature" that we should be always trying to graft our own conscientious purposes upon those authors who, happily for themselves, lived and died before virtue, colliding desperately with cakes and ale, had imposed such depressing obligations.

"Don Quixote," says Mr. Shorthouse with unctuous gravity, "will come in time to be recognized as one of the saddest books ever written;" and, if the critics keep on expounding it much longer, I truly fear it will. It may be urged that Cervantes himself was low enough to think it exceedingly funny; but then one advantage of our new and keener insight into literature is to prove to us how indifferently great authors understood their own masterpieces. Shakespeare, we are told, knew comparatively little about Hamlet, and he is to be congratulated on his limitations. Defoe would hardly recognize Robinson Crusoe as "a picture of civilization," having innocently supposed it to be quite the reverse; and he would be as amazed as

we are to learn from Mr. Frederick Harrison that his book contains "more psychology, more political economy, and more anthropology than are to be found in many elaborate treatises on these especial subjects," — blighting words which I would not even venture to quote if I thought that any boy would chance to read them, and so have one of the pleasures of his young life destroyed. As for Don Quixote, which its author persisted in regarding with such misplaced levity, it has passed through many bewildering vicissitudes. It has figured bravely as a satire on the Duke of Lerma, on Charles V., on Philip II., on Ignatius Loyola, — Cervantes was the most devout of Catholics, — and on the Inquisition, which, fortunately, did not think so. In fact, there is little or nothing which it has not meant in its time; and now, having attained that deep spiritual inwardness which we have been recently told is lacking in poor Goldsmith, we are requested by Mr. Shorthouse to refrain from all brutal laughter, but with a shadowy smile and a profound seriousness to attune ourselves to the proper state of receptivity. Old-fashioned, coarse-minded people may perhaps ask, "But if we are not to laugh at Don Quixote, at whom are we, please, to laugh?" — a question which I, for one, would hardly dare to answer. Only, after reading the following curious sentence, extracted from a lately published volume of criticism, I confess to finding myself in a state of mental perplexity, utterly alien to mirth. "How much happier," its author sternly reminds us, "was poor Don Quixote in his energetic career, in his earnest redress of wrong, and in his ultimate triumph over self than he could have been in the gnawing reproach and spiritual stigma which a yielding to weakness never failingly entails!" Beyond this point it would be hard to go. Were these things really spoken of the "ingenious gentleman" of La Mancha, or

of John Howard, or George Peabody, or perhaps Elizabeth Fry, — or is there no longer such a thing as a recognized absurdity in the world?

Another gloomy indication of the departure of humor from our midst is the tendency of philosophical writers to prove by analysis that, if they are not familiar with the thing itself, they at least know of what it should consist. Mr. Shorthouse's depressing views about Don Quixote are merely introduced as illustrating a very scholarly and comfortable paper on the subtle qualities of mirth. No one could deal more gracefully and less humorously with his topic than does Mr. Shorthouse, and we are compelled to pause every now and then and reassure ourselves as to the subject matter of his eloquence. Professor Everett has more recently and more cheerfully defined for us the Philosophy of the Comic, in a way which, if it does not add to our gayety, cannot be accused of plunging us deliberately into gloom. He thinks, indeed, — and small wonder, — that there is "a genuine difficulty in distinguishing between the comic and the tragic," and that what we need is some formula which shall accurately interpret the precise qualities of each; and he is disposed to illustrate his theory by dwelling on the tragic side of Falstaff, which is, of all injuries, the grimmest and hardest to forgive. Falstaff is now the forlorn hope of those who love to laugh, and when he is taken away from us, as soon, alas! he will be, and sleeps with Don Quixote in the "dull cold marble" of an orthodox sobriety, how shall we make merry our souls? Mr. George Radford, who enriched the first volume of *Obiter Dicta* with such a loving study of the fat-witted old knight, tells us reassuringly that by laughter man is distinguished from the beasts, though the cares and sorrows of life have all but deprived him of this elevating grace, and degraded him into a brutal solemnity. Then comes along a rare genius

like Falstaff, who restores the power of laughter, and transforms the stolid brute once more into a man, and who accordingly has the highest claim to our grateful and affectionate regard. That there are those who persist in looking upon him as a selfish and worthless fellow is, from Mr. Radford's point of view, a sorrowful instance of human thanklessness and perversity. But this I take to be the enamored and exaggerated language of a too faithful partisan. Morally speaking, Falstaff has not a leg to stand upon, and there *is* a tragic element lurking always amid the fun. But, seen in the broad sunlight of his transcendent humor, this shadow is as the half-pennyworth of bread to his own noble ocean of sack, and why should we be forever trying to force it into prominence? When Charlotte Brontë advised her friend, Ellen Nussey, to read none of Shakespeare's comedies, she was not beguiled for a moment into regarding them as serious and melancholy lessons of life; but with uncompromising directness put them down as mere improper plays, the amusing qualities of which were insufficient to excuse their coarseness, and which were manifestly unfit for the "gentle Ellen's" eyes.

In fact, humor would at all times have been the poorest excuse to offer to Miss Brontë for any form of moral dereliction, for it was the one quality she lacked herself, and failed to tolerate in others. Sam Weller was apparently as obnoxious to her as was Falstaff, for she would not even consent to meet Dickens, when she was being lionized in London society, — a degree of abstemiousness on her part which it is disheartening to contemplate. It does not seem too much to say that every shortcoming in Charlotte Brontë's admirable work, every limitation of her splendid genius, arose primarily from her want of humor. Her severities of judgment — and who more severe than she? — were due to the same melancholy cause; for

humor is the kindest thing alive. Compare the harshness with which she handles her hapless curates, and the comparative crudity of her treatment, with the surpassing lightness of Miss Austen's touch as she rounds and completes her immortal clerical portraits. Miss Brontë tells us, in one of her letters, that she regarded *all* curates as "highly uninteresting, narrow, and unattractive specimens of the coarser sex," just as she found *all* the Belgian school-girls "cold, selfish, animal, and inferior." But to Miss Austen's keen and friendly eye the narrowest of clergymen was not wholly uninteresting, the most inferior of school-girls not without some claim to our consideration; even the coarseness of the male sex was far from vexing her maidenly serenity, probably because she was unacquainted with the Rochester type. Mr. Elton is certainly narrow, Mary Bennet extremely inferior; but their authoress only laughs at them softly, with a quiet tolerance and a good-natured sense of amusement at their follies. It was little wonder that Charlotte Brontë, who had at all times the courage of her convictions, could not and would not read Jane Austen's novels. "They have not got story enough for me," she boldly affirmed. "I don't want my blood curdled, but I like to have it stirred. Miss Austen strikes me as milk-and-watery, and, to say truth, as dull." Of course she did! How was a woman, whose ideas of after-dinner conversation are embodied in the amazing language of Baroness Ingram and her titled friends, to appreciate the delicious, sleepy small talk, in *Sense* and *Sensibility*, about the respective heights of the respective grandchildren? It is to Miss Brontë's abiding lack of humor that we owe such stately caricatures as Blanche Ingram, and all the high-born, ill-bred company who gather in Thornfield Hall, like a group fresh from Madame Tussaud's ingenious workshop, and against whose waxen unreality Jane

Eyre and Rochester, alive to their very finger-tips, contrast like twin sparks of fire. It was her lack of humor, too, which beguiled her into asserting that the forty "wicked, sophistical, and immoral French novels" which found their way down to lonely Haworth gave her "a thorough idea of France and Paris," — alas, poor misjudged France! — and which made her think Thackeray very nearly as wicked, sophistical, and immoral as the French novels. Even her dislike for children was probably due to the same irremediable misfortune; for the humors of children are the only redeeming points amid their general naughtiness and vexing misbehavior. Mr. Swinburne, guiltless himself of any jocose tendencies, has made the unique discovery that Charlotte Brontë strongly resembles Cervantes, and that Paul Emanuel is a modern counterpart of Don Quixote; and well it is for our poet that the irascible little professor never heard him hint at such a similarity. Surely, to use one of Mr. Swinburne's own incomparable expressions, the parallel is no better than a "subsimious absurdity."

On the other hand, we are told that Miss Austen owed her lively sense of humor to her habit of dissociating the follies of mankind from any rigid standard of right and wrong; which means, I suppose, that she never dreamed she had a mission. Nowadays, indeed, no writer is without one. We cannot even read a paper upon gypsies and not become aware that its author is deeply imbued with a sense of his personal responsibility for these agreeable rascals, whom he insists upon our taking seriously, — as if we wanted to have anything to do with them on such terms! "Since the time of Carlyle," says Mr. Bagehot, "earnestness has been a favorite virtue in literature;" but Carlyle, though sharing largely in that profound melancholy which he declared to be the basis of every English soul, and though he was

unfortunate enough to think Pickwick sad trash, had nevertheless a grim and eloquent humor of his own. With him, at least, earnestness never degenerated into dullness; and while dullness may be, as he unhesitatingly affirmed, the first requisite for a great and free people, yet a too heavy percentage of this valuable quality is fatal to the sprightly grace of literature. "In our times," said an old Scotchwoman, "there's fully mony modern principles," and the first of these seems to be the substitution of a serious and critical discernment for the light-hearted sympathy of former days. Our grandfathers cried a little and laughed a good deal over their books, without the smallest sense of anxiety or responsibility in the matter; but we are called on repeatedly to face problems which we would rather let alone, to dive dismally into motives, to trace subtle connections, to analyze uncomfortable sensations, and to exercise in all cases a discreet and conscientious severity, when what we really want and need is half an hour's amusement. There is no stronger proof of the great change that has swept over mankind than the sight of a nation which used to chuckle over Tom Jones now absorbing countless editions of Robert Elsmere. What is droller still is that the people who read Robert Elsmere would think it wrong to enjoy Tom Jones, and that the people who enjoyed Tom Jones would have thought it wrong to read Robert Elsmere; and that the people who, wishing to be on the safe side of virtue, think it wrong to read either, are scorned greatly as lacking true moral discrimination.

Now he would be a brave man who would undertake to defend the utterly indefensible literature of the past. Where it was most humorous it was also most coarse, wanton, and cruel; but, in banishing these objectionable qualities, we have effectually contrived to rid ourselves of the humor as well, and with it

we have lost one of the safest instincts of our souls. Any book which serves to lower the sum of human gayety is a moral delinquent; and instead of coddling it into universal notice, and growing owlish in its gloom, we should put it briskly aside in favor of brighter and pleasanter things. When Father Faber said that there was no greater help to a religious life than a keen sense of the ridiculous, he startled a number of pious people, yet what a luminous and cordial message it was to help us on our way! Mr. Birrell has recorded the extraordinary delight with which he came across some after-dinner sally of the Rev. Henry Martyn's; for the very thought of that ardent and fiery spirit relaxing into pleasantries over the nuts and wine made him appear like an actual fellow-being of our own. It is with the same feeling intensified, as I have already noted, that we read some of the letters of the early fathers, — those grave and hallowed figures seen through a mist of centuries, — and find them jesting at one another in the gayest and least sacerdotal manner imaginable. "Who could tell a story with more wit, who could joke so pleasantly?" sighs St. Gregory of Nazienzen of his friend St. Basil, remembering doubtless with a heavy heart the shafts of good-humored raillery that had brightened their lifelong intercourse. With what kindly and loving zest does Gregory, himself the most austere of men, mock at Basil's asceticism, — at those "sad and hungry banquets" of which he was invited to partake, those "ungardenlike gardens, void of pot-herbs," in which he was expected to dig! With what delightful alacrity does Basil vindicate his reputation for humor by making a most excellent joke in court, for the benefit of a brutal magistrate who fiercely threatened to tear out his liver. "Your intention is a benevolent one," said the saint, who had been for years a confirmed invalid. "Where it

is now located it has given me nothing but trouble." Surely, as we read such an anecdote as this, we share in the curious sensation experienced by little Tom Tulliver, when, by dint of Maggie's repeated questions, he began slowly to understand that the Romans had once been real men, who were happy enough to speak their own language without any previous introduction to the Eton grammar. In like manner, when we come to realize that the fathers of the primitive Church enjoyed their quips and cranks and jests as much as do Mr. Trollope's jolly deans or vicars, we feel we have at last grasped the secret of their identity, and we appreciate the force of Father Faber's appeal to the frank spirit of a wholesome mirth.

Perhaps one reason for the scanty tolerance that humor receives at the hands of the disaffected is because of the rather selfish way in which the initiated enjoy their fun; for there is always a secret irritation about a laugh in which we cannot join. Mr. George Saintsbury is plainly of this way of thinking, and, being blessed beyond his fellows with a love for all that is jovial, he speaks from out of the richness of his experience. "Those who have a sense of humor," he says, "instead of being quietly and humbly thankful, are perhaps a little too apt to celebrate their joy in the face of the afflicted ones who have it not; and the afflicted ones only follow a general law in protesting that it is a very worthless thing, if not a complete humbug." This spirit of exclusiveness on the one side and of irascibility on the other may be greatly deplored, but who is there among us, I wonder, wholly innocent of blame? Mr. Saintsbury himself confesses to a silent chuckle of delight when he thinks of the dimly veiled censoriousness with which Peacock's inimitable humor has been received by one half of the reading world. In other words, his enjoyment of the Rev. Drs. Folliott and Opimian

is sensibly increased by the reflection that a great many worthy people, even among his own acquaintances, are by some mysterious law of their being debarred from any share in his pleasure. Yet surely we need not be so niggardly in this matter. There is wit enough in those two reverend gentlemen to go all around the living earth, and leave plenty for generations now unborn. Each might say with Juliet, —

"The more I give to thee,

The more I have; "

for wit is as infinite as love, and a deal more lasting in its qualities. When Peacock describes a country gentleman's range of ideas as "nearly commensurate with that of the great King Nebuchadnezzar when he was turned out to grass," he affords us a happy illustration of the eternal fitness of humor, for there can hardly come a time when such an apt comparison will fail to point its meaning.

Mr. Birrell is quite as selfish in his felicity as Mr. Saintsbury, and perfectly frank in acknowledging it. He dwells rapturously over certain well-loved pages of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Mansfield Park*, and then deliberately adds, "When an admirer of Miss Austen reads these familiar passages, the smile of satisfaction, betraying the deep inward peace they never fail to beget, widens, like 'a circle in the water,' as he remembers (and he is always careful to remember) how his dearest friend, who has been so successful in life, can no more read Miss Austen than he can read the *Moabitish Stone*." The same peculiarity is noticeable in the more ardent lovers of Charles Lamb. They seem to want him all to themselves, look askance upon any fellow-being who ventures to assert a modest preference for their idol, and brighten visibly when some ponderous critic declares the *Letters* to be sad stuff, and not worth half the exasperating nonsense talked about them. Yet Lamb flung his good things to the winds

with characteristic prodigality, little recking by whom or in what spirit they were received. How many witticisms, I wonder, were roared into the deaf ears of old Thomas Westwood, who heard them not, alas, but who laughed all the same, out of pure sociability, and with a pleasant sense that something funny had been said! And what of that ill-fated pun which Lamb, in a moment of deplorable abstraction, let fall at a funeral, to the surprise and consternation of the mourners? Surely a man who could joke at a funeral never meant his pleasantries to be hoarded up for the benefit of an initiated few, but would gladly see them the property of all living men; ay, and of all dead men, too, were such a distribution possible. "Damn the age! I will write for antiquity!" he exclaimed, with not unnatural heat, when The Gypsy's Malison was rejected by the ingenious editors of the *Gem*, on the ground that it would "shock all mothers;" and even this expression, uttered with pardonable irritation, manifests no solicitude for a narrow and esoteric audience.

"Wit is useful for everything, but sufficient for nothing," says Amiel, who probably felt he needed some excuse for burying so much of his Gallic sprightliness in Teutonic gloom; and dullness, it must be admitted, has the distinct advantage of being useful for everybody, and sufficient for nearly everybody as well. Nothing, we are told, is more rational than *ennui*; and Mr. Bagehot, contemplating the "grave files of speechless men" who have always represented the English land, exults more openly and energetically even than Carlyle in the saving dullness, the superb impenetrability, which stamps the Englishman, as it stamped the Roman, with the sign-manual of patient strength. Stupidity, he reminds us, is not folly, and moreover it often insures a valuable consistency. "'What I says is this here, as I was a-saying yesterday,' is the aver-

age Englishman's notion of historical eloquence and habitual discretion." But Mr. Bagehot could well afford to trifle thus coyly with dullness, because he knew it only theoretically and as a dispassionate observer. His own roof-tree is free from the blighting presence; his own pages are guiltless of the leaden touch. It has been well said that an ordinary mortal might live for a twelve-month like a gentleman on Hazlitt's ideas; but he might, if he were clever, shine all his life long with the reflected splendor of Mr. Bagehot's wit, and be thought to give forth a very respectable illumination. There is a telling quality in every stroke; a pitiless dexterity that drives the weapon, like a fairy's arrow, straight to some vital point. When we read that "of all pursuits ever invented by man for separating the faculty of argument from the capacity of belief, the art of debating is probably the most effective," we feel that an unwelcome statement has been expressed with Mephistophelian coolness; and remembering that these words were uttered before Mr. Gladstone had attained his parliamentary preëminence, we have but another proof of the imperishable accuracy of wit. Only say a clever thing, and mankind will go on forever furnishing living illustrations of its truth. It was Thurlow who originally remarked that "companies have neither bodies to kick nor souls to lose," and the jest fits in so aptly with our every-day humors and experiences that I have heard men attribute it casually to their friends, thinking perhaps that it must have been born in these times of giant corporations, of city railroads, and of trusts. What a gap between Queen Victoria and Queen Bess, what a thorough and far-reaching change in everything that goes to make up the life and habits of men; and yet Shakespeare's fine strokes of humor have become so fitted to our common speech that the very unconsciousness with which we apply them proves how they tally

with our modern emotions and opportunities. Lesser lights burn quite as steadily. Pope and Goldsmith reappear on the lips of people whose knowledge of the *Essay on Man* is of the very haziest character, and whose acquaintance with *She Stoops to Conquer* is confined exclusively to Mr. Abbey's graceful illustrations. Not very long ago I heard a bright school-girl, when reproached for wet feet or some such youthful indiscretion, excuse herself gayly on the plea that she was "bullying Nature;" and, knowing that the child was but modestly addicted to her books, I wondered how many of Dr. Holmes's trenchant sayings have become a heritage in our households, detached often from their original kinship, and seeming like the rightful property of every one who utters them. It is an amusing, barefaced, witless sort of robbery, yet surely not without its compensations; for it must be a pleasant thing to reflect in old age that the general murkiness of life has been lit up here and there by sparks struck from one's youthful fire, and that these sparks, though they wander occasionally masterless as will-o'-the-wisps, are destined never to go out.

Are destined never to go out! In its vitality lies the supreme excellence of humor. Whatever has "wit enough to keep it sweet" defies corruption and outlasts all time; but the wit must be of that outward and visible order which needs no introduction or demonstration at our hands. It is an old trick with dull novelists to describe their characters as being exceptionally brilliant people, and to trust that we will take their word for it, and ask no further proof. Every one remembers how Lord Beaconsfield would tell us that a cardinal could "sparkle with anecdote and blaze with repartee;" and how utterly destitute of sparkle or blaze were the specimens of his eminence's conversation with which we were subsequently favored. Those "lively dinners" in En-

dymion and Lothair, at which we were assured the brightest minds in England loved to gather, became mere Barmecide feasts when reported to us without a single amusing remark; such waifs and strays of conversation as reached our ears being of the dreariest and most fatuous description. It is not so with the real masters of their craft. Mr. Peacock does not stop to explain to us that Dr. Folliott is witty. The reverend gentleman opens his mouth and acquaints us with the fact himself. There is no need for George Eliot to expatiate on Mrs. Poyser's humor. Five minutes of that lady's society is amply sufficient for the revelation. We do not even hear Mr. Poyser and the rest of the family enlarging delightedly on the subject, as do all of Lawyer Putney's friends, in Mr. Howells's recent story, *Annie Kilburn*; and yet even the united testimony of Hatboro' fails to clear up our lingering doubts concerning Mr. Putney's wit. The dull people of that delightful town are really and truly and realistically dull. There is no mistaking them. The stamp of veracity is upon every brow. They pay morning calls, and we listen to their conversation with a dreamy impression that we have heard it all many times before, and that the ghosts of our own morning calls are revisiting us, not in the glimpses of the moon, but in Mr. Howells's airy and well-lit pages. That curious conviction that we have formerly passed through a precisely similar experience is strong upon us as we read, and it is the most emphatic testimony to the novelist's peculiar skill. But there is none of this instantaneous acquiescence in Mr. Putney's wit; for although he does make one very nice little joke, it is hardly enough to flavor all his conversation, which is for the most part rather unwholesome than humorous. The only way to elucidate him is to suppose that Mr. Howells, in sardonic mood, wishes to show us that if a man be discreet

enough to take to hard drinking in his youth, before his general emptiness is ascertained, his friends invariably credit him with a host of shining qualities, which we are given to understand lie balked and frustrated by his one unfortunate weakness. How many of us know these exceptionally brilliant lawyers, doctors, politicians, and journalists, who bear a charmed reputation, based exclusively upon their inebriety, and who take good care not to imperil it by too long a relapse into the mortifying self-revelations of soberness! And what wrong has been done to the honored name of humor by these pretentious rascals! We do not love Falstaff because he is drunk; we do not admire Becky Sharp because she is wicked. Drunkenness and wickedness are things easy of imitation; yet all the sack in Christendom could not beget us another Falstaff, — though Seithenyn ap Seithyn comes very near to the incomparable model, — and all the wickedness in the world could not fashion us a second Becky Sharp. There are too many dull toppers and stupid sinners among mankind to admit of any uncertainty on these points.

Bishop Burnet, in describing Lord Halifax, tells us, with thinly veiled disapprobation, that he was "a man of fine and ready wit, full of life, and very pleasant, but much turned to satire. His imagination was too hard for his judgment, and a severe jest took more with him than all arguments whatever." Yet this was the first statesman of his age, and one whose clear and tranquil vision penetrated so far beyond the turbulent, troubled times he lived in that men looked askance upon a power they but dimly understood. The sturdy "Trimmer," who would be bullied neither by king nor commons, who would "speak his mind and not be hanged as

long as there was law in England," must have turned with infinite relief from the horrible medley of plots and counterplots, from the ugly images of Oates and Dangerfield, from the scaffolds of Stafford and Russell and Sidney, from the Bloody Circuit and the massacre of Glencoe, from the false smiles of princes and the howling arrogance of the mob, to any jest, however "severe," which would restore to him his cold and fastidious serenity, and keep his judgment and his good temper unimpaired. "Ridicule is the test of truth," said Hazlitt, and it is a test which Halifax remorselessly applied, and which would not be without its uses to the Trimmer of to-day, in whom this adjusting sense is lamentably lacking. For humor distorts nothing, and only false gods are laughed off their earthly pedestals. What monstrous absurdities and paradoxes have resisted whole batteries of serious arguments, and then crumbled swiftly into dust before the ringing death-knell of a laugh! What healthy exultation, what genial warmth, what loyal brotherhood of mirth, attends the friendly sound! Yet in labeling our life and literature, as the Danes labeled their Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, "Not for amusement merely," we have pushed one step further, and the legend too often stands, "Not for amusement at all." Life is no laughing matter, we are told, which is true; and, what is still more dismal to contemplate, books are no laughing matters, either. Only now and then some gay, defiant rebel, like Mr. Saintsbury, flaunts the old flag, hums a bar of Blue Bonnets over the Border, and ruffles the quiet waters of our souls by hinting that this age of Apollinaris and of lectures is at fault, and that it has produced nothing which can vie as literature with the products of the ages of wine and song.

Agnes Repplier.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

IV.

PETER'S meeting with Nick was of the friendliest on both sides, involving a great many "dear fellows" and "old boys," and his salutation to the younger of the Miss Dormers consisted of the frankest "Delighted to see you, my dear Bid!" There was no kissing, but there was cousinship in the air, of a conscious, living kind, as Gabriel Nash no doubt quickly perceived, hovering for a moment outside the group. Biddy said nothing to Peter Sherringham, but there was no flatness in a silence which afforded such opportunities for a pretty smile. Nick introduced Gabriel Nash to his mother and to the other two as "a delightful old friend," whom he had just come across, and Sherringham acknowledged the act by saying to Mr. Nash, but as if rather less for his sake than for that of the presenter, "I have seen you very often before."

"Ah, recurrence — recurrence: we have n't yet, in the study of how to live, abolished that grossness, have we?" Mr. Nash genially inquired. "It's a poverty in the supernumeraries that we don't pass once for all, but come round and cross again, like a procession at the theatre. It's a shabby economy that ought to have been managed better. The right thing would be just *one* appearance, and the procession, regardless of expense, forever and forever different."

The company was occupied in placing itself at table, so that the only disengaged attention, for the moment, was Grace's, to whom, as her eyes rested on him, the young man addressed these last words with a smile. "Alas, it's a very shabby idea, is n't it? The world is n't got up regardless of expense!"

Grace looked quickly away from him,

and said to her brother, "Nick, Mr. Pinks is dead."

"Mr. Pinks?" asked Gabriel Nash, appearing to wonder where he should sit.

"The member for Harsh; and Julia wants you to stand," the girl went on.

"Mr. Pinks, the member for Harsh? What names, to be sure!" Gabriel mused, cheerfully, still unseated.

"Julia wants me? I'm much obliged to her!" observed Nicholas Dormer. "Nash, please sit by my mother, with Peter on her other side."

"My dear, it is n't Julia," Lady Agnes remarked, earnestly, to her son. "Every one wants you. Have n't you heard from your people? Did n't you know the seat was vacant?"

Nick was looking round the table, to see what was on it. "Upon my word, I don't remember. What else have you ordered, mother?"

"There's some *bœuf braisé*, my dear, and afterwards some galantine. Here is a dish of eggs with asparagus-tips."

"I advise you to go in for it, Nick," said Peter Sherringham, to whom the preparation in question was presented.

"Into the eggs with asparagus-tips? *Donnez m'en, s'il vous plaît*. My dear fellow, how can I stand? how can I sit? Where's the money to come from?"

"The money? Why, from Jul—" Grace began, but immediately caught her mother's eye.

"Poor Julia, how you do work her!" Nick exclaimed. "Nash, I recommend you the asparagus-tips. Mother, he's my best friend; do look after him."

"I have an impression I have breakfasted — I am not sure," Nash observed.

"With those beautiful ladies? Try again; you'll find out."

"The money can be managed; the

expenses are very small, and the seat is certain," Lady Agnes declared, not, apparently, heeding her son's injunction in respect to Nash.

"Rather — if Julia goes down!" her elder daughter exclaimed.

"Perhaps Julia won't go down!" Nick answered, humorously.

Biddy was seated next to Mr. Nash, so that she could take occasion to ask, "Who are the beautiful ladies?" as if she failed to recognize her brother's allusion. In reality this was an innocent trick: she was more curious than she could have given a suitable reason for about the odd women from whom her neighbor had separated.

"Deluded, misguided persons!" Gabriel Nash replied, understanding that she had asked for a description. "Strange, eccentric, almost romantic types. Predestined victims, infatuated lambs of sacrifice."

This was copious, yet it was vague, so that Biddy could only respond, "Oh!" But meanwhile Peter Sherringham said to Nick —

"Julia's here, you know. You must go and see her."

Nick looked at him for an instant rather hard, as if to say, "You too?" But Peter's eyes appeared to answer, "No, no, not I;" upon which his cousin rejoined, "Of course I'll go and see her. I'll go immediately. Please to thank her for thinking of me."

"Thinking of you? There are plenty to think of you!" Lady Agnes said. "There are sure to be telegrams at home. We must go back — we must go back!"

"We must go back to England?" Nick Dormer asked; and as his mother made no answer he continued, "Do you mean I must go to Harsh?"

Her ladyship evaded this question, inquiring of Mr. Nash if he would have a morsel of fish; but her gain was small, for this gentleman, struck again by the unhappy name of the bereaved constit-

uency, only broke out, "Ah, what a place to represent! How can you — how can you?"

"It's an excellent place," said Lady Agnes, coldly. "I imagine you have never been there. It's a very good place indeed. It belongs very largely to my cousin, Mrs. Dallow."

Gabriel partook of the fish, listening with interest. "But I thought we had no more pocket-boroughs."

"It's pockets we rather lack, so many of us. There are plenty of Harshes," Nick Dormer observed.

"I don't know what you mean," Lady Agnes said to Gabriel, with considerable majesty.

Peter Sherringham also addressed him with an "Oh, it's all right; they come down on you like a shot!" and the young man continued, ingenuously —

"Do you mean to say you have to pay to get into that place — that it's not *you* that are paid?"

"Into that place?" Lady Agnes repeated, blankly.

"Into the House of Commons. That you don't get a high salary?"

"My dear Nash, you're delightful: don't leave me — don't leave me!" Nick cried; while his mother looked at him with an eye that demanded, "Who is this extraordinary person?"

"What then did you think pocket-boroughs were?" Peter Sherringham asked.

Mr. Nash's facial radiance rested on him. "Why, boroughs that filled your pocket. To do that sort of thing without a bribe — *c'est trop fort!*"

"He lives at Samarcand," Nick Dormer explained to his mother, who colored perceptibly. "What do you advise me? I'll do whatever you say," he went on to his old acquaintance.

"My dear — my dear!" Lady Agnes pleaded.

"See Julia first, with all respect to Mr. Nash. She's of excellent counsel," said Peter Sherringham.

Gabriel Nash smiled across the table at Dormer. "The lady first—the lady first! I have not a word to suggest as against any idea of hers."

"We must not sit here too long, there will be so much to do," said Lady Agnes, anxiously, perceiving a certain slowness in the service of the *bœuf braisé*.

Biddy had been up to this moment mainly occupied in looking, covertly and at intervals, at Peter Sherringham; as was perfectly lawful in a young lady with a handsome cousin whom she had not seen for more than a year. But her sweet voice now took license to throw in the words, "We know what Mr. Nash thinks of politics: he told us just now he thinks they are dreadful."

"No, not dreadful—only inferior," the personage impugned protested. "Everything is relative."

"Inferior to what?" Lady Agnes demanded.

Mr. Nash appeared to consider a moment. "To anything else that may be in question."

"Nothing else *is* in question!" said her ladyship, in a tone that would have been triumphant if it had not been dry.

"Ah, then!" And her neighbor shook his head sadly. He turned, after this, to Biddy, and said to her, "The ladies whom I was with just now, and in whom you were so good as to express an interest?" Biddy gave a sign of assent, and he went on: "They are persons theatrical; the younger one is trying to go upon the stage."

"And are you assisting her?" Biddy asked, pleased that she had guessed so nearly right.

"Not in the least—I'm rather heading her off. I consider it the lowest of the arts."

"Lower than politics?" asked Peter Sherringham, who was listening to this.

"Dear, no, I won't say that. I think the *Théâtre Français* a greater institution than the House of Commons."

"I agree with you there!" laughed Sherringham; "all the more that I don't consider the dramatic art a low one. On the contrary, it seems to me to include all the others."

"Yes—that's a view. I think it's the view of my friends."

"Of your friends?"

"Two ladies—old acquaintances—whom I met in Paris a week ago, and whom I have just been spending an hour with in this place."

"You should have seen them; they struck me very much," Biddy said to her cousin.

"I should like to see them, if they have really anything to say to the theatre."

"It can easily be managed. Do you believe in the theatre?" asked Gabriel Nash.

"Passionately," Sherringham confessed. "Don't you?"

Before Mr. Nash had had time to answer Biddy had interposed with a sigh: "How I wish I could go—but in Paris I can't!"

"I'll take you, Biddy—I vow I'll take you."

"But the plays, Peter," the girl objected. "Mamma says they're worse than the pictures."

"Oh, we'll arrange that: they shall do one at the *Français* on purpose for a delightful little English girl."

"Can you make them?"

"I can make them do anything I choose."

"Ah, then, it's the theatre that believes in you," said Gabriel Nash.

"It would be ungrateful if it did n't!" Peter Sherringham laughed.

Lady Agnes had withdrawn herself from between him and Mr. Nash, and, to signify that she, at least, had finished eating, had gone to sit by her son, whom she held, with some importunity, in conversation. But hearing the theatre talked of, she threw across an impersonal challenge to the paradoxical young

man. "Pray, should you think it better for a gentleman to be an actor?"

"Better than being a politician? Ah, comedian for comedian, is n't the actor more honest?"

Lady Agnes turned to her son and exclaimed with spirit, "Think of your great father, Nicholas!"

"He was an honest man; that perhaps is why he could n't stand it."

Peter Sherringham judged the colloquy to have taken an uncomfortable twist, though not wholly, as it seemed to him, by the act of Nick's queer comrade. To draw it back to safer ground he said to this personage: "May I ask if the ladies you just spoke of are English — Mrs. and Miss Rooth: is n't that the rather odd name?"

"The very same. Only the daughter, according to her kind, desires to be known by some *nom de guerre* before she has even been able to enlist."

"And what does she call herself?" Bridget Dormer asked.

"Maud Vavasour, or Edith Temple, or Gladys Vane — some rubbish of that sort."

"What, then, is her own name?"

"Miriam — Miriam Rooth. It would do very well and would give her the benefit of the prepossessing fact that (to the best of my belief, at least) she is more than half a Jewess."

"It is as good as Rachel Félix," Sherringham said.

"The name 's as good, but not the talent. The girl is magnificently stupid."

"And more than half a Jewess? Don't you believe it!" Sherringham exclaimed.

"Don't believe she 's a Jewess?" Biddy asked, still more interested in Miriam Rooth.

"No, no — that she 's stupid, really. If she is, she 'll be the first."

"Ah, you may judge for yourself," Nash rejoined, "if you 'll come to-morrow afternoon to Madame Carré, Rue de Constantinople, *au quatrième*."

"Madame Carré? Why, I've already a note from her — I found it this morning on my return to Paris — asking me to look in at five o'clock and listen to a *jeune Anglaise*."

"That 's my arrangement — I obtained the favor. The ladies want an opinion, and the good Carré has consented to see them and to give one. Gladys will recite something and the venerable artist will pass judgment."

Sherringham remembered that he had his note in his pocket, and he took it out and looked it over. "She wishes to make her a little audience — she says she 'll do better with that — and she asks me because I 'm English. I shall make a point of going."

"And bring Dormer if you can: the audience will be better. Will you come, Dormer?" Mr. Nash continued, appealing to his friend, — "will you come with me to see an old French actress and to hear an English amateur recite?"

Nick looked round from his talk with his mother and Grace. "I 'll go anywhere with you, so that, as I 've told you, I may not lose sight of you, may keep hold of you."

"Poor Mr. Nash, why is he so useful?" Lady Agnes demanded with a laugh.

"He steadies me, mother."

"Oh, I wish you 'd take me, Peter," Biddy broke out, wistfully, to her cousin.

"To spend an hour with an old French actress? Do you want to go upon the stage?" the young man inquired.

"No, but I want to see something, to know something."

"Madame Carré is wonderful in her way, but she is hardly company for a little English girl."

"I 'm not little, I 'm only too big; and *she* goes, the person you speak of."

"For a professional purpose, and with

her good mother," smiled Gabriel Nash. "I think Lady Agnes would hardly venture" —

"Oh, I've seen her good mother!" said Biddy, as if she had an impression of what the worth of that protection might be.

"Yes, but you have n't heard her. It's then that you measure her."

Biddy was wistful still. "Is it the famous Honorine Carré, the great celebrity?"

"Honorine in person: the incomparable, the perfect!" said Peter Sherringham. "The first artist of our time, taking her altogether. She and I are old pals; she has been so good as to come and 'say' things, as she does sometimes still *dans le monde*, as no one else does, in my rooms."

"Make her come, then; we can go there!"

"One of these days!"

"And the young lady — Miriam, Edith, Gladys — make her come too."

Sherringham looked at Nash and the latter exclaimed, "Oh, you'll have no difficulty; she'll jump at it!"

"Very good; I'll give a little artistic tea, with Julia, too, of course. And you must come, Mr. Nash." This gentleman promised, with an inclination, and Peter continued: "But if, as you say you're not for helping the young lady, how came you to arrange this interview with the great model?"

"Precisely to stop her. The great model will find her very bad. Her judgments, as you probably know, are Rhadamanthine."

"Poor girl!" said Biddy. "I think you're cruel."

"Never mind; I'll look after them," said Sherringham.

"And how can Madame Carré judge, if the girl recites English?"

"She's so intelligent that she could judge if she recited Chinese," Peter declared.

"That's true, but the jeune Anglaise

recites also in French," said Gabriel Nash.

"Then she is n't stupid."

"And in Italian, and in several more tongues, for aught I know."

Sherringham was visibly interested. "Very good; we'll put her through them all."

"She must be *most* clever," Biddy went on, yearningly.

"She has spent her life on the continent; she has wandered about with her mother; she has picked up things."

"And is she a lady?" Biddy asked.

"Oh, tremendous! The great ones of the earth on the mother's side. On the father's, on the other hand, I imagine, only a Jew stockbroker in the city."

"Then they're rich — or ought to be," Sherringham suggested.

"Ought to be — ah, there's the bitterness! The stockbroker had too short a go — he was carried off in his flower. However, he left his wife a certain property, which she appears to have muddled away, not having the safeguard of being herself a Hebrew. This is what she lived upon till to-day — this and another resource. Her husband, as she has often told me, had the artistic temperament; that's common, as you know, among *ces messieurs*. He made the most of his little opportunities and collected various pictures, tapestries, enamels, porcelains, and similar gewgaws. He parted with them also, I gather, at a profit; in short, he carried on a neat little business as a *brocanteur*. It was nipped in the bud, but Mrs. Rooth was left with a certain number of these articles in her hands; indeed they must have constituted the most palpable part of her heritage. She was not a woman of business; she turned them, no doubt, to indifferent account; but she sold them piece by piece, and they kept her going while her daughter grew up. It was to this precarious traffic, conducted with extraordinary mystery and delicacy, that, five years ago, in Florence,

I was indebted for my acquaintance with her. In those days I used to collect — Heaven help me! — I used to pick up rubbish which I could ill afford. It was a little phase — we have our little phases, have n't we?" asked Gabriel Nash, — "and I have come out on the other side. Mrs. Rooth had an old green pot, and I heard of her old green pot. To hear of it was to long for it, so that I went to see it, under cover of night. I bought it, and a couple of years ago I overturned it and smashed it. It was the last of the little phase. It was not, however, as you have seen, the last of Mrs. Rooth. I saw her afterwards in London, and I met her a year or two ago in Venice. She appears to be a great wanderer. She had other old pots, of other colors, red, yellow, black, or blue — she could produce them of any complexion you liked. I don't know whether she carried them about with her or whether she had little secret stores in the principal cities of Europe. To-day, at any rate, they seem all gone. On the other hand, she has her daughter, who has grown up and who is a precious vase of another kind — less fragile, I hope, than the rest. May she not be overturned and smashed!"

Peter Sherringham and Biddy Dormer listened with attention to this history, and the girl testified to the interest with which she had followed it by saying, when Mr. Nash had ceased speaking, "A Jewish stockbroker, a dealer in curiosities: what an odd person to marry — for a person who was well born! I dare say he was a German."

"His name must have been simply Roth, and the poor lady, to smarten it up, has put in another o," Sherringham ingeniously suggested.

"You are both very clever," said Gabriel Nash, "and Rudolf Roth, as I happen to know, was indeed the designation of Maud Vavasour's papa. But, as far as the question of derogation goes,

one might as well drown as starve, for what connection is *not* a misalliance when one happens to have the cumbersome, the unaccommodating honor of being a Neville-Nugent of Castle Nugent? Such was the high lineage of Maud's mamma. I seem to have heard it mentioned that Rudolf Roth was very versatile and, like most of his species, not unacquainted with the practice of music. He had been employed to teach the harmonium to Miss Neville-Nugent and she had profited by his lessons. If his daughter is like him — and she is not like her mother — he was darkly and dangerously handsome. So I venture rapidly to reconstruct the situation."

A silence, for the moment, had fallen upon Lady Agnes and her other two children, so that Mr. Nash, with his universal urbanity, practically addressed these last remarks to them as well as to his other auditors. Lady Agnes looked as if she wondered whom he was talking about, and having caught the name of a noble residence she inquired —

"Castle Nugent — where is that?"

"It's a domain of immeasurable extent and almost inconceivable splendor, but I fear it is n't to be found in any meagre earthly geography!" Lady Agnes rested her eyes on the tablecloth, as if she were not sure a liberty had not been taken with her, and while Mr. Nash continued to abound in descriptive suppositions — "It must be on the banks of the Manzanares or the Guadalquivir" — Peter Sherringham, whose imagination appeared to have been strongly kindled by the sketch of Miriam Rooth, challenging him sociably, reminded him that he had, a short time before, assigned a low place to the dramatic art, and that he had not yet answered his question as to whether he believed in the theatre. This gave Nash an opportunity to go on —

"I don't know that I understand your question; there are different ways of taking it. Do I think it's important?"

Is that what you mean? Important, certainly, to managers and stage-carpenters who want to make money, to ladies and gentlemen who want to produce themselves in public by lime-light, and to other ladies and gentlemen who are bored and stupid and don't know what to do with their evening. It's a commercial and social convenience which may be infinitely worked. But important artistically, intellectually? How *can* it be — so poor, so limited a form?"

"Dear me, it strikes me as so rich, so various! Do you think it's poor and limited, Nick?" Sherringham added, appealing to his kinsman.

"I think whatever Nash thinks. I have no opinion to-day but his."

This answer of Nick Dormer's drew the eyes of his mother and sisters to him and caused his friend to exclaim that he was not used to such responsibilities, so few people had ever tested his presence of mind by agreeing with him.

"Oh, I used to be of your way of feeling," Nash said to Sherringham. "I understand you perfectly. "It's a phase like another. I've been through it — *j'ai été comme ça*."

"And you went, then, very often to the Théâtre Français, and it was there I saw you. I place you now."

"I am afraid I noticed none of the other spectators," Nash explained. "I had no attention but for the great Carré — she was still on the stage. Judge of my infatuation, and how I can allow for yours, when I tell you that I sought her acquaintance, that I could n't rest till I had told her that I hung upon her lips."

"That's just what I told her," returned Sherringham.

"She was very kind to me. She said, '*Vous me rendez des forces*.'"

"That's just what she said to me!"

"And we have remained very good friends."

"So have we!" laughed Sherring-

ham. "And such perfect art as hers: do you mean to say you don't consider *that* important — such a rare dramatic intelligence?"

"I'm afraid you read the *feuilletons*. You catch their phrases," Gabriel Nash blandly rejoined. "Dramatic intelligence is never rare; nothing is more common."

"Then why have we so many bad actors?"

"Have we? I thought they were mostly good; succeeding more easily and more completely in that business than in anything else. What could they do — those people, generally — if they did n't do that? And reflect that *that* enables them to succeed! Of course, always, there are numbers of people on the stage who are no actors at all, for it's even easier to our poor humanity to be ineffectively stupid and vulgar than to bring down the house."

"It's not easy, by what I can see, to produce, completely, any artistic effect," Sherringham declared; "and those that the actor produces are among the most moving that we know. You'll not persuade me that to watch such an actress as Madame Carré was not an education of the taste, an enlargement of one's knowledge."

"She did what she could, poor woman, but in what belittling, coarsening conditions! She had to interpret a character in a play, and a character in a play (not to say the whole piece — I speak more particularly of modern pieces) is such a wretchedly small peg to hang anything on! The dramatist shows us so little, is so hampered by his audience, is restricted to so poor an analysis."

"I know the complaint. It's all the fashion now. The *raffinés* despise the theatre," said Peter Sherringham, in the manner of a man abreast with the culture of his age and not to be captured by a surprise. "*Connu, connu!*"

"It will be known better yet, won't it, when the essentially brutal nature of

the modern audience is still more perceived, when it has been properly analyzed? the *omnium gatherum* of the population of a big commercial city, at the hour of the day when their taste is at its lowest, flocking out of hideous hotels and restaurants, gorged with food, stultified with buying and selling and with all the other sordid preoccupations of the day, squeezed together in a sweltering mass, disappointed in their seats, timing the author, timing the actor, wishing to get their money back on the spot, before eleven o'clock. Fancy putting the exquisite before such a tribunal as that! There's not even a question of it. The dramatist would n't if he could, and in nine cases out of ten he could n't if he would. He has to make the basest concessions. One of his principal canons is that he must enable his spectators to catch the suburban trains, which stop at 11:30. What would you think of any other artist — the painter or the novelist — whose governing forces should be the dinner and the suburban trains? The old dramatists did n't defer to them (not so much, at least), and that's why they are less and less actable. If they are touched — the large fellows — it's only to be mutilated and trivialized. Besides, they had a simpler civilization to represent — societies in which the life of man was in action, in passion, in immediate and violent expression. Those things could be put upon the playhouse boards with comparatively little sacrifice of their completeness and their truth. To-day we are so infinitely more reflective and complicated and diffuse that it makes all the difference. What can you do with a character, with an idea, with a feeling, between dinner and the suburban trains? You can give a gross, rough sketch of them, but how little you touch them, how bald you leave them! What crudity compared with what the novelist does!"

"Do you write novels, Mr. Nash?" Peter demanded.

"No, but I read them when they are extraordinarily good, and I don't go to plays. I read Balzac, for instance — I encounter the magnificent portrait of Valérie Marneffe, in *La Cousine Bette*."

"And you contrast it with the poverty of Emile Augier's *Séraphine* in *Les Lionnes Pauvres*? I was awaiting you there. That's the *cheval de bataille* of you fellows."

"What an extraordinary discussion! What dreadful authors!" Lady Agnes murmured to her son. But he was listening so attentively to the other young men that he made no response, and Peter Sherringham went on:

"I have seen Madame Carré in parts, in the modern repertory, which she has made as vivid to me, caused to abide as ineffaceably in my memory, as Valérie Marneffe. She is the Balzac, as one may say, of actresses."

"The miniaturist, as it were, of white-washers!" Nash rejoined, laughing.

It might have been guessed that Sherringham was irritated, but the other disputant was so good-humored that he abundantly recognized his own obligation to appear so.

"You would be magnanimous if you thought the young lady you have introduced to our old friend would be important."

"She might be much more so than she ever will be."

Lady Agnes got up, to terminate the scene, and even to signify that enough had been said about people and questions she had never heard of. Every one else rose, the waiter brought Nicholas the receipt of the bill, and Sherringham went on, to his interlocutor —

"Perhaps she will be more so than you think."

"Perhaps — if *you* take an interest in her!"

"A mystic voice seems to exhort me to do so, to whisper that, though I have never seen her, I shall find something

in her. What do you say, Biddy, shall I take an interest in her?"

Biddy hesitated a moment, colored a little, felt a certain embarrassment in being publicly treated as an oracle.

"If she's not nice I don't advise it."

"And if she is nice?"

"You advise it still less!" her brother exclaimed, laughing and putting his arm round her.

Lady Agnes looked sombre — she might have been saying to herself: "Dear me, what chance has a girl of mine with a man who's so agog about actresses?" She was disconcerted and distressed; a multitude of incongruous things, all the morning, had been forced upon her attention — displeasing pictures and still more displeasing theories about them, vague portents of perversity on the part of Nicholas, and a strange eagerness on Peter's, learned apparently in Paris, to discuss, with a person who had a tone she never had been exposed to, topics irrelevant and uninteresting, the practical effect of which was to make light of her presence. "Let us leave this — let us leave this!" she almost moaned. The party moved together toward the door of departure, and her ruffled spirit was not soothed by hearing her son remark to his terrible friend: "You know you don't leave us — I stick to you!"

At this Lady Agnes broke out and interposed, "Excuse me for reminding you that you are going to call on Julia."

"Well, can't Nash also come to call on Julia? That's just what I want — that she should see him."

Peter Sherringham came humanely to her ladyship's assistance. "A better way, perhaps, will be for them to meet under my auspices, at my 'dramatic tea.' This will enable me to return one favor for another. If Mr. Nash is so good as to introduce me to this aspirant for honors we estimate so differently, I will introduce him to my sister, a much more positive quantity."

"It is easy to see who'll have the best of it!" Grace Dormer exclaimed; and Gabriel Nash stood there serenely, impartially, in a graceful, detached way which seemed characteristic of him, assenting to any decision that relieved him of the grossness of choice and generally confident that things would turn out well for him.

He was cheerfully helpless and sociably indifferent; ready to preside, with a smile, even at a discussion of his own admissibility. "Nick will bring you. I have a little corner at the embassy."

"You are very kind. You must bring him, then, to-morrow — Rue de Constantinople."

"At five o'clock — don't be afraid."

"Oh, dear!" said Biddy, as they went on again; and Lady Agnes, seizing his arm, marched off more quickly with her son. When they came out into the Champs Elysées Nick Dormer, looking round, saw that his friend had disappeared. Biddy had attached herself to Peter, and Grace, apparently, had not encouraged Mr. Nash.

V.

Lady Agnes's idea had been that her son should go straight from the Palais de l'Industrie to the Hôtel de Hollande, with or without his mother and his sisters, as his humor should seem to recommend. Much as she desired to see their brilliant kinswoman, and as she knew that her daughters desired it, she was quite ready to postpone their visit, if this renunciation should contribute to a speedy interview for Nick. She was eager that he should talk with Mrs. Dallow, and eager that he should be eager himself; but it presently appeared that he was really not anything that could impartially be called so. His view was that she and the girls should go to the Hôtel de Hollande without delay, and should spend the rest of

the day with Julia, if they liked. He would go later; he would go in the evening. There were lots of things he wanted to do meanwhile.

This question was discussed with some intensity, though not at length, while the little party stood on the edge of the Place de la Concorde, to which they had proceeded on foot; and Lady Agnes noticed that the "lots of things" to which he proposed to give precedence over an urgent duty, a conference with a person who held out full hands to him, were implied somehow in the friendly glance with which he covered the great square, the opposite bank of the Seine, the steep blue roofs of the quay, the bright immensity of Paris. What in the world could be more important than making sure of his seat? — so quickly did the good lady's imagination travel. And now that idea appealed to him less than a ramble in search of old books and prints, for she was sure this was what he had in his head. Julia would be flattered if she knew it, but of course she must not know it. Lady Agnes was already thinking of the most honorable explanations she could give of the young man's want of *empressement*. She would have liked to represent him as tremendously occupied, in his room at their own hotel, in getting off political letters to every one it should concern, and particularly in drawing up his address to the electors of Harsh. Fortunately she was a woman of innumerable discretions, and a part of the worn look that sat in her face came from her having schooled herself for years, in her relations with her husband and her sons, not to insist unduly. She would have liked to insist, nature had formed her to insist, and the self-control had told in more ways than one. Even now it was powerless to prevent her suggesting that before doing anything else Nick should at least repair to the inn and see if there were not some telegrams.

He freely consented to do so much as
VOL. LXIII. — NO. 376.

this, and having called a cab, that she might go her way with the girls, he kissed her again, as he had done at the exhibition. This was an attention that could never displease her, but somehow when he kissed her often her anxiety was apt to increase; she had come to recognize it as a sign that he was slipping away from her. She drove off with a vague sense that at any rate she and the girls might do something toward keeping the place warm for him. She had been a little vexed that Peter had not administered more of a push toward the Hôtel de Hollande, clear as it had become to her now that there was a foreignness in Peter which was not to be counted on, and which made him speak of English affairs and even of English domestic politics as local. Of course they were local, and was not that the human comfort of them? As she left the two young men standing together in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, the grand composition of which Nick, as she looked back, appeared to have paused to admire (as if he had not seen it a thousand times!), she wished she might have thought of Peter's influence with her son as exerted a little more in favor of localism. She had a sense that he would not abbreviate the boy's ill-timed *flânerie*. However, he had been very nice. He had invited them all to dine with him that evening at a convenient restaurant, promising to bring Julia and one of his colleagues. So much as this he had been willing to do to make sure that Nick and his sister should meet. His want of localism, moreover, was not so great as that if it should turn out that there *was* anything beneath his manner toward Biddy — The conclusion of this reflection is, perhaps, best indicated by the circumstance of her ladyship's remarking, after a minute, to her younger daughter, who sat opposite to her in the *voiture de place*, that it would do no harm if she should get a new hat, and

that the article might be purchased that afternoon.

"A French hat, mamma?" said Grace. "Oh, do wait till she gets home!"

"I think they are prettier here, you know," Biddy rejoined; and Lady Agnes said, simply, "I dare say they're cheaper." What was in her mind, in fact, was, "I dare say Peter thinks them becoming." It will be seen that she had plenty of spiritual occupation, the sum of which was not diminished by her learning, when she reached the top of the Rue de la Paix, that Mrs. Dallow had gone out half an hour before and had left no message. She was more disconcerted by this incident than she could have explained or than she thought was right, for she had taken for granted that Julia would be in a manner waiting for them. How did she know that Nick was not coming? When people were in Paris for a few days they didn't mope in the house; but Julia might have waited a little longer or might have left an explanation. Was she then not so much in earnest about Nick's standing? Did n't she recognize the importance of being there to see him about it? Lady Agnes wondered whether Julia's behavior were a sign that she was already tired of the way this young gentleman treated her. Perhaps she had gone out because an instinct told her that its being important he should see her early would make no difference with him—told her that he would n't come. Her heart sank as she glanced at this possibility that Julia was already tired, for she, on her side, had an instinct there were still more tiresome things in store. She had disliked having to tell Mrs. Dallow that Nick would n't see her till the evening, but now she disliked still more her not being there to hear it. She even resented a little her kinswoman's not having reasoned that she and the girls would come in any event, and not thought them worth staying in for. It

occurred to her that she would, perhaps, have gone to their hotel, which was a good way up the Rue de Rivoli, near the Palais Royal, and she directed the cabman to drive to that establishment.

As he jogged along, she took in some degree the measure of what that might mean, Julia's seeking a little to avoid them. Was she growing to dislike them? Did she think they kept too sharp an eye on her, so that the idea of their standing in a still closer relation to her would not be enticing? Her behavior up to this time had not worn such an appearance, unless, perhaps, a little, just a very little, in the matter of poor Grace. Lady Agnes knew that she was not particularly fond of poor Grace, and was even able to guess the reason—the manner in which Grace betrayed the most that they wanted to make sure of her. She remembered how long the girl had stayed the last time she had gone to Harsh. She had gone for an acceptable week, and she had been in the house a month. She took a private, heroic vow that Grace should not go near the place again for a year; that is, not unless Nick and Julia were married before this. If that were to happen, she should n't care. She recognized that it was not absolutely everything that Julia should be in love with Nick; it was also better she should dislike his mother and sisters after than before. Lady Agnes did justice to the natural rule in virtue of which it usually comes to pass that a woman doesn't get on with her husband's female belongings, and was even willing to be sacrificed to it in her disciplined degree. But she desired not to be sacrificed for nothing; if she was to be objected to as a mother-in-law, she wished to be the mother-in-law first.

At the hotel in the Rue de Rivoli she had the disappointment of finding that Mrs. Dallow had not called, and also that no telegrams had come. She went

in with the girls for half an hour, and then she straggled out with them again. She was undetermined and dissatisfied, and the afternoon was rather a problem; of the kind, moreover, that she disliked most and was least accustomed to; not a choice between different things to do (her life had been full of that), but a want of anything to do at all. Nicholas had said to her before they separated, "You can knock about with the girls, you know; everything is amusing here." That was easily said, while he sauntered and gossiped with Peter Sherringham, and perhaps went to see more pictures like those in the Salon. He was usually, on such occasions, very good-natured about spending his time with them; but this episode had taken altogether a perverse, profane form. She had no desire whatever to knock about, and she was far from finding everything in Paris amusing. She had no aptitude for aimlessness, and, moreover, she thought it vulgar. If she had found Julia's card at the hotel (the sign of a hope of catching them just as they came back from the Salon), she would have made a second attempt to see her before the evening; but now certainly they would leave her alone. Lady Agnes wandered joylessly with the girls in the Palais Royal and the Rue de Richelieu, and emerged upon the Boulevard, where they continued their frugal prowling, as Biddy rather irritatingly called it. They went into five shops to buy a hat for Biddy, and her ladyship's presuppositions of cheapness were wofully belied.

"Who in the world is your funny friend?" Peter Sherringham asked of his kinsman, without loss of time, as they walked together.

"Ah, there's something else you lost by going to Cambridge — you lost Gabriel Nash!"

"He sounds like an Elizabethan dramatist," Sherringham said. "But I have n't lost him, since it appears now

that I shall not be able to have you without him."

"Oh, as for that, wait a little. I'm going to try him again, but I don't know how he wears. What I mean is that you have probably lost his freshness. I have an idea he has become conventional, or at any rate serious."

"Bless me, do you call that serious?"

"He used to be so gay. He had a real genius for suggestive paradox. He was a wonderful talker."

"It seems to me he will do very well now," said Peter Sherringham.

"Oh, this is nothing. He had great flights of old, very great flights; one saw him rise and rise, and turn somersaults in the blue, and wondered how far he could go. He's very intelligent, and I should think it might be interesting to find out what it is that prevents the whole man from being as good as his parts. I mean in case he is n't so good."

"I see you more than suspect that. May it not simply be that he's an ass?"

"That would be the whole — I shall see in time — but it certainly is n't one of the parts. It may be the effect, but it is n't the cause, and it's for the cause that I claim an interest. I imagine you think he's an ass on account of what he said about the theatre, his pronouncing it a coarse art."

"To differ about him that reason will do," said Sherringham. "The only bad one would be one that should n't preserve our difference. You need n't tell me you agree with him, for, frankly, I don't care."

"Then your passion still burns?" Nick Dormer asked.

"My passion?"

"I don't mean for any individual exponent of the contestable art: mark the guilty conscience, mark the rising blush, mark the confusion of mind! I mean the old sign one knew you best by: your

permanent stall at the Français, your inveterate attendance at *premières*, the way you 'follow' the young talents and the old."

"Yes, it's still my little hobby; my little folly, if you like. I don't see that I get tired of it. What will you have? Strong predilections are rather a blessing; they are simplifying. I am fond of representation — the representation of life: I like it better, I think, than the real thing. You like it, too, so you have no right to cast the stone. You like it best done one way and I another; and our preference, on either side, has a deep root in us. There is a fascination to me in the way the actor does it, when his talent (ah, he must have that!) has been highly trained (ah, it must *be* that!). The things he can do, in this effort at representation (with the dramatist to give him his push) seem to me innumerable — he can carry it to a delicacy! — and I take great pleasure in observing them, in recognizing them and comparing them. It's an amusement like another: I don't pretend to call it by any exalted name; but in this vale of friction it will serve. One can lose one's self in it, and it has this recommendation (in common, I suppose, with the study of the other arts), that the further you go in it the more you find. So I go rather far, if you will. But is it the principal sign one knows me by?" Sherringham abruptly asked.

"Don't be ashamed of it, or it will be ashamed of you. I ought to discriminate. You are distinguished among my friends and relations by being a rising young diplomatist; but you know I always want the further distinction, the last analysis. Therefore I surmise that you are conspicuous among rising young diplomatists for the infatuation that you describe in such pretty terms."

"You evidently believe that it will prevent me from rising very high. But pastime for pastime, is it any idler than yours?"

"Than mine?"

"Why, you have half a dozen, while I only allow myself the luxury of one. For the theatre is my sole vice, really. Is this more wanton, say, than to devote weeks to ascertaining in what particular way your friend Mr. Nash may be a twaddler? That's not my ideal of a choice *délassement*, but I would undertake to do it sooner. You're a young statesman (who happens to be *en disponibilité* for the moment), but you spend not a little of your time in besmearing canvas with bright-colored pigments. The idea of representation fascinates you, but in your case it's representation in oils — or do you practice water-colors, too? You even go much further than I, for I study my art of predilection only in the works of others. I don't aspire to leave works of my own. You're a painter, possibly a great one; but I'm not an actor." Nick Dormer declared that he would certainly become one — he was on the way to it; and Sherringham, without heeding this charge, went on: "Let me add that, considering you *are* a painter, your portrait of the complicated Nash is lamentably dim."

"He's not at all complicated; he's only too simple to give an account of. Most people have a lot of attributes and appendages that dress them up and superscribe them, and what I like him for is that he has n't any at all. It makes him so cool."

"By Jove, you match him there! It's an attribute to keep alive. How does he do it?"

"I have n't the least idea. I don't think any one has ever detected the process. His means, his profession, his belongings, have never anything to do with the question. He does n't shade off into other people; he's as neat as an outline cut out of paper with scissors. I like him, therefore, because in intercourse with him you know what you've got hold of. With most men

you don't : to pick the flower you must break off the whole dusty, thorny, worldly branch ; you find you are taking up in your grasp all sorts of other people and things, dangling accidents and conditions. Poor Nash has none of those ramifications ; he 's the solitary blossom."

"My dear fellow, you would be better for a little of the same pruning!" Sherringham exclaimed ; and the young men continued their walk and their gossip, jerking each other this way and that with a sociable roughness consequent on their having been boys together. Intimacy had reigned, of old, between the little Sherringhams and the little Dormers, united by country contiguity and by the circumstance that there was first-cousinship, not neglected, among the parents, Lady Agnes standing in this convertible relation to Lady Windrush, the mother of Peter and Julia, as well as of other daughters and of a maturer youth who was to inherit, and who since then had inherited, the ancient barony. Since then many things had altered, but not the deep foundation of sociability. One of our young men had gone to Eton and the other to Harrow (the battered old school on the hill was the tradition of the Dormers), and the divergence had taken its course later, in university years. Bricket, however, had remained accessible to Windrush, and Windrush to Bricket, to which Percival Dormer had now succeeded, terminating the interchange a trifle rudely by letting out that pleasant white house in the midlands (its expropriated inhabitants, Lady Agnes and her daughters, adored it) to an American reputed rich, who, in the first flush of international comparison, considered that for twelve hundred a year he got it at a bargain. Bricket had come to the late Sir Nicholas from his elder brother, who died wifeless and childless. The new baronet, so different from his father (though he recalled at some points the uncle after whom he had been named) that Nick had to

make it up by aspirations of resemblance, roamed about the world, taking shots which excited the enthusiasm of society, when society heard of them, at the few legitimate creatures of the chase which the British rifle had spared. Lady Agnes, meanwhile, settled with her girls in a gabled, latticed house in a creditable quarter, though it was still a little raw, of the temperate zone of London. It was not into her lap, poor woman, that the revenues of Bricket were poured. There was no dower-house attached to that moderate property, and the allowance with which the estate was charged on her ladyship's behalf was not an incitement to grandeur.

Nick had a room under his mother's roof, which he mainly used to dress for dinner when he dined in Calcutta Gardens, and he had "kept on" his chambers in the Temple ; for to a young man in public life an independent address was indispensable. Moreover, he was suspected of having a studio in an out-of-the-way quarter of the town, the indistinguishable parts of South Kensington, incongruous as such a retreat might seem in the case of a member of Parliament. It was an absurd place to see his constituents, unless he wanted to paint their portraits, a kind of representation with which they scarcely would have been satisfied ; and in fact the only question of portraiture had been when the wives and daughters of several of them expressed a wish for the picture of their handsome young member. Nick had not offered to paint it himself, and the studio was taken for granted rather than much looked into by the ladies in Calcutta Gardens. Too express a disposition to regard whims of this sort as a pure extravagance was known by them to be open to correction ; for they were not oblivious that Mr. Carteret had humors which weighed against them, in the shape of convenient checks nestling between the inside pages of legible letters of advice. Mr. Carteret was Nick's

providence, as Nick was looked to, in a general way, to be that of his mother and sisters, especially since it had become so plain that Percy, who was ungracefully selfish, would operate, mainly with a "six-bore," quite out of that sphere. It was not for studios, certainly, that Mr. Carteret sent checks; but they were an expression of general confidence in Nick, and a little expansion was natural to a young man enjoying such a luxury as that. It was sufficiently felt, in Calcutta Gardens, that Nick could be looked to not to betray such a confidence; for Mr. Carteret's behavior could have no name at all unless one were prepared to call it encouraging. He had never promised anything, but he was one of the delightful persons with whom the redemption precedes or dispenses with the vow. He had been an early and lifelong friend of the late right honorable gentleman, a political follower, a devoted admirer, a stanch supporter in difficult hours. He had never married, espousing nothing more reproductive than Sir Nicholas's views (he used to write letters to the Times in favor of them), and had, so far as was known, neither chick nor child; nothing but an amiable little family of eccentricities, the flower of which was his odd taste for living in a small, steep, clean country town, all green gardens and red walls, with a girdle of hedge rows, clustering about an immense brown old abbey. When Lady Agnes's imagination rested upon the future of her second son, she liked to remember that Mr. Carteret had nothing to "keep up:" the inference seemed so direct that he would keep up Nick.

The most important event in the life of this young man had been incomparably his victory, under his father's eyes, more than two years before, in the sharp contest for Crackhurst — a victory which his consecrated name, his extreme youth, his ardor in the fray, the general personal sympathy of the party, and the at-

tention excited by the fresh cleverness of his speeches, tinted with young idealism and yet sticking sufficiently to the question (the burning question, it has since burnt out), had rendered almost brilliant. There had been leaders in the newspapers about it, half in compliment to her husband, who was known to be failing so prematurely (he was almost as young to die, and to die famous — Lady Agnes regarded it as famous — as his son had been to stand), which the boy's mother religiously preserved, cut out and tied together with a ribbon, in the innermost drawer of a favorite cabinet. But it had been a barren, or almost a barren triumph, for in the order of importance in Nick's history another incident had run it, as the phrase is, very close: nothing less than the quick dissolution of the Parliament in which he was so manifestly destined to give symptoms of a future. He had not recovered his seat at the general election, for the second contest was even sharper than the first, and the Tories had put forward a loud, vulgar, rattling, almost bullying man. It was to a certain extent a comfort that poor Sir Nicholas, who had been witness of the bright hour, passed away before the darkness. He died, with all his hopes on his second son's head, unconscious of near disaster, handing on the torch and the tradition, after a long, supreme interview with Nick, at which Lady Agnes had not been present but which she knew to have been a sort of paternal dedication, a solemn communication of ideas on the highest national questions (she had reason to believe he had touched on those of external as well as of domestic and of colonial policy), leaving on the boy's nature and manner from that moment the most unmistakable traces. If his tendency to reverie increased, it was because he had so much to think over in what his pale father had said to him in the hushed, dim chamber, laying upon him the great mission of carrying out the

unachieved and reviving a silent voice. It was work cut out for a lifetime, and that "coördinating power in relation to detail," which was one of the great characteristics of Sir Nicholas's high distinction (the most analytic of the weekly papers was always talking about it), had enabled him to rescue the prospect from any shade of vagueness or of ambiguity.

Five years before Nick Dormer went up to be questioned by the electors of Crackhurst, Peter Sherringham appeared before a board of examiners who let him off much less easily, though there were also some flattering prejudices in his favor; such influences being a part of the copious, light, unembarrassing baggage with which each of the young men began life. Peter passed, however, passed high, and had his reward in prompt assignment to a small diplomatic post in Germany. Since then he had had his professional adventures, which need not arrest us, inasmuch as they had all paled in the light of his appointment, nearly three years previous to the moment of our making his acquaintance, to a secretaryship of embassy in Paris. He had done well and had gone fast, and for the present he was willing enough to rest. It pleased him better to remain in Paris as a subordinate than to go to Honduras as a principal, and Nick Dormer had not put a false color on the matter in speaking of his stall at the Théâtre Français as a sedative to his ambition. Nick's inferiority in age to his cousin sat on him more lightly than when they had been in their teens; and indeed no one can very well be much older than a young man who has figured for a year, however imperceptibly, in the House of Commons. Separation and diversity had made them strange enough to each other to give a taste to what they shared; they were friends without being particular friends; that further degree could always hang before them as a suitable but not oppressive contingency, and they

were both conscious that it was in their interest to keep certain differences to "chaff" each other about — so possible was it that they might have quarreled if they had only agreed. Peter, as being wide-minded, was a little irritated to find his cousin always so intensely British, while Nick Dormer made him the object of the same compassionate criticism, recognized that he had a rare knack with foreign tongues, but reflected, and even, with extravagance, declared, that intellectually one might have become as good a cosmopolite as that without stepping beyond the park gates at Windrush. Moreover, Nick had his ideas about the diplomatic mind; it was the moral type of which, on the whole, he thought least favorably. Dry, narrow, barren, poor, he pronounced it in familiar conversation with the clever secretary; wanting in imagination, in generosity, in the finest perceptions and the highest courage. This served as well as anything else to keep the peace between them; it was a necessity of their friendly intercourse that they should scuffle a little, and it scarcely mattered what they scuffled about. Nick Dormer's express enjoyment of Paris, the shop-windows on the quays, the old books on the parapet, the gayety of the river, the grandeur of the Louvre, all the amusing tints and tones, struck his companion as a sign of insularity; the appreciation of such things having become with Sherringham an unconscious habit, a contented assimilation. If poor Nick, for the hour, was demonstrative and lyrical, it was because he had no other way of sounding the note of farewell to the independent life of which the term seemed now definitely in sight; the sense pressed upon him that these were the last moments of his freedom. He would waste time till half past seven, because half past seven meant dinner, and dinner meant his mother, solemnly attended by the strenuous shade of his father and reinforced by Julia.

VI.

WHEN Nick arrived with the three members of his family, Peter Sherringham was seated in the restaurant at which the tryst had been taken at a small but immaculate table; but Mrs. Dallow was not yet on the scene, and they had time for a sociable settlement — time to take their places and unfold their napkins, crunch their rolls, breathe the savory air, and watch the door, before the usual raising of heads and suspension of forks, the sort of stir that accompanied most of this lady's movements, announced her entrance. The *dame de comptoir* ducked and re-ducked, the people looked round, Peter and Nick got up, there was a shuffling of chairs, and Julia was there. Peter had related how he had stopped at her hotel to bring her with him, and had found her, according to her custom, by no means ready; on which, fearing that his guests would come first to the rendezvous and find no proper welcome, he had come off without her, leaving her to follow. He had not brought a friend, as he intended, having divined that Julia would prefer a pure family party, if she wanted to talk about her candidate. Now she stood there, looking down at the table and her expectant kinsfolk, drawing off her gloves, letting her brother draw off her jacket, lifting her hands for some rearrangement of her bonnet. She looked at Nick last, smiling, but only for a moment. She said to Peter, "Are we going to dine here? Oh dear, why did n't you have a private room?"

Nick had not seen her at all for several weeks, and had seen her but little for a year, but her off-hand, cursory manner had not altered in the interval. She spoke remarkably fast, as if speech were not in itself a pleasure — to have it over as soon as possible; and her *brusquerie* was of the kind that friendly critics account for by pleading shyness.

Shyness had never appeared to him an ultimate quality or a real explanation of anything; it only explained an effect by another effect, and gave a bad fault another name. What he suspected in Julia was that her mind was less graceful than her person; an ugly, a really damnatory idea, which as yet he had only half accepted. It was a case in which she was entitled to the benefit of every doubt, and ought not to be judged without a complete trial. Dormer, meanwhile, was afraid of the trial (this was partly why, of late, he had been to see her so little), because he was afraid of the sentence, afraid of anything happening which should lessen the pleasure it was actually in the power of her beauty to give. There were people who thought her rude, and he hated rude women. If he should fasten on that view, or rather if that view should fasten on him, what could still please and what he admired in her would lose too much of its sweetness. If it be thought odd that he had not yet been able to read the character of a woman he had known since childhood, the answer is that that character had grown faster than Nick Dormer's observation. The growth was constant, whereas the observation was but occasional, though it had begun early. If he had attempted to phrase the matter to himself, as he probably had not, he might have said that the effect she produced upon him was too much a compulsion; not the coercion of design, of importunity, nor the vulgar pressure of family expectation, a suspected desire that he should like her enough to marry her, but something that was a mixture of diverse things, of the sense that she was imperious and generous — but probably more the former than the latter — and of a certain prevision of doom, the influence of the idea that he should come to it, that he was predestined.

This had made him shrink from knowing the worst about her; the de-

sire, not to get used to it in time, but what was more characteristic of him, to interpose a temporary illusion. Illusions and realities and hopes and fears, however, fell into confusion whenever he met her after a separation. The separation, so far as seeing her alone or as continuous talk was concerned, had now been tolerably long; had lasted really ever since his failure to regain his seat. An impression had come to him that she judged that failure rather harshly, had thought he ought to have done better. This was a part of her imperious strain, and a part to which it was not easy to accommodate one's self on a present basis. If he were to marry her, he should come to an understanding with her; he should give her his own measure as well as take hers. But the understanding, in the actual case, might suggest too much that he *was* to marry her. You could quarrel with your wife, because there were compensations — for her; but you might not be prepared to offer these compensations as prepayment for the luxury of quarreling.

It was not that such a luxury would not be considerable, Nick Dormer thought, as Julia Dallow's fine head poised itself before him again; a high spirit was a better thing than a poor one to be mis-mated with, any day in the year. She had much the same coloring as her brother, but as nothing else in her face was the same, the resemblance was not striking. Her hair was of so dark a brown that it was commonly regarded as black, and so abundant that a plain arrangement was required to keep it in discreet relation to the rest of her person. Her eyes were of a gray tint, that was sometimes pronounced too light; and they were not sunken in her face, but placed well on the surface. Her nose was perfect, but her mouth was too small; and Nick Dormer, and doubtless other persons as well, had sometimes wondered how, with such a mouth, her face could have expressed decision. Her

figure helped it, for she looked tall (being extremely slender), though she was not; and her head took turns and positions which, though they were a matter of but half an inch out of the common, this way or that, somehow contributed to the air of resolution and temper. If it had not been for her extreme delicacy of line and surface, she might have been called bold; but as it was she looked refined and quiet — refined by tradition, and quiet for a purpose. And altogether she was beautiful, with the pure style of her intelligent head, her hair like darkness, her eyes like early twilight, her mouth like a rare pink flower.

Peter said that he had not taken a private room because he knew Biddy's tastes; she liked to see the world (she had told him so), the curious people, the coming and going of Paris. "Oh, anything for Biddy!" Julia replied, smiling at the girl and taking her place. Lady Agnes and her elder daughter exchanged one of their looks, and Nick exclaimed jocosely that he didn't see why the whole party should be sacrificed to a presumptuous child. The presumptuous child blushing protested she had never expressed any such wish to Peter, upon which Nick, with broader humor, revealed that Peter had served them so out of stinginess; he had pitch-forked them together in the public room because he would n't go to the expense of a *cabinet*. He had brought no guest, no foreigner of distinction nor diplomatic swell, to honor them, and now they would see what a paltry dinner he would give them. Peter stabbed him indignantly with a long roll, and Lady Agnes, who seemed to be waiting for some manifestation on Mrs. Dallow's part, which didn't come, concluded, with a certain coldness, that they quite sufficed to themselves for privacy as well as for distraction. Nick called attention to this fine phrase of his mother's, said it was awfully neat, while

Grace and Biddy looked harmoniously at Julia's clothes. Nick felt nervous, and joked a good deal to carry it off — a levity that did n't prevent Julia's saying to him, after a moment, "You might have come to see me to-day, you know. Did n't you get my message from Peter?"

"Scold him, Julia — scold him well. I begged him to go," said Lady Agnes; and to this Grace added her voice with an "Oh, Julia, do give it to him!" These words, however, had not the effect they suggested, for Mrs. Dallow only murmured, with an ejaculation, in her quick, curt way, that that would be making far too much of him. It was one of the things in her which Nick Dormer mentally pronounced ungraceful, that a perversity of pride or shyness always made her disappoint you a little, if she saw you expected a thing. She was certain to snub effusiveness. This vice, however, was the last thing of which Lady Agnes would have consented to being accused; and Nick, while he replied to Julia that he was certain he should n't have found her, was not unable to perceive the operation, on his mother, of that shade of manner. "He ought to have gone; he owed you that," she went on; "but it's very true he would have had the same luck as we. I went with the girls directly after luncheon. I suppose you got our card."

"He might have come after I came in," said Mrs. Dallow.

"Dear Julia, I'm going to see you to-night. I've been waiting for that," Nick rejoined.

"Of course *we* had no idea when you would come in," said Lady Agnes.

"I'm so sorry. You must come to-morrow. I hate calls at night," Julia remarked.

"Well, then, will you roam with me? Will you wander through Paris on my arm?" Nick asked, smiling. "Will you take a drive with me?"

"Oh, that would be perfection!" cried Grace.

"I thought we were all going somewhere — to the Hippodrome, Peter," said Biddy.

"Oh, not all; just you and me!" laughed Peter.

"I am going home to my bed. I've earned my rest," Lady Agnes sighed.

"Can't Peter take *us*?" asked Grace.

"Nick can take you home, mamma, if *Julia won't receive him, and I can look perfectly after Peter and Biddy."

"Take them to something amusing; please take them," Mrs. Dallow said to her brother. Her voice was kind, but had the expectation of assent in it, and Nick observed both the indulgence and the pressure. "You're tired, poor dear," she continued to Lady Agnes. "Fancy your being dragged about so! What did you come over for?"

"My mother came because I brought her," Nick said. "It's I who have dragged her about. I brought her for a little change. I thought it would do her good. I wanted to see the Salon."

"It is n't a bad time. I have a carriage, and you must use it; you must use nothing else. It shall take you everywhere. I will drive you about to-morrow." Julia dropped these words in the same perfunctory, casual way as any others; but Nick had already noted, and he noted now afresh, with pleasure, that her abruptness was perfectly capable of conveying a benevolence. It was quite sufficiently manifest to him that for the rest of the time she might be near his mother she would do her numberless good turns. She would give things to the girls — he had a private adumbration of that; expensive Parisian, perhaps not perfectly useful things.

Lady Agnes was a woman who measured reciprocities and distances; but she was both too subtle and too just not to recognize the smallest manifestation that might count, either technically or essentially, as a service. "Dear Julia!"

she exclaimed, responsively; and her tone made this brevity of acknowledgment sufficient. What Julia had said was all she wanted. "It's so interesting about Harsh," she added. "We're immensely excited."

"Yes, Nick looks it. *Merci, pas de vin.* It's just the thing for you, you know."

"To be sure he knows it. He's immensely grateful. It's really very kind of you."

"You do me a very great honor, Julia," said Nick.

"Don't be tiresome!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallow.

"We'll talk about it later. Of course there are lots of points," Nick pursued. "At present let us be purely convivial. Somehow Harsh is such a false note here. *A tout à l'heure!*"

"My dear fellow, you've caught exactly the tone of Mr. Gabriel Nash," Peter Sherringham observed.

"Who is Mr. Gabriel Nash?" Mrs. Dallow asked.

"Nick, is he a gentleman? Biddy says so," Grace Dormer interposed before this inquiry was answered.

"It is to be supposed that any one Nick brings to lunch with us" — Lady Agnes murmured.

"Ah, Grace, with your tremendous standard!" her brother said; while Peter Sherringham replied to Julia that Mr. Nash was Nick's new Mentor or oracle; whom, moreover, she should see, if she would come and have tea with him.

"I haven't the least desire to see him," Julia declared, "any more than I have to talk about Harsh and bore poor Peter."

"Oh, certainly, dear, you would bore me," said Sherringham.

"One thing at a time, then. Let us by all means be convivial. Only you must show me how," Mrs. Dallow went on to Nick. "What does he mean, cousin Agnes? Does he want us to

drain the wine-cup, to flash with repartee?"

"You'll do very well," said Nick. "You are charming, this evening."

"Do go to Peter's, Julia, if you want something exciting. You'll see a marvelous girl," Biddy broke in, with her smile on Peter.

"Marvelous for what?"

"For thinking she can act, when she can't," said the roguish Biddy.

"Dear me, what people you all know! I hate Peter's theatrical people."

"And are n't you going home, Julia?" Lady Agnes inquired.

"Home to the hotel?"

"Dear, no, to Harsh, to see about everything."

"I'm in the midst of telegrams. I don't know yet."

"I suppose there's no doubt they'll have him," Lady Agnes decided to pursue.

"Who will have whom?"

"Why, the local people; those who invite a gentleman to stand. I'm speaking of my son."

"They'll have the person I want them to have, I dare say. There are so many people in it, in one way or another, it's dreadful. I like the way you sit there," Mrs. Dallow added to Nick Dormer.

"So do I," he smiled back at her; and he thought she *was* charming now, because she was gay and easy, and willing really, though she might plead incompetence, to understand how jocose a dinner in a pothouse in a foreign town might be. She was in good-humor, or she was going to be, and not grand, nor stiff, nor indifferent, nor haughty, nor any of the things that people who disliked her usually found her, and sometimes even, a little, made him believe her. The spirit of mirth, in some cold natures, manifests itself not altogether happily; their effort of recreation resembles too much the bath of the hippopotamus; but when Mrs. Dallow put

her elbows on the table, one felt she could be trusted to get them safely off again.

For a family in mourning, the dinner was lively; the more so that before it was half over Julia had arranged that her brother, eschewing the inferior spectacle, should take the girls to the Théâtre Français. It was her idea, and Nick had a chance to observe how an idea was apt to be not successfully controverted when it was Julia's. Even the programme appeared to have been pre-arranged to suit it, just the thing for the cheek of the young person — *Il ne Faut Jurer de Rien* and *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*. Peter was all willingness, but it was Julia who settled it, even to sending for the newspaper (her brother, by a rare accident, was unconscious of the evening's bill), and to reassuring Biddy, who was happy but anxious, on the article of their not getting places, their being too late. Peter could always get places; a word from him, and the best box was at his disposal. She made him write the word on a card, and saw that a messenger was dispatched with it to the Rue de Richelieu; and all this was done without loudness or insistence, parenthetically and authoritatively. The box was bespoke; the carriage, as soon as they had had their coffee, was found to be there; Peter drove off in it with the girls, with the understanding that he was to send it back; Nick sat waiting for it, over the finished repast, with the two ladies, and then his mother was relegated to it and conveyed to her apartments; and all the while it was Julia who governed the succession of events. "Do be nice to her," Lady Agnes murmured to him, as he placed her in the vehicle at the door of the restaurant; and he guessed that it gave her a comfort to have left him sitting there with Mrs. Dallow.

Nick had every disposition to be nice to her; if things went as she liked them,

it was an acknowledgment of a certain force that was in her — the force of assuming that they would. Julia had her differences — some of them were much for the better; and when she was in a mood like this evening's, liberally dominant, he was ready to encourage her assumptions. While they waited for the return of the carriage, which had rolled away with his mother, she sat opposite to him, with her elbows on the table, playing first with one and then with another of the objects that encumbered it; after five minutes of which she exclaimed, "Oh, I say, we'll go!" and got up abruptly, asking for her jacket. He said something about the carriage having had orders to come back for them, and she replied, "Well, it can go away again!" She added, "I don't want a carriage; I want to walk;" and in a moment she was out of the place, with the people at the tables turning round again, and the *caissière* swaying in her high seat. On the pavement of the boulevard she looked up and down: there were people at little tables, at the door; there were people all over the broad expanse of the asphalt; there was a profusion of light and a pervasion of sound; and everywhere, though the establishment at which they had been dining was not in the thick of the fray, the tokens of a great traffic of pleasure, that night aspect of Paris which represents it as a huge market for sensations. Beyond the Boulevard des Capucines it flared through the warm evening like a vast bazaar; and opposite the Café Durand the Madeleine rose, theatrical, a high, clever *décor*, before the footlights of the Rue Royale. "Where shall we go, what shall we do?" Mrs. Dallow asked, looking at her companion and somewhat to his surprise, as he had supposed that she only wanted to go home.

"Anywhere you like. It's so warm we might drive, instead of going indoors. We might go to the Bois. That would be agreeable."

"Yes, but it wouldn't be walking. However, that does n't matter. It's mild enough for anything—for sitting out, like all these people. And I've never walked in Paris at night: it would amuse me."

Nick hesitated. "So it might, but it is n't particularly recommended to ladies."

"I don't care, if it happens to suit me."

"Very well, then, we'll walk to the Bastille, if you like."

Julia hesitated, on her side, still looking round her.

"It's too far; I'm tired; we'll sit here." And she dropped beside an empty table, on the "terrace" of M. Durand. "This will do; it's amusing enough, and we can look at the Made-

leine; that's respectable. If we must have something, we'll have a *madère*; is that respectable? Not particularly? So much the better. What are those people having? *Bocks*? Couldn't we have *bocks*? Are they very low? Then I shall have one. I've been so wonderfully good—I've been staying at Versailles: *je me dois bien cela*."

She insisted, but pronounced the thin liquid in the tall glass very disgusting when it was brought. Nick was amazed, reflecting that it was not for such a discussion as this that his mother had left him with such complacency; and indeed he too had, as she would have had, his share of perplexity, observing that nearly half an hour passed without his cousin saying anything about Harsh.

Henry James.

UNDER WHICH KING?

WE resume our gleanings from the correspondence of Cicero in the spring of 703 (B. C. 51), about a year after Milo's banishment to Marseilles. In the course of this year, the ex-consul had received at the hands of his fellow-citizens one honor which he had long coveted, and one which he had done his best to avoid. The reader will remember his once having said laughingly to Atticus that he would scorn any bribe, except the augurship. Cicero was made augur now, in place of the younger Crassus, killed in the Parthian war. Pompey proposed his name, and Hortensius consecrated him; but he did not get much good out of the highly aristocratic distinction of a seat in the augural college and a vote in the ecclesiastical courts. Like so many of our mundane wishes, this of Cicero's was gratified just a trifle too late.

In the same winter, that of 702-3,

the Senate passed a law requiring an interval of five years after the close of each consulate before the ex-consul could assume in person the government of a province; and providing also that the provinces should be administered for the next five years by consulars who had not yet acted as governors. Cicero came under the latter head, and received the province of Cilicia, in Asia Minor, to which had been added certain districts in Phrygia and Pamphylia, together with the island of Cyprus. He had also the command of two legions, which constituted none too large an army, by the way, wherewith to hold in check the restless, adroit, and never thoroughly subdued Parthians. He succeeded Appius Claudius, the brother of his old foe, whose management of the province had been rather more than commonly unscrupulous; and Quintus Cicero, already detached, as we observe, from

the service of Cæsar, was one of his four legates or lieutenants. The two young Ciceros, with their tutor, were taken along, that they might have a glimpse, under these fine auspices, of Athens and the more famous Greek islands, while Tullia, already at twenty-five divorced from her spendthrift second husband, Crassipes, remained in Italy with her mother; and Terentia herself, in connection with her sharp freedman, Philotimus, — whom Cicero had somewhat heedlessly made the agent of a portion of his Roman property, — was left free to pursue those pecuniary speculations to which, as the years advanced, she became more and more addicted.

The only money matter which appears to have weighed on the mind of the departing proconsul, prone by nature, as we know, to carry burdens of that sort lightly, was a debt to Cæsar of 800,000 sesterces, or about \$35,000. The sum was considerable, but Cicero's preoccupation about it seems to have arisen chiefly from an honorable unwillingness to remain under pecuniary obligation to a man of whose political designs he felt a growing distrust.

"It is of the last importance to me," he writes to Atticus, when on his journey, "that the matter of the 800,000 sesterces, as well as the other small debt, should be arranged before you leave Rome. It was you who first aroused my anxiety on this head, and I rely on you to help me out." This means, of course, "You must raise the money to pay Cæsar," which Atticus had every facility for doing.

The five years for which Cæsar had had his *imperium* in Gaul extended would not expire until 704, but that country was virtually subdued, and Marcus Marcellus, one of the new consuls, member of a stanch old optimate family, was for recalling the victorious general to Rome, on the ground that the work for which his extraordinary powers had been granted him was done. But nei-

ther his colleague, Sulpicius, nor Pompey, who was nominal proconsul and commander of the forces in Spain, and had been sole consul at Rome up to August of the preceding year, dared venture on so decisive a step. Cæsar remained in North Italy with his magnificently disciplined and enthusiastically devoted legions, and had already intimated his intention of assuming the privilege which both Pompey and he had already enjoyed, and standing, though absent from Rome, for the consulate of the ensuing year. Everything goes to show that the plan of his grand *coup d'état* was rapidly maturing in the luminous mind of the usurper; nor can we wonder, in view of the issues about to be decided, that Cicero should have chafed as he did at the notion of vegetating for a year in Asia Minor. More than a year — more than the precise number of 355¹ days from the time of assuming office — he vowed by all the gods he would not stay; and if we did not know beforehand the tragic sequel of the story, we should be amused by the vehement iteration of the commands laid, in every missive, upon every correspondent, to prevent, by all means, fair or foul, the possible extension of his term of office.

Cicero's first letter to Atticus, after he had started for his province, is dated at Minturnæ, in the beginning of May, 703. It is eminently private and confidential, but how the actors in the unpleasant little domestic scene which it describes come to life under the writer's graphic pen! "And now for the postscript concerning your sister," — Quintus's wife, — "written crosswise on your last letter. The case was this: My brother met me at Arpinum, and we had, in the first place, a good deal of conversation about you; after which I alluded to the talk which you and I had had at the Tusculanum concerning your sister. Never was man more amenable than he then seemed with regard to her. I

¹ The calendar was not yet reformed.

could not detect the slightest symptom of ill-feeling. So much for that day. On the next we left Arpinum; circumstances obliging Quintus to remain at his Arcanum, while I proceeded to Aquinum. However, we arranged to lunch at the Arcanum (you know that farm of his); and when we arrived, Quintus said in the most courteous manner, 'Now, Pomponia, do you invite the ladies, and I will fetch the boys.' Nothing, so far as I saw, could have been kinder than his words, his looks, and his whole intention. But her answer, given in my hearing, was, 'I am only a guest here myself.' I suppose she alluded to the fact that Statius had preceded us to see about the lunch. 'Hear that,' says Quintus. 'But 't is only a specimen of what I have to bear every day.' A trifle, do you say? I do not think so. It struck me very disagreeably, she looked and spoke with such absurd asperity. However, I did not betray any offense. She declined to take her place at table with the rest of us, and when Quintus sent her something she refused to touch it. To cut a long story short, he was as mild as possible, and she as cantankerous. Certain things occurred beside, which angered me, I think, more than they did Quintus. . . . What would you have? In my opinion, her behavior that day was outrageous, and you may tell her so, if you like."

The next letter, dated at Pompeii, May 10th, is interesting because it records Cicero's last glimpse in life of one of his most distinguished contemporaries, a man whom he had admired, emulated, surpassed, suspected, but in the main always liked; from whom he parted in the fullest amity, with no presentiment that the end was so near. "While I was in the villa at Cumæ" (the same in one corner of which he had studied while the workmen were still busy), "I had the very great pleasure of a visit from Hortensius. He begged for my commands" (at Rome), "and I laid

all sorts of injunctions upon him, but especially that he should do everything in his power to prevent my term of office from being extended. I want you to jog his memory about this, and also to tell him how gratified I was that he came to see me. . . . We had a sort of little Rome at Cumæ, there were so many people there."

Cicero gratefully recurs, later on in the same letter, to the effort it must have cost Hortensius to come to Cumæ, in his delicate state of health; yet when he got a letter from Cœlius, in June of the next year, which closed with the words, "Hortensius is dying while I write this," he received a very sorrowful shock. "I know you will grieve for Hortensius," he writes to Atticus. "To me his death was a sharp blow. I had looked forward to enjoying his friendship as never before." At fifty-six, Cicero could still look forward, but he did not long retain his relish for the future. He had himself barely eight more years to live, and almost all the eminent actors in the great piece where his part had been cast were destined to disappear before him.

Cicero passed three days — from the 18th to the 21st of May — at Tarentum as the guest of Pompey, who was out of civil office in Rome just now, and residing in the far south for his health. We observe a striking *rapprochement* between the two old optimates on this occasion. Pompey had, indeed, done all that in him lay, during his third and last consulate, to secure a clean administration. Private differences faded before the presentiment of a common danger, and not for years had Cicero felt himself so heartily in sympathy with "the Emir." "I left that great statesman," he writes to Atticus, "prepared to resist to the uttermost the aggressions which we all are dreading." And to the gay and cynical Cœlius he wrote later from Athens, in allusion to the same visit: "There is no reason why you should

be able to foresee the future any more than the rest of us, — any more than I can myself, who passed several days with Pompey, during which we talked of nothing but public affairs. I cannot tell you all we said, — I must not; but rest assured of one thing: Pompey is a noble citizen, who will give himself heart and soul to the defense of the republic.” I think that Cœlius was the man to have whistled softly — if the Romans ever whistled — when he read of the surprising unanimity of these sessions at Tarentum.

From Athens, where he had had an enthusiastic reception, he writes to Atticus on the 27th of June: “You are always in my thoughts here; and though I do not need the associations of these scenes to remind me of you, every memory is quickened as I retrace your footsteps, and in fact we talk of nobody else. But you, I suppose, would prefer to hear something about my doings. Very well, then. Up to this time, I and my suite have cost nothing whatever, either to the city or to private individuals. I have not even taken of my host what the Julian law¹ allows me. My people all understand that this is a matter which touches my honor, and so far they have behaved very well. The Greeks cannot say enough in praise of my scrupulousness. For the rest, I have done what I thought you would approve, but I’ll not praise myself until this business is finished. . . . It is a great delight to be in Athens, — I mean for the sake of the city itself, and its monuments, and your popularity here, and the general good-will toward me. We have some lively philosophical discussions, — if Aristo, with whom I am lodged, can be called a philosopher. Your Zeno, or rather our Zeno, I yielded to Quintus; but the two houses are so near that we are together all day long.”

¹ The Julian law virtually permitted a traveling governor to live off the country. He might claim, if he would, not only food and

Cicero rendered a graceful service, while at Athens, to the Epicurean sect, from whose philosophy — we have his own word for it — he vehemently dissented. The site of their founder’s house, of which some vestiges yet remained, had been granted by the Areopagus to a certain Memmius, a creature of Cæsar’s, banished from Rome, as the reader may recall, for his connection with the great bribery cases of the year 700. Memmius was preparing to build there, to the extreme disgust of the disciples of Epicurus, and Cicero wrote him a most tactful and charming letter, entreating him to respect their feelings, and abandon the site.

But this interval of æsthetic dalliance in Athens was necessarily short. There is a note from Tralles, July 25th, announcing Cicero’s excellent first reception in Asia, — “a letter all dust and hurry; my next shall be nicer;” and finally, on the 3d of August, he writes from Laodicea, which was within his province: “Here I arrived on the last day of July; so put a mark against that day in your calendar, to show when my year begins. My coming had been eagerly anticipated. I was warmly welcomed; but you never would believe how the duties of my office bore me. You know my turn of mind; there is no sufficient field for my energies here, — no opportunity for real distinction. Fancy me delivering judgment in Laodicea while Plotius is pleading at Rome! But after all, what I long for is the splendor of the city, the Forum, my own home, and yourself. However, I will do my best, provided it last only a year. The slightest extension would be the death of me; but that can easily be prevented if you are at Rome. You ask what I am about. Well, I am spending a deal of money, for one thing, living as I do. I am perfectly satisfied with my re-

lodging for himself and suite, but fodder for his horses and wood for his fires.

solve" (to make no requisitions of the people). "The disinterestedness which you recommend is a marvelous fine thing; so much so that I expect to have to borrow to pay my debt to you. I do nothing to aggravate the wounds which Appius" (his predecessor) "inflicted on the province, but there they are; they cannot be covered up."

The distress which he encountered on all hands was indeed extreme. Taxes had been so crushing as everywhere to compel the sale of land to rapacious speculators, like those who were, alas! the agents of Brutus the honorable in Cyprus, in a certain affair of which we shall hear more anon. Now Cicero, in the prospectus of his administration which he had published before leaving Rome, had announced, among other honest intentions, his purpose of limiting the rates of interest and usury to the legal twelve per cent., — Brutus got forty-eight! — so that the harassed Laodiceans naturally flocked to him as a deliverer, and overwhelmed him with their complaints. All he could do for the moment was to hear the most pressing of these, and make some provisional arrangement for the relief of the sufferers. In his double proconsular capacity of chief justice and military commander, he conceived it his duty first to see after the defenses of the territory, and then to right the wrongs of the people. He therefore made straight for the camp of the legions at Iconium, in Lycaonia, halting only for a day or two in each of the chief towns, where he purposed to return and hold court during the winter months, when military operations, especially among the mountains of the interior, would be out of the question.

The misery which he beheld, however, and which he felt in every nerve of his sensitive being, caused him to issue yet more stringent and in fact almost fanatical regulations for economy on the part of his suite. The quæstor and the lieutenants were allowed only four beds among

them, and had often to camp out for the night. The self-indulgent Quintus grumbled in private, we may be sure: he was capable, as he afterward proved, of graver treachery than this, but he had fought with Cæsar in Gaul, and fought well, and was thoroughly used to the makeshifts of a soldier's life. There is, indeed, something very striking about the instinctive military ability, the hereditary taste and universal aptitude for the business of war, among the heirs of the *victorisque arma Quirini*, evinced by the fact that even so preëminently literary and citified a Roman as Marcus Cicero should have addressed himself to it quite naturally when the occasion required, and conducted it admirably well.

He had frankly owned, before setting out for Cilicia, that he hoped the Parthians would keep quiet. They were not so obliging, and he got news at Iconium, through a messenger from Antiochus, a friendly native king, that they were meditating a combined attack upon the Roman forces. There is no occasion here to describe the series of manœuvres by which their raid was repelled. The whole course of events is fully set forth in the letters, not to Atticus only, but to Cælius and to Cato, and set forth with no little self-complacency by the novice in war. Cicero was efficiently helped in his campaign by Caius Cassius, quæstor to Bibulus, the new proconsul in the neighboring province of Syria, the same who was afterward to become notorious in connection with the plot against Cæsar, and whose name now begins to figure, along with that of Marcus Brutus, in this vivid correspondence.

The Parthian rising having been virtually quelled by the first of October, 703, Cicero determined to put a handsome finish upon his military record by taking the aggressive against certain fierce and troublesome hill-tribes who infested the mountain district known as "Free Cilicia," and were a standing

menace to the more peaceable inhabitants. Quintus and the other legates entered into the project with enthusiasm. The principal camp of the mountaineers was surprised on the dark night of the 12th of October, their force cut to pieces, and three towns and six castles of theirs afterwards taken and demolished. The spot at the foot of the mountain, beside the river Issus, where the Roman troops encamped after their victory, and where Cicero had the gratification of being hailed as Imperator by his men, was already famous in history. The altars were yet standing there which commemorated the victory over Darius of the immortal Alexander. "A somewhat greater general," Cicero observes dryly to Atticus, "than either you or I." One stronghold the mountaineers yet held, — a certain town upon a crag, bearing the barbaric and slightly absurd name of Pindenessus. To this our Imperator proceeded to lay regular siege, according to the most approved fashion of the day, and on the 19th of December was able to write in high good humor: "Early Saturday morning, the Pindenessians gave themselves up on the fifty-seventh day¹ after we had invested the place. 'Who the deuce are the Pindenessians?' methinks you say. 'I never so much as heard of them.' Is that my fault? Can I turn Cilicia into Macedonia or Ætolia?"

But though he made light of his military exploits in private, Cicero was well resolved to have a *supplicatio*, or public thanksgiving, at Rome for his victories, and he saw no reason, the more he thought of it, why he should not have a triumph also. Others had been granted this keenly coveted honor for achievements no more important than this. The *supplicatio* was voted without much difficulty, although Cato opposed even that, as we gather from a stiff, pompous,

¹ He says elsewhere that it was on the forty-seventh day.

and at the same time exceedingly wily note of his, dated at Rome some time in the succeeding May, and replying to one of Cicero's, in which he had formally laid claim to the honor in question. After saying that he believed he had done Cicero full justice during the debate in the Senate, the stubborn old optimates proceeded in the following involved and exasperating manner: "I am glad your thanksgiving was voted; that is to say, if it suits you to have the immortal gods congratulated on a matter which was in no wise fortuitous, and where the national safety was maintained by your own ability and resolution, rather than that we should refer this boon to yourself. Perhaps, however, you regard a thanksgiving merely as preliminary to a triumph, and so would rather we attributed our good fortune to chance than to you. In that case, it may be observed, first, that a triumph does not always follow a thanksgiving; and second, that it might be thought more honorable than any triumph to have the Senate decide that a province had been defended and preserved in its allegiance rather by the mild and blameless character of its governor's administration than by military prowess or special divine favor. And such is, in fact, my own opinion." Cicero thought he saw through this, and he resented it. He makes the somewhat bitter observation to Atticus, later on, that Cato had seen no moral objection to a *supplicatio* of twenty days in the case of his own son-in-law, Bibulus, who had not once been in action; nevertheless, he returned Cato his full measure of ceremonious compliments. But before the time for a triumph came, that had happened which had killed the desire for it, even in his own ardent mind.

From the first of January onward, Cicero was principally occupied, as he had foreseen he should be, in holding assizes, — a miserably harassing and

ungrateful business. Take the case, before mentioned, of the city of Salamis in Cyprus *versus* Scaptius and Matinius, who presently turned out to be only the agents of a much greater personage. The litigants appeared before Cicero in Tarsus, and there was plain proof of the most flagrant extortion, accompanied by circumstances of peculiar barbarity. The Salaminians had borrowed a certain sum, — nominally of Scaptius and Matinius, — and had given their bond for the payment of interest at forty-eight per cent. Under the previous proconsul, Scaptius had held a small military command, and so had been able to collect this monstrous interest at the point of the sword. From this command Cicero had removed him, and when he petitioned to be reinstated had simply referred him to his own decree, which provided that no man engaged in business of any description should have troops at his disposal. He was, moreover, inflexible in his ruling that no more than twelve per cent. compound interest could legally be collected of the Salaminians. There had lately been an attempt to get an exception made of the Salaminian case by special legislation at Rome, but the motion, which had passed the Senate, — it is greatly to be feared, under pressure from Brutus himself, — had been neutralized by a counter-motion, and in any case no mere decree of the Senate had the force of a law like the Gabinian,¹ which had received the sanction both of Senate and people; so that Cicero, who understood Roman law if anybody did, knew that his ground was impregnable. The men of Salamis were only too happy to pay twelve per cent. compound interest. Indeed, they informed Cicero that, fully expecting the usual tribute to be levied by the new governor, they had raised money for this purpose, and deposited it in their treasury, subject to his own call; but

¹ Fixing interest at twelve per cent.

that since he had refused to accept this money, they would, if he pleased, apply it to the payment of their debt. Scaptius then contrived privately to inform the proconsul that there was a good deal of uncertainty as to the amount of the original debt; that in fact it was not as large as the Salaminians now fancied; and that if the interest were to be thus ruthlessly cut down, he, Scaptius, would have to insist on a principal sum of two hundred talents, instead of a hundred and six. Cicero replied to this piece of effrontery by ordering the accounts to be produced in his presence, from examination of which it plainly appeared that the sum lent the Salaminians had been one hundred and six talents, and no more. The Salaminians offered their money in open court, but Scaptius refused to take it; and it was at this point that Cicero learned, to his intense disgust, that Marcus Brutus was the real creditor.

Atticus, who may possibly not have understood all the circumstances, had evidently written in the sense of urging Brutus's claim, and Cicero replies with natural irritation, dating from Laodicea early in May, 704: "Now, then, for your Brutus, — well, *our* Brutus, if you prefer. I tell you I have done everything in my power to forward his interests, both in my province and in the kingdom." (Cappadocia, which was under Cicero's protection, and whose king, Ariobarzanes, was also in debt to Brutus, and much more heavily yet to Pompey.) "As for the Salaminians, . . . the money was actually counted out, and Scaptius would not take it. And what do you mean by saying that Brutus is not avaricious? Why, there was the forty-eight per cent. nominated in the bond! It never could have been paid, and if it could I would not have suffered it. . . . I think I could convince Brutus himself that I acted properly. Cato, I am sure I could. As for you, I don't know. I recur to your

letter. Is it you, Atticus, the eulogist of my integrity and refinement, whom I hear, 'with your own lips,' as Ennius says, requesting me to assign Scaptius a troop of horse for purposes of extortion? Would you, if you were here with me, as you sometimes say you pine to be, permit me to do such a thing, even were I inclined? 'He need have had no more than fifty men,' do you say? Spartacus had considerably less than fifty in the beginning. What harm might not that number of ruffians have done in a defenseless island? Nay, what harm had they not already done?"

"If Brutus," he writes on another occasion, for the case tormented him much, — "if Brutus thinks I ought to have allowed him forty-eight per cent., when I had fixed the rate in the entire province at twelve, and the sharpest usurers had acquiesced; if he objects to the exclusion of tradesmen from the prefecture, which I enforced in the case of my own friend Torquatus, and your friend Lænius, and of Pompey himself in the person of Sextus Statius; if he resents the recall of that cavalry troop, why then I shall be sorry to have angered him, but I shall be much more sorry that he is not the man I took him for."

Cicero, however, refused the seemingly reasonable request of the Salaminians that they might be allowed to deposit their money in a temple, and thus prevent further interest from accruing, and in the end the final adjudication of the case was relegated to his successor in the province. That his conscience was not altogether at ease about so leaving it is evident from his own words: "I entreated the Salaminians to withdraw their claim," — to be allowed to deposit the money, — "and they consented; but what is going to become of them if a man like Paulus is sent here? So much I did for Brutus." From our point of view he did more than enough, but the sense of *officia*, which included

social and party obligations, was almost stronger among the Romans than it is among ourselves.¹

At no time of his life were Cicero's letters, as a whole, more animated and amusing than during this dignified captivity of his in Cilicia. Beside the regular dispatches to Atticus there are sparkling notes to sundry of the wits of Rome, as, for instance, one, in February, to a certain Pætus, — a name which always implies distinction, — who had evidently written congratulating Cicero on his victories: "You speak as though I were a general of the first order! Really I never suspected you of such an acquaintance with military affairs. It is evident that you know by heart your Pyrrhus and Cineas. I intend to follow your advice to the extent of always having a bit of a navy on the coast, which they do say is the best of all defenses against the Parthian cavalry. If you think I am jesting, you don't know the sort of commander with whom you have to deal. Why, I have illustrated in this campaign of mine the whole of that *Cyropædia* which I wore to tatters when I read it. My hope is, however, that we shall soon be making better jokes than these, face to face." And there is a word to one Volumnius, making comical complaint that all sorts of bad puns and the like were basely attributed to him, Cicero, in his absence, and begging this friend, who knew what good things he could say, to look after his "salt-works" a little; that is to say, the estate in *bon mots* which he had actually left in Rome.

But more interesting, in some respects, than all the rest is the correspondence of this year with M. Cælius Rufus, many of whose own letters, by a rare chance, have also been preserved, and constitute one of the chief authorities for the course of events at Rome

¹ See Forsyth's *Life of Cicero* for a very lucid statement of the legal aspects of this case.

during that memorable period. Cœlius was, perhaps, the least estimable character among Cicero's intimate friends, but he was none the less an agreeable fellow, and an exceedingly piquant correspondent. He was a thorough man of the world, — knew everybody, and possessed a power of two-edged irony hardly less fine than Cicero's own. "Domitius hates me as if I were his best friend," he remarks of our old acquaintance Ahenobarbus.

The record of Cœlius was already a miscellaneous one. Twelve years before, when little more than a boy, he had been "out" with Catiline, but he afterwards became a conspicuous member of that following of Cicero's among the young men of fashion, which included also Curio and Publius Crassus. The *cause célèbre* in which Cicero defended him so brilliantly had made notorious the fact that though Cœlius might never have attempted to poison the too famous Clodia, he had at one time enjoyed her most distinguished favor. Now, however, both he and Curio had thrown themselves into practical politics. Curio stood successfully for the tribunate, and Cœlius, having been elected curule ædile for the ensuing year, was very anxious that Cicero should procure him, in Cilicia, some panthers for the shows he was proposing to give. "I have laid my commands on the panther-hunters," is the reply of the proconsul; "but the beasts are said to be very scarce, and what there are complain that they are the only individuals for whom snares are laid in my province, and announce their intention of emigrating to Caria."

Cœlius tells all the Roman news, — who dies, who is married, above all who is divorced. In the latter category he presently mentions that dashing nobleman and kindred spirit of his own, Dolabella, — a special favorite with Terentia, too, — who was destined to win Tullia's hand in her father's absence,

to the great disquiet of the latter, and her own future anguish. But there are many shrewd comments on public affairs as well. Early in October, 703, Cœlius writes from Rome, "I have political news for you to-day, though nothing very agreeable." And he proceeds to give the text of a decree passed by the Senate, sitting in the Temple of Apollo, on the last day of September, which provided that no action should be taken with regard to Cæsar's command before the 1st of March ensuing, but that on that day the then consuls should bring forward a measure for the recall of the veterans from Gaul, and any attempt to impede legislation was formally prohibited. "People take much encouragement," Cœlius continues, "from the fact that Pompey is known to have said that he could not, in justice, have taken any action about Cæsar's provinces before March, but should not hesitate to do so after that date. When somebody asked him what would happen supposing a protest [*intercessio*] were entered even then, he replied that if Cæsar instructed any of his agents to oppose the decree, it would be quite the same thing as if he defied it in person. 'But suppose,' remarked another, 'that he should wish to be consul and keep his army too!' 'Suppose,' replied Pompey, blandly, 'that my own son should threaten me with a stick!' From all this it is gathered that Pompey and Cæsar are now quite at odds; so I do not see but Cæsar is reduced to the alternative either of staying where he is and abandoning his canvass, or of coming home if he wants to be consul. Curio will oppose him resolutely." Six weeks later, however, Cœlius writes that Curio's course appears to him a little ambiguous; and then follows a gap in the correspondence, extending over all the winter months; but there must have been letters from Cœlius during this period which have not been preserved, for we find Cicero writing to him from

Laodicea in the first days of May, 704: "The last page of your letter was written so vilely that I could hardly make it out. Do you really mean to say that Curio is defending Cæsar? Great heavens! Who would ever have expected it, *except myself*? — for as I live the thought had occurred to me. I wish we were where we could have a good laugh over this together."

It was true enough, and no laughing matter either, as events presently proved. Cæsar had bought Curio — at a high price, to be sure — by paying his debts, to the tune of several millions,¹ out of the spoils of Gaul; and the clever young tribune played his new part with consummate ability, and proved himself capable of disconcerting at all points the feeble tactics of his former party. The line he took was the plausible and popular one of insisting that the two great generals and former triumvirs should be placed exactly on a par; and that, if Cæsar were recalled from the north, Pompey should likewise be deprived of his legions in the south. Pompey had fancied himself sure of the consuls for 704, one of whom, Marcellus, was cousin to the Marcellus of the previous year, and a man of like principles and traditions. But the other consul, though an Æmilius Paulus, was already Cæsar's man, won over by the same unanswerable argument which had been employed with Curio; and one of the two censors of that year, the last chosen by the people, was Calpurnius Piso, Cæsar's father-in-law. The result was a dead-lock in the Senate, which lasted throughout the summer and autumn. Only when the tentative measure was finally carried that one legion should be withdrawn from either general to serve in the perpetual Parthian war, Pompey's mode of complying was to demand back a legion which he had previously lent to Cæsar, while the latter not only

surrendered cheerfully both Pompey's legion and another, but sent them away laden with presents, and singing their leader's praises all along their march. In the end, neither of these legions ever went to Parthia. The consul Marcellus ordered them into camp at Capua, and they were about all the troops that Pompey found at his disposal in the south of Italy, when the crisis of the next winter came.

All this appears from Cicero's correspondence of 704, beside many matters of more intimate interest to himself. It could not greatly have reassured him, concerning Tullia's third marriage, to get a note of congratulation from Cælius on her betrothal with Dolabella, couched in these off-hand terms: "I make you my compliments on the alliance of a most eligible gentleman; for such, upon my honor, I consider him. There are certain respects, indeed, in which he has hitherto been his own worst enemy; but he is older now than he was, and his habits are already improved, through the influence of your example and authority and the chastity of Tullia. Very soon, I make no doubt, he will be all that he should be. He is neither pertinacious in his vices, nor incapable of appreciating better things. In a word, I like him immensely, which is of course the principal point!" Later on in the same letter, Cælius makes an equally airy allusion, his first, to the possibility of civil war: "Whether we fight for the republic, or let things take their course, concerns *you*, ye rich old men!" The cynical reference is plain. Men who had lived as Curio, Dolabella, and Cælius himself were in no position to furnish the sinews of war, and had nothing to lose in any case.

This letter was written in June, and must have crossed one from Cicero, dated in the first days of the same month, and containing the famous burst

¹ The amount of Curio's liabilities is variously stated by different authors, at from

10,000,000 to 60,000,000 sesterces; that is to say, from \$400,000 to about \$2,500,000.

of sentiment with regard to Rome, "Urben, urbem, mi Rufe, cole," etc. "O my Rufus, adore the city, and live in the sunshine thereof. All my life long I have held it base and contemptible for a man ever to leave it who had it in his power to win distinction there. I knew this well, and I wish I had stuck to my conviction. I have got nothing out of my province, by Heaven! fit to compare with the pleasure of one little walk and talk with you." Even his triumph, if he gets it, he says later on, will never console him for this last period of absence. But what if Cicero had known that, save for one flying visit to the suburbs in the ensuing January, he would not see his beloved capital for three more years, nor ever live there again until her ancient polity was dead and cold, and the sway of a dictator definitely accepted?

The letters to Atticus of this period are fuller even than usual of domestic details. Cicero sends greeting to Atticus' little daughters, Cæcilia and Pomponia, the latter of whom he has never seen. He is glad that Pilia, Atticus' wife, approves of Dolabella. God grant that matter may end well! He himself had had other views for Tullia, and cannot help regretting Tiberius Nero, the father of the future emperor, who had made proposals to himself in Cilicia. But it is plain, he thinks, that the ladies had been conquered by the charm of Dolabella's polished manner. He must, if possible, manage on the home journey to show the two young Ciceros Rhodes, where he had studied rhetoric. He compares the characters of the boys. They get on well together, precisely because their temperaments are so unlike. One, his own Cicero, requires the spur, the other the rein. Both, as is natural, find their tutor, Dionysius, unnecessarily severe. The son of Quintus, who was the elder by about two years, had received the *toga virilis* at his uncle's hands in Laodicea, but he turned against

his illustrious relative afterward in the most violent manner. There is also, in almost every one of these last letters from Cilicia, some word of tender solicitude concerning the precarious health of Cicero's accomplished and well-beloved freedman Tiro, whose loyalty and devotion present so striking a contrast to the fickleness of some of his master's own kith and kin, — the reflection of whose exquisite character sheds a softening light on every page where his name occurs. *Per contra*, there is an explosion of righteous wrath, in one letter, against the freedman Philotimus, who, in rendering an account of his stewardship, had presented bills to an amount that left Cicero his debtor. "That's an astounding thief! I intend to get rid of him!" But the stinging discovery was yet to be made that Philotimus and Terentia were in partnership.

Meanwhile the moment Cicero touched the shores of Greece, he began to encounter the most alarming rumors about Cæsar's progress: that he had flatly refused to quit his province, that he had already advanced with four legions as far as Piacenza. The last report was premature, but common talk foreshadowed with sufficient accuracy the resistless course of events. Finally, on the 16th of October, Cicero indited at Athens a long and entirely unreserved letter to Atticus, in which he reviewed the whole situation, and faced with the whimsical candor which belonged to him at such times the ugly dilemma which awaited himself: —

"I anticipate such a struggle as we have never yet seen, unless indeed the god who got me out of the Parthian war better than I had any reason to expect should show some regard for the republic. In this respect, however, I shall be no worse off than everybody else; so pray let that pass, and give your attention to my own particular problem. Don't you know how anxious I have always been to be guided by your

friendly advice, and that it was yourself who admonished me to keep well with both leaders? Not," adds the writer, quoting a Greek verse, "that you could ever have persuaded me to be false to my country. Still, somehow or other, you did manage to convince me that I ought to adhere to the one because of the favors he had done me, and to the other on account of his intrinsic worth, and I accordingly proceeded to make myself so pleasant that I became a prime favorite with both. We reasoned in this way: it never could harm the state for me to adhere to Pompey's side, nor could I embroil myself with Pompey through sympathy with Cæsar, while the two men were fast allies. But now, as you hint, and as I see, there is going to be a terrible break between them, and they both count on me. Or it may be that one" (Cæsar) "only affects to do so, but Pompey, at least, feels perfectly sure of me, and with reason; he knows that I approve his present policy. I got letters from each of them, along with your own, from which it would appear that they both value my support above everything else. Now what am I to do? I don't mean in the last extremity, for if there is to be war, I would rather lose with Pompey than win with Cæsar; but with regard to the questions which will be coming up about the time of my arrival, — whether Cæsar's claim of absence is to be allowed, or whether he shall be required to dismiss his army. 'Marcus Tullius has the floor.' How can I say, 'Be kind enough to wait until I have consulted with Atticus'? There will be no room for shuffling. Shall I oppose Cæsar? What then becomes of all our pledges of friendship?

¹ He goes on to say that he had got no thanks, after all, for his scrupulous determination not to rob the province. There was a great uproar among his troops, when he made known his intention of deducting from his own salary that of the quæstor whom he left in charge, and of depositing in the treasury a million sesterces, which was the surplus re-

For I supported a similar claim, at his own request, at Ravenna. At his own request, say I? Yes, and at that of our Gnæus too, in that divine third consulate of his! On the other hand, if I defend Cæsar's claim, I shall have Pompey to deal with; and not Pompey only," and Cicero takes refuge once more in his favorite Homeric quotation about the men and women of Troy and the reproaches of Polydamus. "Whom do I mean this time? Why, you yourself, the eulogist of my actions and my writings. Whenever the matter of Cæsar's provinces was broached, during the late consulates of the Marcelli, I was able to evade the difficulty, but now I am brought squarely to the point. The best way will be for me to adduce, as an unanswerable reason for remaining outside the city, the necessity of arranging for my triumph, and so give the fools an opportunity to speak first! But even so, they will have my opinion out of me at all costs. You will jeer, no doubt, if I say that I wish I had stayed in my province; but with such a crisis as this impending, it would have been much better, detestable as it was there."¹

"If there is to be war, I would rather lose with Pompey than win with Cæsar." We have no right to question the sincerity of Cicero in this declaration, since, after a thousand fluctuations of feeling, he eventually acted upon it; but civil strife was to him the most frightful of all evils, and he did not yet seriously believe that it would come to that. He had a strong and, as the event proved, quite exaggerated confidence in his own power of mediation between the rivals. Counsels of peace,

maining from his allowance by the government after all his bills were paid. His men thought that this sum ought to have been divided among themselves. "Virtue itself is not easy," he remarks, in quaint apology for his outburst, "but to be always putting on airs of virtue is more intolerable still."

if backed by his eloquence, must, he still fancied, prevail. Cœlius, indeed, had reiterated, in the last letter which Cicero received from him before his return, that if one or other of the chiefs did not go to the Parthian war, hostilities would inevitably break out at home. "Both are fully equipped and ready for the fray; and Fortune is preparing a monstrous fine show, — barring the danger of it for your return." But who knew whether Cœlius meant all that he said?

Cicero heard nothing to reassure him on his arrival in Italy, but he hoped against hope until Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, three months later. His state of mind was like that of many a good conservative — both North and South — in America, during the months that preceded the fall of Sumter.

Terentia met him at Brindisi, as Tullia had done on the more hopeful occasion of his return from exile. He mentions the fact rather coldly to Atticus. He had requested his wife to come, and she had entered the gates of the city just as he arrived in port, so that they met in the Forum. But there is no lack of feeling when he speaks, immediately afterward, of the grief it was to him to leave Tiro behind at Patrae, too ill to travel; and to the same Tiro we find him writing most affectionately on the 27th of November, only three days after his arrival in Italy. He writes on his boy's behalf as well as his own, and gives a very gracious message from Terentia; for Tiro seems to have been equally beloved by every member of the Cicero family. "I need not tell you to get well as fast as possible: I know how prudent you are, how temperate, how fond of me. I know you will do your uttermost to be with me as soon as may be; yet do not make too great haste. . . . I have ordered Curio to pay the doctor's bills, and to see that you have all that you require. I gave him *carte-blanche*, in

fact, and have left a horse and mule for you at Brindisi. I fear there will be great disturbances in Rome at the new year, but I mean to act with extreme circumspection." On the 9th of December, Cicero had advanced as far as the villa of a friend near Herculaneum; and there would seem to have been a large party of Cicero's in the house, for the postscript of a long letter written to Atticus on that day contains these significant words about Dolabella: "My new son-in-law makes himself very agreeable to me, as well as to Tullia and Terentia. He is clever and cultivated, and we must be content with that, making the best of other things." On the next day, December 10th, Cicero had an interview of two hours with Pompey, who was making a *giro* in Southern Italy, and was rather sharply criticised by some of the more earnest optimates for absenting himself from Rome at so critical a moment. He was very complimentary to the returned pro-consul on this occasion, spoke of his coveted triumph as a matter of course, advised him to keep out of Rome to avoid offending the tribunes, and alluded rather negligently to the possibility that there would be fighting. It is plain that Pompey's airs of majestic security were as distasteful to Cicero as ever, and especially disquieting now. "But still," he says to Atticus, "as matters now stand, it is not open to me to inquire, as you say in Greek, 'Which is the boat of the sons of Atreus?' for my boat is unquestionably the one of which Pompey is captain. 'Ditto to Pompey,' is all I can say, if I have to opine; but privately I shall entreat him to come to an arrangement."

Cicero had had a certain sentiment about reaching Rome on his birthday, January 3d, but he had promised Pompey to halt with him at the Alban villa of the latter, the scene, as we may remember, of a particularly unpleasant interview between these two, before Cicero

went into exile. He found it somewhat difficult to arrange his plans, however, because he did not wish to visit Pompey on the day of the feast of the Compitalia, for fear of incommoding the family; and in the end Pompey forestalled his purpose, and met him at Lavernium, below Formiæ. Once more they had a *tête-à-tête* discussion, which lasted from two o'clock in the afternoon until dark, but they came to no very satisfactory conclusion. Pompey's chief concern for the moment appeared to be about a ferocious attack which the tribune Mark Antony — already a prominent Cæsarite — had made upon him and his whole character and policy on the 21st of December. "What," says Pompey, "are we to expect from him" (Cæsar), "if he gets possession of the government, when a poor miserable fellow like this quæstor of his ventures to say such things?" "I am in torment night and day" is the ominous last word to Atticus for the year 704.

The fourth day of January, the first of his own fifty-eighth year, found Cicero once more at the gates of the city of his love. Inside the walls it was not etiquette for him to go, so long as there remained any question of his triumph. But everybody of importance waited on him, and nothing, he says to Tiro, could have been handsomer than his reception. "Yet have I fallen into the very flames of civil discord, and only too probably of war." One of the new consuls was the Marcellus of the previous year, reëlected; but his colleague, Lentulus, like so many more of the aristocrats at Rome, had a lurking hope that war, if it came, would afford him some irregular means of restoring his desperate fortunes. It was the worst feature of Cæsar's policy that he played upon the necessities of these men as unscrupulously as Catiline himself could have done, even tempting them by the promise of *tabulæ novæ*, — that is to say, of

legalizing a general repudiation of their debts, — were he successful.

Only two days after Cicero's arrival before the gates of Rome, the crisis came. By the united exertions of Cato and Metellus Scipio, — whose beautiful daughter Cornelia, widow of the younger Crassus, Pompey had married after Julia's death, — the great question was finally put to the vote, and a decree passed the Senate by a small majority providing that Cæsar should immediately lay down his arms, or be declared a public enemy; that Domitius Ahenobarbus should take command in Cisalpine Gaul; and that the consuls, prætors, tribunes, and consulars should *see that the republic received no detriment*. That very night, the tribunes, Antony and Cassius, went off in disgust to join Cæsar at Ravenna; and with them went Curio, and who but Cælius Rufus himself, now as ever the political *farceur*, who changed his party as lightly as he changed his toga, with none of the searchings of heart and sense of mortal disruption which assailed our friend in hours like these. Cicero writes fully of it all to Tiro on the 12th of January, in a sorrowful but loving epistle, signed by the whole family, Tully, Cicero, Terentia, and Tullia. Cæsar's attitude, he said, had been most insolent; "his letters to the Senate were harsh and menacing, and my own Curio urged him on." This, though he had jested at the first rumor of it, was, after all, the defection which cut Cicero most deeply, for Curio's was the mind which he himself had delighted to form. After speaking of the proclamation of martial law, "Never," he says, "was the state in greater danger, and never had the baser sort an abler leader. Pompey, too, is now pushing forward his preparations with much diligence, but it is late for him to begin to fear Cæsar."¹ . . . South-

¹ The year before, when asked how he proposed to meet Cæsar's legions, if it came to war, Pompey had replied, with constitutional

ern Italy is already divided into military districts" (for purposes both of recruiting and defense), "and I take command at Capua." The cherished vision of his own triumph melted silently away, as the sky grew lurid with the light of the imminent struggle. The next letter to Tiro is dated Capua, January 27th, and contains in the statement that Cæsar had successively occupied Rimini, Pesaro, Ancona, and Arezzo Cicero's first allusion to the far-famed passage of the Rubicon. The latter was one of three small streams — the critics have never fully decided which one — that meander through the territory between Ravenna and Rimini, but at all events it formed the boundary of Cisalpine Gaul; and one is confidently shown, in the market-place at Rimini, the stone from which the great conqueror first harangued his legions after the decisive step. Later on in the same letter, Cicero is glad to be able to inform Tiro that Labienus, one of Cæsar's ablest generals, has broken with his commander-in-chief, and repaired to Pompey; but he has also to tell him — and he kindly 'entreats him not to take the news too much to heart — that Dolabella is with Cæsar. "You must needs know this, but do not let it vex you so as to put back your recovery." Tullia was but a few months married, and Dolabella was amiable still, and full of protestations of personal regard for his new relatives; but the first installment of her dowry was already spent, and her father's house, when he had one, appears to have been her home henceforth, during the short remnant of her troubled life.

Just at present, however, while Cicero turned his back on Rome, and proceeded to the unhopeful business of attempting to levy troops for the defense of the republic against Cæsar, among those Cam-

magniloquence, that wherever he stamped his foot a soldier would spring up. Favonius, whom Cicero had nicknamed Cato's ape, re-

panian colonies who owed their lands to him, Terentia and Tullia were left at Rome, in the charge of Atticus, who was himself protected, as ever, by the broad ægis of his consistent neutrality.

A facile and brilliant correspondent is always in danger of writing too many letters. There is no doubt whatever that Cicero's fame as a partisan, if not a patriot, would have stood fairer before the world could he have controlled the impulse to pour himself out, and stayed the stylus a little during the distracting four months that followed. But as a matter of fact this is precisely the period of his life of which we possess the minutest record. Every mental debate is fully reported, every revulsion of feeling chronicled, as it occurs. Literary expression of some sort was the breath of his nostrils, and there was no room, alas! during that miserable spring of 49 B. C., whether for forensic or philosophical composition, still less for dreaming under the Formian pines, as he had done in happier days, or counting the breaking waves upon the silver sands of Astura.

There are sixty-nine letters to Atticus alone, written between January 25th, when Cicero reached his recruiting station at Capua, and June 7th, when he finally embarked at Gaeta, to follow Pompey into Greece. Of these, twenty-two were written in the month of February, and twenty-four in March. During this time he had the mortification of seeing deplorably compromised, by the folly of its management, the cause which, on the whole, he considered the good one, — to which, at all events, he felt bound to adhere. When the news of Cæsar's advance was confirmed, the consuls left Rome in such a panic that they neglected to take the public treasure with them. Pompey recommended them to go back for it, and they retorted by advising him

marked, facetiously, that he thought the time had now come for Pompey to stamp.

to go and seek Cæsar at Picenum. Nobody understood Pompey's tactics at the time, and it is no easier to account for them now. He was extremely popular still in the far south, where little more than a year before the entire population had offered up vows to Heaven for his recovery from an illness of which, for his own fame's sake, it now seems to us that he would better have died. He appeared to be executing a series of mysterious manœuvres with his two legions in Apuleia. In reality he was falling back steadily upon Brindisi, and had already abandoned all thought of meeting Cæsar upon Italian soil.

Meanwhile, his rival advanced from victory to victory, showing everywhere the same sagacity and moderation, granting always the most liberal terms to the vanquished. Cæsar could be cruel, too, when occasion required, but he was never cruel for cruelty's sake, and now he showed himself as merciful as a victorious warrior may be. Domitius, the general recently appointed by the Senate, was at Corfinium, a strong city in the Abruzzi. He had vainly entreated Pompey to reinforce him there, and now, about the middle of February, Cæsar laid siege to the place, and it fell. The cohorts of Domitius went over in a body to Cæsar, giving up their commander, who was treated very generously. "I know," writes the insinuating Spaniard, Balbus, in a letter to Cicero, which the latter incloses to Atticus, "that you must approve of Cæsar's course at Corfinium. Surely the best thing that can happen, in a case like this, is to have the affair concluded without bloodshed." Cicero did approve; Cæsar's was a policy entirely after his own humane heart, and he had all the time to struggle against that instinctive sympathy, that profound personal predilection for the man, to which he had so gladly yielded during the first triumvirate. "Do you not see," he writes to Atticus from Formiæ, on the 1st of March, "what sort of a man it

is into whose hands the republic has fallen, — how keen, how vigilant, how competent? And by Heaven, if he goes on in this way, taking neither life nor property, he is going to be adored by those who dreaded him most. I have talked a great deal with the men of my district, both the townspeople and the farmers. All they really care about is the safety of their fields and their cottages, and their little misery of money. And, look you, everything is so turned topsy-turvy that they fear where they formerly trusted, and love where they used to fear."

On the other hand, Cicero saw only too much reason to apprehend that if Pompey were to regain the ascendancy, it would be a case of Sylla's proscriptions over again. "It is not the cause to which I adhere," he writes, a fortnight after the last date, "but my own sense of obligation, just as in Milo's case and in" — The next name is illegible. "Is not the cause a good one, then? Oh, yes, it is the best of causes, but, mark my words, it will be atrociously conducted. The first step will be to starve out Rome and the country generally; then will follow burning, devastation, and the robbery of the rich. . . . 'If only he' (Pompey) 'will be firm!' you say. Oh, make yourself easy. He is firmer than we used to think. I give you my word that if he wins there will not be a tile left in Italy." Whatever the news may be from Brindisi, — whether Cæsar had followed Pompey immediately after the surrender of Corfinium, — Cicero thinks he would like to get out of the country: to support Pompey, if the latter is forced to retreat; to avoid the horrible scenes which would certainly accompany his advance. This letter, more vivaciously written, for all the seriousness of its purport, than most of those belonging to this anxious time, closes quite in the bantering strain of other days: "Why did you not invite me to go with you to Epirus? I am

not a bad sort of companion. I am rather angry with you, but farewell. Go and anoint yourself and take your constitutional, while I must to bed. Your letters make one drowsy."

All this while, over and above the wear and tear of his internal conflict, Cicero had to brace himself against the ingenious arguments and affectionate, almost impassioned entreaties of those of his own old friends who had gone over to the winning side. Trebatius, the lawyer, whom he himself had placed with Cæsar, conveyed by letter the earnest request of the conqueror that Cicero would at least remain neutral. Cicero replied, by the same channel, — "For I would not write to Cæsar himself," he says, "since he had not written me," — that such a course would be rather difficult; but still, that he was residing quietly on his estates, and would continue to do so while any hope of peace remained. This was early in February, before the attack on Corfinium. Then came the letter of the banker Balbus, already cited; and Dolabella wrote pressingly in the same strain, and Cælius Rufus, with more feeling than might have been expected of him. "Did you ever see a man more fatuous than your Pompey, more absurd and ineffectual in his strategy? And on the other hand, have you ever heard or read of a general at once more brilliant in action and more temperate in victory than our Cæsar?" And later, "Oh, Cicero, I pray and beseech you, for your children's sake and that of your own fortune, do nothing further to compromise your interests and safety. I call gods and men and our friendship to witness that I have always warned you what the event would be." He says he has been urging Cæsar himself to write; and Cæsar did write more than once, brief, soldierly notes, dignified but very friendly, and worded with marvelous tact; never hinting at coercion, but dwelling on his own need of Cicero's counsels. Even we

can feel the commanding charm of the writer as we read, and what must not their recipient have felt? Cæsar found time for one of these masterly little mis-sives even on the rapid march from Corfinium to Brindisi. The news from the latter place, which Cicero had been awaiting so impatiently, was not long delayed. Cæsar arrived at the Adriatic port on the 18th of March, to find that Pompey had embarked for Greece the day before. Italy was virtually surrendered, and for the shadowy remnant of the optimate party, also, *alea jacta erat*. Through Trebatius the indefatigable and Dolabella, Cicero gets the earliest information about Cæsar's probable movements. His plan of campaign for the spring does not, it appears, include the immediate pursuit of Pompey. He will pay a flying visit to Rome, and then proceed rapidly to Spain, to surprise, and if possible overpower, the forces there under command of Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Varro. Three legions are also to be sent with Curio into Sicily, where Cato, as proconsul of the island, is at the head of the loyal force. All this, as we know, was punctually accomplished, but Cato retreated before Curio's advance, and the latter passed on into Egypt, to fall in the desert only a few months later, — his age being barely thirty, — fighting Pompey's ally, the Numidian king. The least of Cæsar's care was plainly for the two legions and the motley crowd of camp followers who had gone with Pompey to Greece. Of these last were sundry senators with their wives and their suites, among whom there is vouchsafed us one more fleeting glimpse of the celebrated Clodia.

Cicero knew, in the depths of his heart, that he too would have to cross the Adriatic. On the very day of the flight from Brindisi, possessed by a mournful presentiment, he had written to Atticus from the Formian villa, where he had once more gathered his family

about him: "It seems to me that I have been mad from the beginning, and the most poignant thought of all is that I did not go with Pompey to his ruin simply and doggedly, like any private soldier. . . . I feel my old affection for the man revive, and with it an intolerable sense of yearning. Books, letters, philosophy, have lost their charm. Day and night, like the bird of Plato, I sit staring seaward, longing to take wing and depart."

Nevertheless, with the certainty that there would be no fighting in Greece for the present, a breathing space was afforded him. He would have time to go, as he had greatly desired, up to the old family place at Arpinum, and give his boy the gown of manhood there, among his own townspeople. Atticus, whose counsels to his friend at this critical period had been slightly vague and contradictory, if we may judge from a rather ironical review and collation of the same given in the remainder of the letter last quoted, had greatly favored the removal to Arpinum. Once in that secluded spot, among the hills, he hoped that Cicero would keep quiet, and in due time make his peace with Cæsar. Cicero himself had probably an undefined hope that some honorable mode of reconciling his own conflicting sympathies might yet be afforded him. At all events, these two did meet at or near Formiæ, and this is the account of the interview which Cicero sends to Atticus from Arpinum about April 1st: —

"In both particulars your counsels were implicitly followed: the tenor of my talk was such as rather to compel his respect than to conciliate his favor, and I obstinately refused to go to Rome. I made a mistake in expecting to find him in a facile temper. Quite the contrary. He said that he stood condemned by my actions, and that my staying away would deter other senators from Rome. I told him that their case was very different from mine; and after

a good deal had passed between us, 'Come, then,' says he, 'and negotiate for a peace.' 'On my own terms?' I inquired. 'Is it for me,' he replied, 'to dictate to you?' 'Well, then,' said I, 'I shall take the ground that the Senate disapproves both of the expedition to Spain and of sending troops into Greece, and I shall strongly deprecate the position in which Pompey has been placed.' 'I could not suffer anything of the sort,' said he. 'So I supposed,' was my answer, 'and therefore I will not go; for if I did, I should have no choice but to say this and more to the same purpose.' Finally, as a last resource, he requested me to take a little more time for deliberation, which I could not refuse to do, and so we parted. He cannot have been very well pleased with me, but I was better pleased with myself" (what a touch of nature is here!) "than I had been for a long time. For the rest, ye gods, what a following he had! What a *νεκρία*" (troop of shadows), "to use your favorite expression, an abandoned lot, a desperate cause; . . . but there are six legions of them, and he so alert, so intrepid! I see no end to our troubles."

From Arpinum Cicero went for a few days to the Laterium of Quintus, hard by, that ivy-draped villa whose atmosphere of drowsy rusticity must have been strangely disturbed by the vehement debate of the brothers. Quintus was, for the moment, bitterly anti-Cæsarian, and insisted on an instant departure for Pompey's camp. Marcus, on the other hand, had just then a passing purpose of withdrawing to Malta, and there awaiting the issue of the Spanish campaign. His wife and daughter were urging this, though the latter would have him do nothing against his honor. From Cumæ, whither he repaired before the end of April, after making all possible provision for the comfort of his family at Arpinum, Cicero wrote to Atticus

concerning the darling of his heart, now close upon the time of her confinement: "I commend my interests to you, knowing all the while that you love me too well to need any such recommendation. God knows I have nothing to say; I am simply sitting and whistling for a wind: and yet I have everything to say concerning your infinite kindnesses to me in the past, and that greatest of them all, your tender and unremitting devotion to my Tullia. Believe me, she feels it no less than I do, and hers is a glorious nature. How she bears up alike against public calamity and private trouble! How bravely she parted from me! Ours is the warmest affection, the most perfect sympathy, yet her one care is for my integrity and my good fame. But no more of this, or my own self-command will give way." And again, a week or two later, Cicero writes from the same place: "You will ask what has become of all the spirit which I displayed in my last letter. Oh, it is all there, the same as ever, if only there were nothing at stake but my life."

Previous to the departure of Curio for Sicily, which Cato had not force enough to hold, and evacuated at the news of the young general's approach, the latter paid Cicero a farewell visit at the Cumanum. A good deal of their talk is reported by Cicero to Atticus. The junior's tone was always courteous, if now a trifle patronizing; and after it became quite evident that agreement between them on the burning question of the day was impossible, they still discussed the situation freely and without heat, like the finished men of the world they both were. They did not meet again.

Cæsar was already on his rapid way to Spain, and had left Antony his vice-gent in Italy, with the title of pro-prætor, so that Cicero, to his disgust, now came under the jurisdiction of the latter. Cicero enters into particulars to Atticus about Antony's style of travel-

ing, which it is not necessary to repeat, and sums up the degrading story by the significant remark, "To think what a vile death we are dying!" On one occasion, Atticus receives an oily note of Antony's, qualified by Cicero as "odious," in which the passage occurs, "I really cannot suppose that you are meaning to cross the sea, fond as you are of Dolabella, and of that extremely distinguished woman, his wife, highly as we all think of you; for, upon my word, it would seem as though your dignity and fortune were dearer to your friends than to yourself." Under the same cover goes the last appeal of Cæsar himself to Cicero: "Nothing could happen more painful to me than for you to condemn my course. I ask you, by our old friendship, not to do so. And what, in fine, can better become a quiet and honorable citizen than to hold himself aloof from civil broils? Dated April 16, 705. On the march." Observe the immeasurable difference in tone between the two letters! Antony even went so far, later, as to intimate that Cicero might not be allowed to leave the country, but the threat was an empty one. The vice-governor had plainly exceeded his master's orders.

On the 20th of May Cicero writes that Tullia has given birth to a seven months' child, and that he is thankful to have her confinement over before he goes, though the infant is a poor, puny boy. "I am now delayed," he adds, "only by the unprecedented calms." Finally, June 7th, from the port of Gaeta, he writes to his wife in a resolutely matter-of-fact and cheerful tone: "I have cast off all the carking care which has beset me about you, poor soul, and especially about our daughter, who is dearer to us than life. . . . The ship is apparently a good one, and I am writing this on board. You will hear constantly of me through the friends to whose kindness I have earnestly commended both Tullia and yourself. I

should counsel you to be brave, if I did not already know that you are braver than any man. . . . My advice to you would be to keep to those of our villas which are farthest from the military encampments. Your best way would be to establish yourself at the farm at Arpinum with the city servants, if corn becomes dearer. Our jewel of a Cicero sends you his best love. *Etiam et etiam, vale.*"

One of the sharpest annoyances of that wretched winter had come from a passing rumor that the other young Cicero, Quintus's son, had sought to curry favor with Cæsar, during the few days which the conqueror had spent in Rome, by shamelessly reporting the conversations of his father and uncle during their conferences at the Laterium. The story was afterward denied. Curio made light of it when he was at Cumæ, and Cicero put it out of his mind, but it was destined to be revived in a more tangible form.

There is a letter of Cicero's written from Rome more than three years later, and addressed to that Marius who was his highly prized neighbor at Pompeii, which begins with a vivid reminiscence of a certain day which these two had passed together; it was May 12th, by the then reckoning,¹ in the spring of 705. Their grave and intimate conversation is recalled, and the anxiety of Marius at that time that Cicero, while as far as possible consulting his personal safety, should do nothing unworthy of his hitherto spotless fame as a patriot. From these recollections he passes naturally to a review of his own course at that critical juncture, endeavoring to show — and showing, apparently, to his own satisfaction — the thread of consistency which ran through all his obvious vacillations. The letter, though very interesting, is too long to be quoted entire. The story is told, of course, as well as

it can be told for Cicero, and the narrative seems dispassionate and ingenuous; but such is the fallibility of human nature, and especially of the artistic nature, that elaborate pieces of self-examination, long after the fact, are always a little *suspect*. "I have bored you with this lengthy review," he says in conclusion, "because I know your deep devotion both to the republic and to me, and I wanted you perfectly to understand the motives of my conduct. My first and dearest desire was that the state should be stronger than any individual. But after it had come to pass, by whosoever fault, that one man had acquired a power which it was impossible successfully to resist, then I wanted peace. When the one general on whom we could rely was dead, and his army annihilated, I would fain, since I could not bring the others to my way of thinking, have put an end to the war on my own responsibility. And now, if we still have a state, I am still a citizen; and if not, my exile is more supportable here than it would be in Rhodes or Mytilene."

If Cicero kept his promise of writing frequently from Greece, his letters have not been preserved. There are no more than half a dozen in all from the seat of war, and these are comparatively brief. His reception was not a pleasant one. Cato told him bluntly that he was out of place in such a scene, and would have done much better to stay behind, and make the best terms possible with Cæsar; while the generalissimo, the titular leader, the "noble citizen," appears to have relished even less the presence of so keen a critic in his disorderly camp.

The course of events during that fatal year is familiar to all the world. Three months sufficed Cæsar for the reduction of Spain. In the autumn he was back in Rome, crowned with fresh

¹ Cæsar's reform of the calendar did not take place till 707, so that the dates of 705

represent a season two months earlier than they appear to do.

laurels, and leading troops flushed with unparalleled victory. He had been created dictator in his absence by whatever shadow of a Senate still sat in Rome, but, mindful of Sylla, he resigned the name after bearing it eleven days, and caused himself to be elected sole consul, with some semblance of legal form. The 1st of January, 706, saw him *en route* for Epirus, where Pompey, gathering himself for a supreme effort, successfully resisted his first onset at Dyrrachium. There was a moment after that when the issue of the struggle between the two great captains appeared doubtful, but the advantage thus won by the Pompeians was frittered away with the fatuity which had attended all the latter moves of the foredoomed general. "From that hour," says Cicero in the letter last quoted, "the greatest of men became a nonentity in the field." And Plutarch observes, with the touch of mysticism that he loves, "The soldiers of Pompey routed and defeated the enemy, but the *dæmon* of Cæsar prevented the completion of the victory by taking advantage of the caution of Pompey and his want of confidence in his own success."

The fight raged with varying fortunes through the spring and until the 9th of August, the memorable day of Pharsalia. Cicero at that time lay ill of a fever at Dyrrachium, but his seventeen-year-old boy was present at the decisive engagement, serving in the cavalry. Plutarch is responsible for the story that when the news of the disaster and of Pompey's headlong flight reached the seaboard, Cato, who was also at Dyrrachium, with ships and men to the number of fifteen cohorts, offered the command of this force to Cicero, on the ground that he, as a consular, would properly take precedence of himself, Cato, who was only a prætorian. But Cicero declined the offer, whereupon Sextus, the son of Pompey, who was also present, called him a traitor,

and would have drawn his sword upon him had not Cato interfered. Immediately afterward Cicero returned to Brindisi, while Cato embarked his troops and set out to follow Pompey into Egypt. Cato's defense of Cicero — supposing this tale to be true — was doubtless touched with the same grain of disrespect which had been latent in the remark that the latter had better never have quitted Italy. Cato was always letting appear his own unflattering impression that counsels of perfection in the matter of patriotism were not for Cicero. The latter was more generous in his judgment of him, and wrote to Atticus, two years later, when invited to prepare a few words¹ concerning the suicide at Utica for a banquet to be given at the Athenian's house: "I do not see how I am to write about Cato anything which those guests of yours will care, or yet endure, to read. Even were I content to slur over his well-known opinions, the counsels he gave, the hopes he cherished for the republic, I must needs give the warmest praise to his dignity and firmness, and that in itself would be a bad hearing for them. If I praise the man at all, I must praise him especially for this: that he foresaw the present state of things, did what he could to prevent it, and died rather than behold it."

That there was, however, some sort of a violent scene at Dyrrachium which precipitated Cicero's return may, I think, be inferred from his own later letters, in more than one of which he reproaches himself bitterly for having too hastily abandoned Greece and the remnant of the republican army. Yet we know now that his instinct was right; that the cause of so-called freedom was indeed irrevocably lost at Pharsalia, and all the waste and bloodshed worse than vain of the subsequent lingering hostility.

¹ The same discourse was afterwards published in book form, and Cæsar condescended to reply to it in his *Anti-Cato*.

ities. When Pompey had fallen, a few weeks later, not in the field, alas! but by the hand of a treacherous assassin, Cicero wrote from Brindisi, November 27, 706: "I have never doubted how it would end with Pompey; there was such a profound persuasion everywhere, on the part both of kings and peoples, of the utter hopelessness of his cause, that wherever he had betaken himself it would have been the same. Yet I cannot choose but mourn the catastrophe, knowing him as I did for a pure, honorable, and high-minded man."

If this tribute seems a little languid and perfunctory, a chilling *finis* to a lifelong alliance, we may remember that Cicero's adhesion to Pompey had ever been the indorsement of a party leader rather than any spontaneous devotion to the man. And then the last year in Greece must have been terribly disenchanting. But there was one person, at least, by whom the "great one" was mourned with a passion proportionate to the adulation he had commanded in the hour of his most majestic ascendancy. It was that daughter of the Metelli whom he had so lately married, and of whom Plutarch has left us a singularly attractive picture: —

"This young woman possessed many charms beside her youthful beauty, for she was well instructed in letters, in playing on the lyre, and in geometry, and she had been accustomed to listen to philosophical discourses with profit. She had also a disposition free from all affectation and pedantic display, faults which such acquirements generally breed in women." Pompey had been reproached for his absorption in this girl-

ish bride, for "wearing chaplets" when his country was in peril, just as he had before been accused of neglecting the public service to bask in the smiles of Cæsar's brilliant daughter. But Julia almost died of the fright she received at seeing blood on Pompey's toga, which she fancied was his own, and Cornelia repaid his fondness by unstinted devotion. She had followed him to Greece, and could in no wise be dissuaded from going with him to Egypt. From the deck of the trading-vessel on which they had escaped, she was an agonized witness of his murder. She obtained his ashes from the weird pyre which one of his bolder followers reared upon the Libyan sands, took them with her to the Alban villa, and interred them there, and went mourning all the remnant of her days for that husband who was not even her first, and might almost have been her grandfather. There was another woman, also, we are told, one Flora, — not Pompey's wife nor the wife of any man, but fair enough to have been modeled for the goddess in a temple shrine, — who, when he had put an end to their brief *liaison*, "did not take it as such women usually do, but shut herself up, and was ill for a long time through grief at the loss of her lover."

Whatever we may think of Pompey, — and for a man so conspicuously placed and so long remembered, his is a character which baffles the student strangely and eludes his analysis, — one quality must be freely conceded him: the power, undiminished apparently up to the day of his grievous end, of securing a species of adoration from the women with whom he lived.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN POLITICS AS SHOWN IN THE LATE ELECTION.

THE object of this paper is to show that in the late election the two great parties antagonized each other along those lines which have divided the people from the foundation of our government, while, notwithstanding, the influences deciding choice of party were, for the masses, purely provincial in character, resulting in a blind partisanship.

The issue which for the hundred years of our national history has divided the Democratic party from the opposition is the proper extent and limitation of the national authority. The Democratic party has stood for restriction of this authority within narrow limits; the opposition, as Federalist, Whig, and Republican in succession, has favored its extension. For the forty years from 1820 to 1860 this issue was presented in two forms: (1) the right of each State to decide for itself the question of slavery; (2) the right of the general government to levy protective as well as revenue duties, regardless of the will of particular States. On the first question, state rights won a complete victory, but against violent opposition; on the second, government authority triumphed, and was exercised moderately and with tacit consent. It is worth noting, too, that the doctrine of state rights secured the indorsement of the Supreme Court where protection feared to face the issue. Nevertheless, the Democratic theory was supporting a burden which caused its downfall, and the war which ended slavery brought with it also a clear and universally accepted limitation to state rights. The Union is indissoluble. The cause of national authority, on the other hand, following the tremendous blow to its adversary, for the past twenty-five years has grown and extended itself as never before. In the maintenance of

protection of the war tariff laid for revenue, in the increased scale and the widened field of national expenditure, in all which its opponents stigmatize as paternalism and its advocates applaud as nationalism, this is seen. This growth is the natural expansion of an idea which finds itself without opposition.

But though the old doctrine of state rights has its bounds set, and, as a sectional issue, is dead, in its place has been gradually crystallizing a new theory of state duties and individual responsibilities, opposed to the "national" policy of the Republican party. This idea was most clearly emphasized by President Cleveland's opposition to bills giving government aid to local improvements, to soldiers as soldiers merely, or to local industries, as silver-mining and wool-growing. It is true that by no means all Democrats were squarely on their side of the line, for where money is to be obtained for his district or any one in it, the average congressman sees unusual merits in an appropriation bill. Still, whatever the inconsistency between individual action and public professions, in the last election the lines were clearly drawn by party leaders and the party press between the Democratic idea of limitation, and the Republican idea of extension, of national authority. This was the issue. What was the spirit in which the American people approached it?

This spirit was purely provincial. The question was not considered by the mass of voters from a national point of view. It was not the general welfare that was sought, but the sectional, class, or race welfare. It was not to patriotism that orators and press appealed, but to selfishness and prejudice. National feeling showed itself alone in a ridicu-

lous provincialism, the most intense sensitiveness to English opinion. "What is good for England is bad for us!" shouted our orators, and the two parties vied with each other in maintaining that England was hostile to their respective policies. But the citizen who was convinced that England's weal was his woe, transferring his thoughts to his own land, became at once so broad-minded as to believe that his personal profit was identical with the prosperity of the republic. He did not, however, study the general welfare, ready to accept that as best for him, but, in the true spirit of provincialism, determined his vote according to his own supposed interests, or those of his class or locality; perhaps more often still in unreasoning prejudice.

Is this indictment unfair? If so, what was the meaning of meetings of colored or of German voters, or of Irish-American clubs, except that those who supported them imagined that their race had more to gain from one party than from the other? It matters not that this gain was imaginary. The expectation of it determined votes, and both parties played upon it. Why did we so often read of some body of workmen, "They know on which side their bread is buttered"? They had been made to believe that the success of one party meant higher wages for them, had decided to vote for it accordingly, and the party editor was congratulating them on the intelligent patriotism of their choice. Men whose pension bills had been vetoed were assumed to be on one side, those whose claims had been expeditiously granted on the other, as a matter of course. The idea that such an assumption was an insult occurred to no one. An appropriation for a breakwater or for a new post-office was claimed to win votes about in proportion to the expenditure; and if the appropriation was vetoed, the outraged citizens were urged by that public enlightener, the local

paper, to take vengeance at the polls. That "the South wants it" was urged as a conclusive argument against a proposition in some localities, and that "it will enrich New England" in others. "The importance of the interests of this great State demands recognition," was heard from thirty-eight different points, and the party that was believed to give the recognition secured the votes. Bribery of bodies of men with the nation's funds is by no means the same thing as bribery of individuals with one's own money.

In short, it is only too evident that the appeals to the intelligence of the masses, of which we have lately heard so much, were really appeals to supposed selfish interest. But, after all, the masses are moved not so much by selfishness as by prejudice. This prejudice is of two kinds, traditional and local. Its traditional force is shown by the fact that communities side by side and identical in character and interest remain for decade after decade politically opposed. The sons are expected to follow in the footsteps of the fathers. The permanence of party names undoubtedly helps to prevent the natural division of voters on the line of principle. Principles are forgotten in devotion to the party which once represented them. Loyalty to party becomes a passion, and not so long as an excuse can be found for remaining where he is will the average partisan desert to the other side. Party distinctions that stood the shock of the civil war yield to no mere practical question. The principle at the root is not clearly seen. It is the old name, "the party of Jefferson," "the party of the Union," not the new cause, that holds. "The multitude," says Macaulay, "is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge or the most insignificant name than for the most important principle."

Side by side with this traditional prejudice is the local prejudice; by which

I do not mean local interest, but an apparent inability in the people to see national, state, and municipal affairs in their true proportions. It is, of course, the spirit of provincialism again. The fact that parties in each State and town are the same as in the nation at large is sufficient evidence of it. This prejudice has a double action. Aided alike by the tyranny and the convenience of party organization, it causes men to divide into parties on the same lines in the local as in the national election. So the second effect follows inevitably from the first: namely, local questions are subordinated to national, or else national questions to local. Common sense occasionally ventures so far as to declare that it matters not whether the mayor of Bigville be a Republican or a Democrat, but no one yet dares maintain the rash truth that the qualifications of a candidate for the governorship are not affected by his opinions of protection and free-trade. As a rule, too, in spite of common sense, Jones is elected mayor of Bigville because he is a free-trader, just as Smith is elected governor of the State because he is a protectionist. This state of things is as mischievous as it is absurd. It is impossible to bring local questions to decision at the polls. And again, with reverse action, national questions are obscured. Men join a given national party because they approve of the position of its local representatives on some comparatively unimportant question of city or State. Green votes for protection because he agrees with the Republicans of Grand County in favoring high license, and Gray votes for free-trade because the Bigville Democrats oppose an increase of the municipal debt. Personal arguments abound. "How can you be a Democrat, when the only saloon in town is kept by a Democrat?" "How can you be a Republican, when the Republican city treasurer has just defaulted?" This is not nonsense. Facts like these influence votes, and

must be considered in studying the spirit of our politics.

If we had taken a representative group of Americans, evenly divided as to party, in the late election, we might have found something like this: A is a protectionist because he helped found the party of freedom, and B because he admires the candidate. C is a Democrat because he believes in tariff reform, and D because he always has been one. A Junior is a Republican because his father is, and B Junior is a Democrat because the political economies teach free-trade. E is a protectionist because a Democratic ring controls City Hall, and F because the campaign orator has convinced him that Democratic success means low wages. His brother G, again, is a Democrat because the campaign orator has failed to convince him, and his cousin H because most of the respectable people he knows are. Y is a protectionist because the government did not buy his land for the new post-office, and because Congress has voted to deepen the ditch that drains his cellar Z is a tariff reformer. Scattered here and there are those who have earnestly tried to solve the problems presented,—have thought, and studied, and prayed; and more numerous than any single class are those who swear by the one newspaper they read.

Partisanship follows as a natural result of provincialism. All the unlike elements range themselves on two sides, diversity of motive lost in community of aim. The masses on either side support the same leaders, use the same catchwords, read the same newspapers, and learn from them all that is good of their own party, and all that is bad of the other, and much that is not true of both. They hear the same arguments, and, as the campaign advances, they use them, and by the day of election believe, and think they understand them. Enthusiasm shows itself in speech-making, torchlight processions, and denunci-

ation of opponents, — denunciation, however, *en masse* as a rule, not as individuals, save only, of course, when the individual has the misfortune to be a candidate. The partisan marches through the mud with a torch on his shoulder, and imagines that he is supporting a principle. Ask him what it is, and he will answer something like this: "Our party comprises the intelligence and character of the nation. It is the party of progress, of humanity. It maintains the national honor, and promotes the industrial welfare. It 'stands ready to utilize all the forces of earth, and air, and sea.'¹ The future greatness and prosperity of the nation are bound up in our success. The opposition is a 'wicked sectional conspiracy;' ¹ the riff-raff of the community; a combination of the ignorance, wickedness, and cupidity of the nation." This spirit of exaggeration is the natural child of partisan heat and provincialism. The old deacon asks his pastor whether any Democrat can be saved, and the young lady, who is in politics what her father is, and knows no more, declares that no Republican can be a gentleman. A most striking instance of the folly of partisanship has been seen for four years past in Dakota. There, with no voice in national politics, the people have persisted in declaring such sympathy for the Republican party that the Democrats have kept them out of the Union, and powerless to give their true-love help. The partisanship which has denied them statehood is no more contemptible than that which provokes it is suicidal and unreasoning.

This combination of partisanship and provincialism, this worship of names and traditions, with eyes fixed on petty practical advantage rather than broad principles of national government, is the most prominent feature in American politics at the present time, but it is not the dominant force. It affects tempo-

¹ Actual quotation from campaign writer.

rarily, but does not shape permanently, the national development. In the last election, in fact, it was less prominent than before, for the lines were drawn more sharply than for years between two opposing theories. Still, the issue was presented in a purely practical form, and party ties formed on the burning moral issue of 1860 have been slow to yield to what seemed to many merely an uncertain question of dollars and cents. Again, though the question was recognized, its difficulty transcended its importance. Multitudes, who honestly attacked the question, gave up, bewildered by a few months' study and the contradictions of debate, and sought a safe retreat in the bosom of the old party. Those who felt sure on the subject generally knew nothing, and those who knew something did not feel sure. But the fact that so much serious effort was made to understand the issue shows that there is a more earnest spirit in our political life than appears on the surface of a campaign. Where there is no important question clearly grasped, selfishness may be pitted against selfishness, and prejudice against prejudice. But give a question worth the while, above all place a moral principle at stake, and selfishness will yield to patriotism, and prejudice to duty. The mere fact that petty things are prominent is in some sense a good sign, for it shows that in great things we are agreed. The spirit of provincialism reaches its greatest expression at times like the present, when the balance between the two great theories of nationalism and individualism is nearly evenly maintained. When there is no great principle to win devotion, we become for a time enthusiastic for trifles and names. When the nation does not call for our support, we limit our view to a narrower horizon. In the late election, the people divided, though almost unconsciously and in no broad spirit, on the old question of the true relation of

national power and local rights. Should the balance between these ideas, however, shift far either way, should the issue be vital and clearly understood, the

masses will rise above provincialism, old prejudices will be forgotten, and parties will become only the means of supporting principles.

Charles Worcester Clark.

THE GIFT OF FERNSEED.

I, ARTHUR SAYCE, am now thirty-seven years of age. I was born in New York State, was educated at Utica, New York, and at Columbia College. Having taken my medical degree, I spent two years in New York hospitals, after which my next five years were passed in Europe: one year studying medicine in Berlin; two walking the hospitals of London, — St. Thomas's and "Bart's;" and two in Paris, — the first in private study, and the second as an *interne des hôpitaux* of the French capital. For the last eight years I have been a practicing physician in New York city, until three months ago, when I started for the North Pacific coast on a prolonged hunting trip. I give these details to show the reader that I am not ignorant of the world, no recluse, nor one likely to be easily mystified or juggled with. In no sense can I be called visionary.

In my life I have known but little sickness, and have never been subject to fits, faintings, trances, delirium, or hallucinations of any kind. It is impossible that I can have been deceived in any of the sensations which I experienced in the events that I am about to describe. However incredible the following narrative may seem, it is the simple, sober truth.

With this introduction (in writing which, I believe the reader will, after he has read what follows, readily acquit me of all egoism), I will proceed to the narrative itself.

It was on the 10th of May, late in the afternoon, that I arrived at the Cœur

d'Alène Mission, in one of the five log cabins attached to which this story is written. I was alone, my traveling companion of the last two months, Lester Hemsley, having been recalled to New York by a message which reached him at Fort Cœur d'Alène, forwarded from Portland, Oregon. As I rode up, the sun was already low enough in the west to be shining full in the face of the Mission. The higher slopes of the mountains beyond, now all dark with the level stretch of pines, were then snow-covered (for the snow lies late on the Bitter Roots), showing in the evening sun alternations of intense black and white. On the right wound the Cœur d'Alène River, fringed with scattered pines, on which the ospreys had built their nests, and patches of undergrowth of black-thorn and hazel.

In addition to the five cabins and the Mission itself, there was a seventh building, if such it could be called, a little nearer to me, on the lower ground, an Indian *teepee*. On the slope to the left grazed a bunch of ponies, at sight of which my own little "buckskin" pricked up his ragged ears, and seemed to take an interest in the proceedings for the first time since we left the fort.

We had advanced to within one hundred and fifty paces of the *teepee* before any human life appeared. Then a party of four Indian bucks, muffled in United States military blankets, came suddenly scrambling out from behind their hut. Presumably the action of their own ponies on the hill had told

them that something unusual was in sight. For half a minute they stood looking at me, and I could hear their voices raised in babbling astonishment. Then they all started together towards me, on a kind of running trot. At a distance of some thirty paces from me they relapsed into a walk, — or rather into the shambling, half-sliding, go-as-you-please gait which serves the Indian of the prairies for a walk. When about a dozen yards away, one of them, the oldest (and judging from the superior brilliancy of the red ochre with which the roots of his long black hair were dyed, and from the osprey feathers twisted into his locks, one holding some authority among them), darted quickly forward, and, grasping my bridle in his left hand, raised his right with a long-bladed knife gleaming in it, as if to stab me. In a moment the muzzle of my Winchester rifle, which lay across the saddle in front of me, was at his chest and my finger on the trigger. For fully two or three seconds we remained so; his arm upraised, and my rifle almost touching the blanket where it overlapped on his chest. Neither moved his eyes from the other, and what wicked-looking orbs they were that I gazed at!

Suddenly the Indian dropped his arm and broke into a laugh, in which the other three joined. Then he loosed his hold of my bridle, and the whole party shambling off up the hill in front of me, chattering and cackling with laughter, all of us heading for the Mission building.

It was probably the noise which the Indians made that brought a white man (I confess that I was glad to see him) to the door of the cabin next to the Mission, while we were still some fifty yards away. As he stepped out the sun fell full upon his face, and I could see him plainly; much better, evidently, than he could see me, riding as I was with my back to the light. Dressed in the long black robe of a priest, he looked

something above medium height, spare of figure, but active-seeming and hardy. His feet were cased in moccasins. The strong sunlight in his face made him droop his head forward, so that his chin rested on the heavy black cross on his breast, his eyes looking out at me from under his prominent brows. His head was partially bald, what hair he had being of a dark iron-gray. He suffered me to approach within a dozen paces, when as I dismounted, the Indians standing silently on one side, he came towards me with outstretched hands. Taking one of my hands in each of his, he kissed me on the forehead.

"Peace be with you, my son! You are welcome," he said.

This was Father Francis, of whom I had heard at the fort.

Father Francis was very cordial at our first meeting, with a quiet courtesy of manner, and we had not long been seated on the little stools in his cabin before I had given him a fairly detailed history of myself and of the reasons of my arrival at the Mission. He, in turn, told me of himself and the Mission: how he had lived for a quarter of a century among the Indians; how he had been almost alone for the last eleven months, since the Mission was deserted in the preceding June; and how the four Indians who had welcomed me so curiously had been there but a few days, having come down from the reservation ostensibly to see if the trout were beginning to run up from the lake yet, but really, as he said, more for the pure love of wandering than anything else. The eldest of the party (my friend with the osprey feathers and wicked-looking eyes) was one Tsin-shil-zaska, one of the oldest members of the Cœur d'Alène tribe, and a medicine man of no small repute. Two of the others he called respectively Good Bear and Laughing Brave. The third was named Timothy.¹

¹ Though all the Indians are given Christian names, on conversion, by the father, it is only

All, he told me, spoke English fairly well; Tsin-shil-zaska in particular as well as the ordinary cultivated white man, and considerably better than the average of frontiersmen or of the private soldiers of the fort. These facts I subsequently verified by my own experience; and it is often the case that Indians who have learned their English from the priests, and not from trappers and miners, speak purely, and frequently after a somewhat biblical fashion.

Father Francis talked at length of Tsin-shil-zaska, and always in praise of his intelligence. But it was not long before I had a better opportunity of judging the medicine man for myself than our first brief meeting had afforded.

When we had been sitting talking for perhaps an hour, and just as Father Francis was rising to make preparations for his evening meal, the Indian walked boldly, and, as it seemed to me, with rather an insolent air of importance, into the cabin. His three companions stood outside, peering in at the door. The father was already standing, so I arose, too, greeting the medicine man with the ordinary Western salute to Indians, "How! How!"

His reply was given with an air of rather lofty rebuke, in good if guttural English: "How do you do, my friend? You are welcome."

I smiled, partly at his implied rebuke, and partly at the statement that I was welcome, after his manner of receiving me outside.

"You did not tell me so before?" I said interrogatively.

"No. Tsin-shil-zaska tried you, whether you were a coward or not."

"And am I?"

"He cannot tell yet. A man is brave the first time, and a coward the next.

in a minority of cases that these cling to them. Usually the English translation of the old name is used, as in the case of Good Bear and Laughing Brave, or, when not too im-

A man who is a coward the first time is always a coward."

Father Francis then asked him how the fish were coming up. I forget his answer, and after a few more desultory remarks the conversation dropped.

It had not been my intention to stay at the Mission more than one day. I have now been here for three months. The causes of this change of programme, and the circumstances through which my first instinctive dislike of Tsin-shil-zaska ripened into an open quarrel with him, I will tell as briefly as possible.

The morning after my arrival, Timothy met with an accident. He was cutting a branch from one of the thorn bushes by the river, when his knife slipped, and, with the whole strength of his arm behind it, cut a terrible gash in the poor fellow's thigh. His companions carried him into the father's cabin, where the good priest dressed the wound with a simple poultice of wild parsnip as deftly and effectively as it could have been done by the best of surgeons; declining my proffered aid on the grounds that the Indians had full confidence in him as a physician, and that his own knowledge was in fact ample for so simple a hurt.

During the operation, Tsin-shil-zaska had stood looking on with an air of supercilious contempt which exasperated me. Later in the day, when Timothy was lying on the grass by the side of the teepee, I happened to pass close by at the moment when Tsin-shil-zaska was operating upon him in his capacity of medicine man. He had removed the father's carefully placed bandages, and was going through some incantation accompanied with extravagant gesticulations. These mummeries completed, he spat upon the wound, and replaced the bandages with at least as much clumsi-

practicable for a civilized mouth, the old one itself. Tsin-shil-zaska is the Kalispel word (the Cœur d'Alènes speak a *patois* of Kalispel) for "horse."

ness as the father had used dexterity. The sight made me inwardly furious, and it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from rudely interfering then and there.

It was the custom of Father Francis to hold prayer twice daily, morning and evening, in the Mission House. These services any stranger who was at the Mission attended, as a matter of course. That evening, upon issuing from the building after service, Tsin-shil-zaska, who had preceded me, was standing close by the door, looking westward at the setting sun. My resentment was still strong within me as I stopped to ask him, rather sneeringly, how his patient prospered.

"The treatment of the good father is always successful," said he, without removing his eyes from the horizon.

"But you have taken this case out of the good father's hands. Did I not see you doctoring Timothy yourself?"

"Huh!" (The Indian never loses his guttural ejaculations.) "Tsin-shil-zaska does what he can to help the good father."

The idea of his professing to be able, with his fooleries, to give any assistance to Father Francis provoked me further. I do not know now quite how the conversation that followed ran, but it resulted, and that quickly, in my telling Tsin-shil-zaska plainly what I thought of him and his skill as a practitioner, and winding up with my calling him a "quack," which he probably did not understand, and a "hypocrite," which he evidently did. Then for the first time he shifted his eyes from the far-off landscape, and they gleamed more wickedly than ever as he fixed them on mine.

"Huh! Tsin-shil-zaska does not speak so to the Man-with-the-little-rifle." (So, as I had already learned from Father

Francis, the Indians had, in reference to a 44-calibre Colt's which I carried, named me.) "He has not said that you are a hypocrite and that you know nothing. The medicine man cannot cure? Huh! The wild goat on the mountain, when shot with an arrow, knows what plant to eat to make the wounds close and the arrow fall.¹ The hurt beaver medicines himself. The wolf, when hunted, if given time to eat what leaves he chooses, makes himself invisible. The dog, there, has learned when to eat the grass to make him vomit. The birds of the air know what food will hurt them and what will do them good. Has the Indian, being wiser, learned nothing of all these? The Man-with-the-little-rifle will know better."

With which he huddled his blanket closer around his chin, gave one more guttural grunt, and shambled noiselessly away; his retreating figure black between me and the red sunset sky.

The next day saw me in better temper. Tsin-shil-zaska did not appear, and the statement of Good Bear that he had gone into the mountains "to find medicines" only made me laugh.

The day following I went out for a long excursion, on foot, up the river, taking my rifle in the hopes of a shot at a bear. Deer there were in plenty, but, though no lack of "bear signs," no bear; and I returned in the middle of the afternoon, hot and tired. The whole day had been spent in climbing up hills and over crags, and scrambling through brush skirting the snow. The sun was hot (as the Pacific sun can be in May), and my shoulder was fatigued by the weight of the rifle. On my return, I determined to undress and take a sponge bath in my cabin; so, having drawn a pail of water from the well and carried it inside, I moved the table

¹ It is curious, that this same story was told centuries ago by Ælian. "The Cretans," he says, "are skillful archers. With their darts they wound the wild goats that feed upon the

mountains. The goats, when struck, immediately go to eating the herb *dictamnus*. As soon as they have tasted it, the dart falls from the wound."

into a corner, and proceeded to strip off my clothes. As I was standing "mother naked," sponge in hand, looking at the water, and wondering whether the first *douche* would be too abominably cold, the door was suddenly pushed open, and Tsin-shil-zaska walked unceremoniously in. I was indignant at the intrusion and the high-handed manner of it, and at first was disposed to order the intruder out. Then, feeling a natural bashfulness, I cast about for something wherewith to cover my nakedness. In my hand was nothing but the small sponge, and no garment lay within easy reach. But, on reflection, it occurred to me that my visitor was, underneath his one blanket, but little more dressed than myself.

The Indian has, in the matter of nudity, no sense of what we are pleased to call the proprieties, and I doubt whether the medicine man had any idea of the awkwardness which, however illogically, I could not help feeling. But subsequent events convinced me that he had been watching me through some cranny in the log wall, — which contained plenty, — and had chosen the moment of his entrance with deliberate intent. His back was, of course, to the light, as he entered, and even when he had shuffled close up to me I could not see his face. When within a few feet of where I was standing, he thrust out one arm from under the blanket.

"Tsin-shil-zaska has brought the Man-with-the-little-rifle some medicine," he said, "that he may know the Indian has learned something."

In the hand which he extended to me was a small vial, — given him, presumably, at some time by one of the fathers, — corked with a knot of grass. The vial was almost full of a brownish liquor, of the color of tincture of arnica, — perhaps a tablespoonful or more. I looked at him and then at the vial.

"And what am I to do with it? Drink it?"

"Huh!" with an accent of assent. "The Man-with-the-little-rifle will see whether Tsin-shil-zaska knows anything."

"And does Tsin-shil-zaska take me for a fool?"

The only response was a decidedly non-committal grunt. The question of my foolishness was an open one. The hand with the vial was still extended to me.

"How do I know that it is not poison, and will kill me?"

"Tsin-shil-zaska does not kill. He cures people."

"But I am not sick, and need no curing."

And then silence, the Indian's strongest and favorite argument. At last he spoke: "Will not the Man-with-the-little-rifle-drink? Will the man who was brave the first time be a coward the next?"

The wily old savage! Still I hesitated. "So this is only to test my courage? And if it kills me?"

"Tsin-shil-zaska would not hurt a friend of the good father's. If the Man-with-the-little-rifle had come to Tsin-shil-zaska, and said, 'Drink,' he would have done so."

Again, as in the wrangle of the preceding evening, I felt that he had distinctly the advantage of me in argument. I was discomfited.

"What is it?" I asked, reaching out my hand for the vial. He let me take it readily. Holding the liquor against the light, I saw that it was semi-opaque, with small particles of fibrous matter floating in it, and slightly gummy, — about as fluid as glycerine.

I took out the grass stopper, and smelled the liquor. The odor was new to me, — pungent, but not strong, and very herby.

"What is it?" I asked again.

"It is precious, and Tsin-shil-zaska knows no name for it."

"But what is it going to do to me?"

- “Will the Man-with-the-little-rifle drink it and learn?”

If I could only see his face! But the strong light of the door behind me made it impossible. However, I reasoned, if it had been really a dangerous drug, he would never have come to me so openly with it. At all events, it is a physician's duty to experiment with new medicines on himself, if no more convenient subject offers. I remembered Emerson's advice: “Always do what you are afraid to do!” So I walked across the cabin, laid the sponge, which I was still holding in my left hand, on the table, and returned with a tin cup. As I was about to pour the liquid into the cup, Tsin-shil-zaska reached forward and took both from me. Dipping up perhaps a wineglassful of water from the pail which was to serve as my bathtub, he emptied the mysterious liquid into it, finally rinsing the vial out in the mixture, which he handed to me. I hesitated a moment, smelled it, sipped it, and then swallowed it in a couple of mouthfuls, and threw the cup on the bunk. It had no particular taste; or rather it tasted faintly, as it smelled.

“Well, what now?” I asked.

“Huh! The Man-with-the-little-rifle will soon know.” And with that he gathered his blanket closer around the neck, and shuffled off.

I laughed rather angrily at myself for the ridiculousness of the whole affair, and (for I was beginning to feel chilled) ran briskly across to fetch the sponge, and returned to resume my interrupted bath. Stooping to plunge the sponge into the water, I became aware that the drug was beginning to have some effect upon me, and straightened myself up again. Yes, there was no doubt of it. I felt a distinct sensation as of incipient intoxication. I was exhilarated and slightly dizzy. I braced myself, and, planting my feet firmly, threw my shoulders back, to try to shake the feelings off. No; they only increased

with great rapidity. The blood was bounding through my veins, and my spirits rose higher (for I am a sober, matter-of-fact person ordinarily) than I ever knew them to in my life. I laughed aloud at myself, and jumped into the air from very joyfulness. Then the absurdity of my conduct struck me, and I proceeded gravely to remonstrate with myself, aloud. The next moment I had kicked the sponge up to the ceiling, and upset the pail of water over the floor,—a joke which struck me as so irresistibly humorous that I was obliged to sit down on a stool and laugh, till the cabin rang again with my hysterical guffaws.

There followed a series of sensations which I will do my best to describe accurately, for they were sensations such as no man, as I firmly believe, who has ever walked the hospitals of New York, London, or Paris, has felt, either before or since.

I have spoken of dizziness. That increased in intensity with every second, and I seemed to be passing in rapid succession through all the stages of intoxication. Stories of various drinks of savage people came into my head, and I distinctly remember that the account of a native Burmese drink of which I have read somewhere, which will dissolve a Martini Henry rifle-ball in thirty seconds, flashed into my mind.

“And now,” I maudlinly commented, “it is dissolving the Man-with-the-little-rifle himself;” and again I laughed uproariously.

But the hilarity was of short duration. As the dizziness continued to increase, the cabin began to sway and the floor to heave, until I had to rock myself backwards and forwards, my head sunk on my bosom, to keep from falling off the stool. Nausea succeeded, and I made two or three ineffectual attempts to vomit, like a man in the extremity of seasickness.

So far, however, the sensations had

not differed from those of ordinary intoxication. But now a new one mingled with the nausea and dizziness. In my time I have experimented upon myself with, I think, every narcotic and anodyne known to the pharmacopœia, and have described the sensations of each experiment in my diary. The one which I now experienced differed from anything that I had ever described myself or seen described by others. In fact, it almost baffled analysis or description. Even now, I am not entirely sure that my memory of it is not largely tinged by the subsequent knowledge of its results.

As I remember it, it commenced first in my extremities, but had soon distributed itself over my whole frame. There is only one word by which I can describe the process which then seemed to be going on in me, — the process of *disintegration*! Every part of my body, solids and fluids, bone, blood, and tissue, was in independent and multitudinous motion, as if each tissue were resolving itself into its component cells, and each cell into its primordial atoms. It was not painful. But for the accompanying nausea and dizziness, it might have been positively pleasurable. The sensation, though intense in each member, was not to be located anywhere, but was evenly distributed from the marrow of my spine to the cuticle of my finger-tips. The motion of the particles seemed to grow wilder and more rapid. My whole being seethed and boiled. It was as the ultimate dissolution of my very fabric.

Almost blind in my dizziness, I rose from the stool, and staggered to the bunk. I fell on my knees as I reached it, and then dragged myself laboriously up and on to it. The cabin rocked and swayed; the motion in me appeared to grow into — not to produce, but to *grow into* — sound, horrid, tumultuous, muffled but overwhelming; a surging of chaotic but rhythmical murmurs.

Things grew indistinct before my

eyes. The motion in me communicated itself to surrounding objects. Everywhere was wreck, chaos, dissolution. Just before final blackness closed in on me, I remember seeing the form of Tsin-shil-zaska, almost filling the doorway. That was my last definite impression. Then came deathly nausea, retching that racked my very life, external blackness and unutterable tumult,—and I lost consciousness.

When I emerged from the state of coma which ensued, it was early morning, dull and misty and gray, as I saw through the cabin door, which stood wide open. There was no difficulty in picking up the thread of memory. As soon as my consciousness returned, I found myself lying, still “mother naked,” on my back. I recollected perfectly where I was, how I came there, and all the incidents of Tsin-shil-zaska’s visit and the drinking of the drug.

My first serious thought was about the drug itself. What was it? Evidently a powerful narcotic. Violent in its operations, certainly; but the medicine man had given me a pretty strong dose, as my long lethargy (which must have extended over some fifteen hours) sufficiently testified. In skillful hands, and after careful experimenting to ascertain its strength, it might prove to be of considerable value. I must make Tsin-shil-zaska show me the plant.

Having arrived at which conclusion, I proceeded to raise myself on my elbow and sit up. Somehow I did not feel quite myself yet. I was perfectly conscious and had all my senses, except, apparently, one. My hearing was good, for the monotonous “see-se-se—saw-aw-aw” of a myrtle robin came at regular intervals from some tree behind the cabin, accompanied now and again by the hurried tap-tapping of a woodpecker somewhere in the further distance. I could certainly see, though there was not much to look at, the interior of the cabin, dim and dark, the door being

merely a parallelogram of pearl-gray mist in the surrounding obscurity. For my sense of smell, — that was excellent, as the pungent scent of moist earth which came in on the morning air, telling of rain during the night, assured me.

But I had no sense of touch! Since first consciousness returned I had been aware of a curious sensation of — what shall I say? — unsubstantiality. You know how, in the moments between sleep and waking, you lie insensible of the contact between yourself and the bedclothes, yourself imponderable, the bed beneath and the covers above you without substance. That same sensation had been present with me since my awakening, but with an infinitely greater sense of reality, for I was not now anything but wide awake. When I put my hand on the wooden side of the bunk and raised myself to a sitting posture, there had been no sensation of contact as my palm touched the wood. I reached out my fingers to the rough logs which composed the wall. It was the same. I could feel nothing. I tried my foot. Again the same.

Yet my members were not dead. The circulation appeared to be normal, for I had perfect control over all my limbs. When I raised my leg and let it fall on the bunk again, it fell quite naturally; not at all heavily or lifelessly, as in a case of ordinary perverted sensation. Still, I could not feel it strike the bed. The more I became assured that this senselessness was a fact, the more convinced I was that the drug which had caused it would be of considerable value to surgeons as an anæsthetic. I must learn its nature at once.

With this resolve, I flung my legs over the edge of the bunk, and dropped to the floor. Strange! I was certainly standing, but without sense of anything under my feet. I walked. My limbs obeyed me. My feet rested normally on the floor. There was no tendency to lose my balance; my muscles supported

me perfectly; but I could feel nothing. I jumped into the air, stamped, ran a step or two, — the result was the same. So I sat down (having to look behind me to be sure that my person was actually in contact with the stool) to think it all over.

As I sat, it occurred to me that the room had been changed since I last saw it; and — where were my clothes?

Then it became plain to me. That miserable Tsin-shil-zaska had drugged me with deliberate intention of robbery. I remembered his coming into the cabin just before I became insensible, and doubtless he had then carried off my wardrobe. Yes, my rifle was gone, too, and my revolver. He had made a clean sweep while he was about it.

No, my saddle, with an India-rubber saddle-bag attached, was left, and I could dress myself in the shirt and pair of socks which were all the change of wardrobe that I carried, and so make my way to the cabin of Father Francis, and lodge complaint against the medicine man. The table stood in the corner made by one of the side walls and the projecting end of the bunk. The bag was beneath the foot of the bunk, and therefore partly under the table. It would be easier for me to move the table than to creep under it on my hands and knees to reach the bag. So I took hold of the table to move it. I grasped it, as far as a man with no feeling in his finger-ends could grasp anything, and pulled. Not an inch did it stir. I pulled, and pushed, and shook (or tried to shake), and pulled, and pushed, and shook again. It would have done as much good to have pulled, and pushed, and shaken at the Rocky Mountains. If I could only have had the satisfaction of feeling that I *was* really grasping it, that would have soothed me somewhat. But this utter numbness was maddening, and my wrath against Tsin-shil-zaska grew strong.

However, there was nothing for it

now but to get into the limited costume at my disposal as quickly as possible, and make my way to headquarters and make my complaint. So I dropped on all fours, without feeling when my hands rested on the floor, and, crawling under the table, endeavored to grasp the bag. I say "endeavored," because I really could not say whether I did grasp it or not. I thought that I caught hold of it, and so far as my eyes could teach me my fingers were actually inclosing a part of it. But it was rooted as firmly as the table. If I pulled at it, my fingers simply came away from it, no matter how firm a grip I thought I had taken. They did not slip off, they simply *came away*, — ceased any longer to be in contact with it. My hand was as nerveless as it was senseless. I was still tugging and gripping with what seemed a preposterous waste of energy, considering the smallness of the object that I was tugging at, but without the smallest result, when I became aware that some one had entered the cabin. My position was not dignified, — my head and shoulders under the table, and the rest of my naked person protruding into the light towards the new-comer, whoever he was. So I scrambled out backwards as fast as I could, and rose to my feet. It was the father. His back was to the light, but as I arose I saw by the motion of his head that he was looking around the room in search of something or some one; then he deliberately turned around and walked out again.

"Father! Oh! Good-morning, father!"

But he evidently did not hear me. It was very curious. If his face had not at one time been directed full towards me, I could have declared that he had not seen me. It was true that the light was dim, but a naked man, six feet and one inch in height, suddenly springing from all fours to his feet, is a fairly conspicuous object at the distance of some three paces, — calculated at

least to catch the eye of a man of ordinary clearness of vision.

I ran to the door, and, resting a hand on the post on either side, thrust my head out. The father's retreating form was some ten yards from me. I called him, and called again. He kept on his way, turned into the door of his cabin, and disappeared. Certainly he did not hear me. Was he deaf as well as blind? But my voice, I was obliged to confess to myself, was weak. I called again, as an experiment. Yes, it was very weak, — thin and bodiless. It was not the fault of my hearing, because the distant scream of an osprey came plainly to my ears, and a flight of Alpine grosbeaks (birds which are very plentiful about Lake Cœur d'Alène), which flew jerkily over the cabin at that moment, filled the air with twittered music.

For fully a minute I stood there wondering what I was to do. I could not feel that my hands were resting on the posts of the door, though they were visibly doing so, or I should have fallen forward on my face; nor could I feel that my feet touched the ground. Then I commenced feeling all over the door and the rough ends of the jutting logs, where they had been chopped off to leave the doorway space. How solid, and hard, and unsympathetic it all was to my numb touch and nerveless fingers!

In pure exasperation, I slapped the door-post with my open hand, and a new horror dawned upon me. There was no noise when the hand came in contact with the wood. I tried again, and again, and again, harder and louder; not a sound. I clapped my two hands together, but neither sound nor sense of touch told me when they met. It was very ghostly. I searched for anything that was resonant to strike. I smote the flat surface of the door. It neither trembled nor emitted any sound. I went back to the table, and struck that, — slapped both palms down on it simultaneously with all my force. It was

useless. When my hands reached the wooden surface on their downward course, they stopped, ceased to go any further, but the impact had not the smallest effect either on the table or on my hands.

And an unutterable terror crept into me; a hideous, indescribable feeling of unreality, as if I were out of all relation to the world around. Was it, after all, a dream? I reached out my hand to the walls, and could feel nothing. I struck the table again, and not a sound came from it. Was I in a world of shadows, or — and my heart sank as the thought came to me — was I a shadow in a world of realities? How utterly nerveless, powerless, unsubstantial, I was beside these great, black, rugged, unresponsive log walls! I called aloud, and my voice came to me thinly, as if from a distance. An ineffable hopelessness came over me, and I sank on my knees by the table, and buried my numb face on my senseless arms.

All the horrors that followed have failed to weaken the memory of that moment of overwhelming and nameless terror. As I sit now writing at that same table, and look around at these same rough walls, an echo of that feeling of hopelessness comes back to me, and I smite my clenched knuckles on the resounding board, to make sure that it rings at the stroke, and that things are realities once more.

How long that supreme sense of terror lasted I do not know; probably some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. But slowly a feeling which had from the first been combating, and to some extent mitigating, the miseries of the situation began to possess me, and to restore me to my normal self, — the feeling of professional curiosity as to the nature of the drug under the influence of which I then was. A very devil's potion it seemed. Certainly its action on me had been violent and crippling. But the stronger its properties proved,

the more important its addition to the pharmacopœia would ultimately be. As I rose to my feet from my kneeling posture, a blue jay fluttered down with a dissonant "charr-rr-rr," and perched itself, head inside the cabin, in the doorway, looking dull and bedraggled in the damp air. I raised my arm and cursed the bird in stern Anglo-Saxon, whereat it tumbled precipitately backwards, and flew clamorously headlong into the mist. Come! It was a comfort to find some external thing that would still recognize and respect my existence. I yet had some relation to the things of the world.

Walking to the door, I leaned against one of the posts and looked out. Four figures were approaching from the direction of the father's cabin; and it was with something which was almost joy that I counted them, and knew that Tsin-shil-zaska was still at the Mission, and that I might hope to recover my properties and revenge myself.

They advanced slowly: the father with bowed head and downcast eyes; the Indians with heads erect and eyes gazing into the mist, as if they rested on the distant landscape beyond. They were evidently coming straight to my door, so I drew a pace or so inside, and awaited them with a deprecatory smile, apologetic for my nudity, on my face.

The father, after a moment's hesitation in the doorway, stepped in first, and his lips moved in murmured blessing. Tsin-shil-zaska followed. The others remained outside. I stood a yard and a half, perhaps, back from the entrance, waiting awkwardly for the good priest's salutation. But —

Even now, sitting writing this on almost the very spot on which I stood then, and with every detail of what passed imprinted — ah, how clearly — on my memory, I cannot accurately describe the utter horror of the minutes which followed.

In the first place, no salutation came. The eyes of the Indian, as he entered,

shifted in one rapid glance around the cabin, and then fixed themselves, not on the wall, but on the distance beyond it. Father Francis began, with an expression of deepest anxiety on his face, to search the cabin in detail with his eyes. I was standing in front of him, slightly to his left hand (what a sailor would call on his port bow), directly between him and the table where it stood pushed into the corner. His scrutiny began at the corner to his and the doorway's left, to my right, and, after resting there a moment, passed along the wall, shifting from the floor upwards to the table — and me. For fully a minute again his eyes rested on me, — on my chest, dropping to my knee, passing from right shoulder to left, and from left elbow back to right. But I knew that it was not I that he was looking at, — not my chest, nor knee, nor shoulder, nor elbow.

He was looking *through me* at the table, under it, up to the bunk, from one side to the other; then, following the corner post, up to the ceiling.

It is useless for me to attempt to describe the sensation of that moment of terror. People have been buried alive, conscious the whole time, and have lived to tell of it. Men have kneeled on the scaffold, awaiting the fall of the axe which never fell, and have recalled afterwards the sensations of those last moments before the joyful shout announced the reprieve. But never, as I believe now, has such mental agony been allotted to mortal man as in those moments seemed to arrest my very being. I strove to speak, but my tongue refused its office. I reached out my hand, and let it feebly fall again. Again I tried to articulate, and at last the word came: —

“Father!”

But how thin, and weak, and how far away! Obviously he heard it not. Even I could hardly say whether I heard it, whether it had actually come in external words to my ear, or whether

it had simply passed to my brain over the internal currents of my nerves.

It was Father Francis who spoke: —

“You have not heard the report of his rifle, my son, since he left?”

“Huh!” with negative accent.

“Yet one of you, with your keen hearing, would surely have heard it had he fired?”

“Huh!” This time in the affirmative.

And it was I of whom they were speaking as of one absent; I, who stood here so close to the father that we could have clasped hands without either of us moving; I, who heard their every syllable, but could not make my voice heard in reply; I, present here before their very eyes, in daylight, unseen and — invisible! And the memory of Tsin-shil-zaska's words came back to me: —

“The wolf, when hunted, if given time to eat what leaves he chooses, makes himself invisible. Has the Indian, being wiser, learned nothing of all this?”

Of the events which followed, when the first agony of the discovery of my condition had passed, my memory is vague and confused. I remember them only as a man may recall some stray shreds of the tangled visions which came to him in delirium.

Father Francis and the Indian stayed some time in the cabin, I know, the father at intervals advancing suggestions as to my whereabouts. I know too that in those moments I called and prayed to them to see me. I brandished my hands in their faces; fell at their feet, and clutched the skirts of the father's robe, which moved not as my nerveless fingers touched it. I struck Tsin-shil-zaska in the face with my clenched fist, and not so much as an eyelid trembled. I raved and wept, and shouted in their ears, and they stood unconscious of my presence. I flung myself before their feet as they turned to go, and their feet brushed me aside, without my feeling the contact or having strength to resist.

They did not so much as check in their gait. I might have been "thin as air;" apparently, to them, I was. Once, when they had traversed half the distance to the father's cabin, I still following, and clinging, or trying to cling, to them as they went, the good priest stopped, and turning abruptly to his companion said: —

"And thou, my son, knowest nothing of him?"

Gravely, sternly, searchingly, he looked the Indian in the eyes. But the other, — the red scoundrel! — how firmly he bore the scrutiny! Not a muscle of his face moved. He assumed no look of injured innocence. There was no over-acting. Unconcerned, imperturbable, he gazed back into and through the father's eyes.

"Of the Man-with-the-little-rifle? Tsin-shil-zaska knows nothing of him."

"But you quarreled with him, my son?"

"Huh!"

For an instant longer the father looked him in the face; then turned and walked on. It was impossible to guess whether his suspicions were entirely overcome or not. I longed to tell him to go on questioning, — to thrust home and spare not, and probe till he had forced the truth from the Indian's heart. But I could not. I was powerless, hopeless, substanceless.

As the day wore on and the white mist began to lift from the mountain slopes, lingering in thick flakes and scarves about the pine boughs, Father Francis organized a search expedition for me. The Indians started in a body up the river-bank, while the father himself struck into the hills behind the Mission. I stayed behind, desolate and hopeless.

Soon after noon, — a dull, sodden day it was, — the Indians returned; and an hour or so later, the father too came back. The father spent most of the evening on his knees, coming out occa-

sionally into the air to look and listen for any signs of me, while I would stand hopeless by his cabin door, and try again and again to make him understand that I was by his side. Late into the night his candle burned, reddening the rough inside of the cabin, and just showing the outline of the black figure that kneeled before the crucifix in prayer.

Another day came and went. The forenoon was again spent in search for me, — though the Indians only started off in a perfunctory, listless way, and returned again within an hour, — and all the evening and night the good priest remained on his knees, praying, as I knew, for me.

For myself, I needed neither sleep nor nourishment. At night I wandered about the moonlit slope, wondering whether ghosts felt as miserable as I; or sat in the doorway of my cabin, occasionally, but rarely, throwing myself on my bunk, and lying there, longing to know how long this would last, and cursing Tsin-shil-zaska in my heart. Whatever change had come over my being, however thin and substanceless I might be (I had soon discovered that I threw no shadow), it was evident that my specific gravity was still appreciably greater than that of the atmosphere. I walked, and sat, and moved, — the law of gravitation affected me, — as though I were still solid and of ordinary fleshly weight. Only in relation to other substances and beings did I feel inferiority; and there were moments of solitude when I would actually forget my condition. Nor, in those first days, did it ever occur to me that my disembodiment, or etherealization, could be anything more than a temporary affection, which would last only so long as the operation of the drug continued active.

But one day I made a discovery, — curious at first, horrible afterwards. It was on the afternoon of the third day — a variable afternoon of alternate cloud and sunshine — that I was standing in

front of the Mission, in the centre of the crescent of cabins, when the five ponies, which wandered at will on the foot-hills, unhobbled, came walking in single file towards the river.

I was directly in their line of march, and as the first one approached me — a small dapple-gray, rat-like animal, with pink nose and ropy tail — I reached out my hand to its forelock. The animal at once flung its head aside and avoided my touch. Could it have been only an accident? I hurried after it, and placed myself again in its path. Again it swerved aside, and deliberately walked around me. I laid my hand on its flank. It winced, shambled on a step or two, changed feet, and broke into a lope. The second pony had reached me by this time. The same series of experiments had a like effect, and all five were soon going at a canter towards the river.

There could be no question of it. The ponies recognized my presence. Here, as I have said, was a discovery (and now I remembered the blue jay) which might prove useful to me. At any rate, it was infinitely consoling to know that I still had some appreciable properties. It detracted something from the unutterable feeling of isolation which oppressed me, afforded me some shadow of a semblance of companionship in my solitariness, and I proceeded to make the most of it.

I have once referred indirectly to the presence of a dog at the Mission, — one of the hungry, half-coyote, pariah curs which are attached to every Indian camp or caravan. When the ponies had left me, I turned my attention to this dog, which was lying on the grass beside the teepee. As I drew near, his eyes opened and his ears went back, and when I reached out my hand to pat him he drew his head away, sat up on his haunches, — still keeping out of my reach, — and at last got up and slunk off. He trotted a few paces around me in a half circle, and then lay

down again, but evidently uneasily. I approached once more; and again he evaded me. So, for some minutes, I kept him shifting his ground, until he refused to lie down at all, but stood, tail down, waiting wearily for me to go and leave him alone. That I refused to do. Presently he grew tired of being hunted, and commenced to whimper, — a low, whistling whimper at first, and then growing louder and louder. Finally, as I made a pounce at him, he fairly turned tail and fled, howling dolorously, into the teepee.

“The dogs howl with icy breath
When Azrael, Angel of Death,
Takes his flight through the town.”

The quotation from the Koran came into my mind, and then a sudden horror seized me.

“Angel of Death!” The time since my first awakening from the coma had been divided into three stages, or periods, by three moments of supreme terror. The first was the terror of unreality, when the feeling of my lack of relationship to the substances around me had first come over me. The second was the terror of invisibility, when I first knew that Father Francis and the Indian did not see me. Last came the terror of death.

Could this be death? *Was I dead?*

Again and again, at night-time chiefly, I had thought of myself as ghost-like. But was I really a ghost? How could I deny it? What knowledge had I of the state beyond the grave, to be sure that this was not the common form of departed spirits? I thought of all the men of whom I knew, from Socrates downwards, who have believed in the presence of demons, or angels, or genii, or the spirits of dead fellow-men, invisible, on earth. What assurance had I that my condition was exceptional, — that I was not sharing the common lot that comes to all men after death? I needed no food to support me. Perhaps it was only an ordinary, though to me

unknown, poison that had been given me, and no drug of mysterious potency. But no, I thought, with sudden relief, that cannot be. Where, if so, is my body, — my (how I shuddered at the thought!) corpse? The relief, however, was short-lived. Why could not Tsin-shil-zaska have hidden my body as easily as he had hidden my clothes and rifle? And I found myself actually sweeping the horizon with my eyes, to see if anywhere over the tree-tops I could see hovering the tell-tale buzzards or carrion crows, to show me where my own corpse lay.

For the first time it occurred to me with any force that perhaps my state was something more than a temporary affection, dependent upon the continued action of a drug. For the first time I thought that an eternity of this wretchedness might lie before me. How could I tell that there were not other spirits around me, invisible to me as I was invisible to living men; or, if not here on the lonely hill slope, how did I know that in the cities and haunts of men there might not be walking millions such as I? The thought was horrid in its possibility, utterly overwhelming in its bewildering immensity.

Then I fell upon my knees on the sunlit grass, and prayed as only a man in the supremest agonies can pray. From that moment I have never ceased to be devoutly thankful for the sustaining hope which was always with me. I arose from my knees full of confidence. It was easy for me to prove by irrefutable logic that the probabilities were enormously in favor of my being dead, — that I must be dead. But I never in my heart convinced myself, logic to the contrary notwithstanding. I knew inwardly that I lived still as mortals live, — that the life which enabled me to move, and think, and pray, was yet, in spite of the awful change that I had suffered, the same life as had always animated me, and as now animated other

men. An instinct which I could not justify to reason bore me up against my own arguments, and that instinct, implanted, or at least first developed, in those moments of prayer, alone, I believe, prevented my reason from being dethroned.

Henceforward, however, the pleasure of the mute companionship of beasts was gone. Occasionally I would stop to pat the dog or make a pony move from its path, to assure myself that I still had some hold upon the world of external things. But such experiments were ever accompanied with a chilling return of the thought of death and an echo of those agonies of doubt. I did not often try them.

So day followed day, and I still wandered about the Mission, naked in my own eyes, invisible to others, voiceless to all human ears but my own, insensible to the changes of temperature, needing neither sleep nor nourishment, and senseless and numb of touch. The father had given up the search for me, though his eyes would wander mournfully from my cabin to the distant hills, and from there to heaven, when his lips would move in silent prayer.

How, in those days, I learned to love and honor Father Francis! And for Tsin-shil-zaska my hatred increased. He and his three companions still hung around the Mission, ostensibly to wait till they could take back the news that the trout had run up stream. They divided their time between sitting on the ground about the teepee and sitting on the ground by the river's bank. Occasionally, they mounted their ponies and went off, aimlessly as it seemed, for half a day's ride over the plains and foothills. Timothy was still an invalid.

I had lived thus for a week, — what a week! — when I made another discovery, of more importance than the last.

It was mid-afternoon, — still and hot as a Pacific coast spring day can be, — the air shimmering with heat, and the

last year's butterflies, which fluttered round the walls of the Mission and sat fanning their wings in the warm rays, seeming the only things moving.

I was sitting listlessly in the door of my cabin. Opposite me, the flap of canvas which made the door of the teepee was caught back with a two-pronged peg of bone, and in the shadow within, I knew, lay Timothy, alone. Drawn by idle curiosity, I crossed the intervening space and entered the tent. In spite of the open door and central hole at the apex of the roof, the air within was thick and heavy with that oppressive smell — part grease, part dirt, and part humanity — which clings to the Indian wherever he goes. In the gloom I could just distinguish the form of Timothy, stretching almost from side to side of the narrow tent. The only other contents of the place were a heap of skins and furs, scraps of dried meat, tin cups, saddles, rope, and innumerable other miscellaneous but indistinguishable things, such as the Indian loves to accumulate, which covered probably one third of the entire floor space.

Timothy was evidently asleep. There was no other seat there, so, conscious of my imponderability, but with no particular intent, I seated myself on him. As I rested on him he moved, muttered uneasily in his sleep, and then rolled round from his right side to his left, throwing me off. As soon as he was quiet, I resumed my seat. No sooner had I done so, however, than he commenced to toss again, this time suddenly, and heaving me, staggering, against the further side of the tent.

Could it be possible that he was conscious of my presence? I did not believe it, but determined to see. So, dropping on my knees by his side, I passed my hand once or twice over his face. Yes, he felt it. Drowsily he shook his head, as if to free himself from my hand, and, when I removed it, lay still again. By this time I had be-

come excited and keenly hopeful. Again I touched his face, weighed against his side, and passed my hand over his frowzy, tangled hair. Yes, he stirred as before.

"Timothy!" I called. "Timothy! Wake up! I am here! Do you hear me? Timothy!"

Slowly his head rolled from side to side, and his lips began to move. Eagerly I bent my head to catch his words, but he made only an indistinguishable murmuring. Again I called and shook, or tried to shake him. Once more his lips moved, and brokenly among the mutterings I caught my name, — "Man-with-the-little-rifle."

"Yes! Yes! Timothy," — how I was thrilling with excitement! — "the Man-with-the-little-rifle is here! He is speaking to you now! Do you hear him? Timothy!"

But the response was inaudible. Excited almost to frenzy, I called and called again, shook him, and threw myself upon him. Suddenly he reached out his arms, and, with a cry of pain, awoke. There was a startled look in his eyes, I could see in the gloom, as though he expected to find somebody there. I waited, hardly daring to breathe in my suspense. But the look died away. Evidently I was as invisible to him as ever. He pulled himself up to a half-sitting posture, and, leaning against one of the poles of the teepee, remained wide awake, with his eyes staring out through the open door into the sunlight.

Awake he was utterly unconscious of my presence, but asleep he was sensible of my touch and heard my voice. Was it possible that between human beings, when asleep, and myself there existed some such affinity as was evident between myself and brutes? Altogether incapable of making my presence felt by people when awake, was it possible that I could place myself *en rapport* with them when asleep? So it must be;

and I sat and watched Timothy, hungrily waiting for the first signs of returning somnolence, like a vulture waiting the approach of death to a wounded man. But Timothy was incorrigibly wide awake, as he reclined there, gazing with unfathomable eyes at the distant landscape. Presently the sound of cantering hoofs told that the others were returning, and I left the teepee to wait impatiently for nightfall.

Never, it seemed to me, did the sun sink so deliberately behind the horizon. When night did come, I thought the good old priest would never go to bed. How late he read! At last the volume was placed carefully aside. Then the light was extinguished, and I knew that a prolonged interval of prayer would elapse before he went to bed. I drew near, and sat in the doorway, from whence, in the gloom within, I could vaguely distinguish the outline of the dark-robed figure kneeling beneath the crucifix. Sometimes the murmur of his voice reached me, fervent but low, and more than once my heart was stirred deeply as the cadence of my name caught my ear. At length he rose, and was soon lying on his bed of cedar boughs, a rough and unaccommodating couch for so aged and good a head. I approached, and stood by the bunk side, waiting till the regular breathing told me that he slept. Then, with intense if suppressed excitement, I commenced my experiments.

First, I leaned over him, and whispered his name several times in his ear. Next, lightly and reverently, I passed my hand over his face and hair. After two or three such passes a certain irregularity in the breathing told me that his slumber was disturbed.

"Father! Father Francis! It is I, Arthur Sayce, your son, who speaks!"

Wearily he rolled his head from side to side; a faint murmur broke from his lips, and then — he awoke! The disappointment, when his sudden movement

and the change in respiration told me that he had awaked, was intense. But there was nothing for it but to wait till sleep again asserted itself. This did not take many minutes, but to me, in my impatience, every moment of delay was irksome. At length he slept; but, as he had awaked so easily before, I knew that it would be better to allow him to become more deeply immersed in slumber before recommencing my experiments. So I left the cabin, and sentenced myself to walk twenty times from the door to the Mission and back, before returning.

This time I was more cautious, and touched his face more carefully (for, though without any sense of touch, I could regulate my muscles perfectly) and breathed his name more lightly in his ear. Whenever he moved, I ceased, — waiting breathless with fear lest he should wake; then I commenced again to touch and whisper to him as soon as the regularity of his breathing was resumed. It was a stealthily and seemed an unholy work, and more than once I started guiltily at the hoot of an owl or the cry of a distant wolf.

"This," I thought to myself, "is how the midnight murderer feels."

Many a time he murmured indistinctly in his sleep, but it was not till the night was far advanced, after hours of striving in alternate hope and despair, that I caught the sound of my name from his lips.

"Arthur Sayce!" he murmured brokenly. "He has not returned. My son! My son! He will not come to me, but I may go to him!"

"Yes! Yes! Father, he is here; he has returned; he has come to you! It is I, father, speaking to you now!" But he was awake again.

Once more, when he fell asleep, I exiled myself from the cabin, and resumed my old task, increased this time, by sentence of the court, to thirty turns outside. Returning, the same slow work

of establishing communication with the slumbering mind commenced. By many repetitions, alternately insisting and desisting, I brought him once more to speak my name. By slow degrees, going again and again over every step of ground, and always fearful that he was on the brink of wakefulness, I told him all the story, — I told him how Tsin-shil-zaska had given me a drug; and at the twentieth repetition of the fact, perhaps, the sleeper gulped, and the muscles of his throat went through the motions of swallowing in his slumbers. I told him of my sickness and of my coma, and in the responsive, uneasy tossings of his head and gripings of his hand I saw that the idea of sickness and pain was with him in his sleep. I told him of my waking and of his coming to my cabin, of the discovery of my powerlessness; and as I did so, repeating each phrase many times, the name of the medicine man fell from his lips, and in the mutterings that followed the word “unrepentant” caught my ear.

The excitement of the narration and of the eager waiting for signs that he understood was intense. Merely as a psychical experiment, the operation was keenly fascinating; but added to that was the fact that, as I trusted, my life itself hung dependent on the experiment’s success.

Again he awoke, and again, with unflagging eagerness, I went through all the story, repeating and again repeating every detail of it. The final fact that I had to force upon his mind was that Tsin-shil-zaska, and he alone, as far as I knew, had possession of the secret, and from him, if from anybody, must the method of counteracting or reversing the operation of the drug be learned. How often and in how many forms I repeated that fact I do not know. But the gray light of morning came, and found me still struggling with him. Then I left him, that he might have some space of peaceful slumber, and went out into

the open air to wait for day as impatiently as I had waited for the preceding night.

At the first movement inside the cabin, I returned. Father Francis was just rising. I was beside him as he stepped from his bunk, crossed the floor, and fell on his knees before the crucifix. His first sentences of prayer were audible words of thanksgiving, — “In that Thou, O Lord, hast esteemed my service worthy of continuance for yet another day of earth,” — and of supplication for the welfare during the day of “Thy servant and those whom Thou hast allotted him to labor with, as well as for all Thy children upon earth.” Then his words became unintelligible even to my strained ears, but it was with eager joy that I caught them rising again: “Strange visions, O Lord, Thou knowest have come to me in my sleep in this the past night, but I know not whether they were of Thee, and sent as of old when Thou spakest to Thy servants in dreams and symbols, as also not seldom in later times. If in truth Thy laws have been broken, and one of Thy children has had the life which Thou gavest him taken from him contrary to Thy will, and if thou hast appointed me as a minister to rebuke the offender, Thou knowest, O Lord, that Thy servant is waiting to do what Thou dost command.”

Again his voice became almost inaudible. Breathless with eagerness, I endeavored to catch the murmured syllables, but it was useless. How I longed for the power, only for one moment, to tell the father that what he had heard in his sleep was true, to urge him to follow the clue thus given to him! But it was futile wishing, and, weary and desperate, I turned into the open air again, as the father rose from his knees.

I waited anxiously for the first meeting of the father and the medicine man. It came after the morning prayer, when the sun was a-glitter on the mountain peaks, though the Mission lay yet in

shadow. On issuing from the building, the father called Tsin-shil-zaska to him, and with him reëntered the cabin. For some moments both stood silent: the father keeping his eyes fixed on the ground; the Indian, with frowzy hair and blanket muffled round his chin, gazing into vacancy. At length the father raised his eyes and looked at the Indian, while I stood trembling by.

"Tsin-shil-zaska, my son, I have had strange dreams during the night."

"Huh!" And there was a whole monograph of skepticism condensed into the monosyllable.

"Once more I must ask thee: thou knowest naught of him who is lost?"

"Of the Man - with - the - little - rifle? Huh!" This time in the negative and with one slow shake of his head.

"In my dreams, I thought thou knewest of the manner of his death; nay, that thou hadst the power to produce him again."

"Tsin - shil - zaska has no power to bring the dead to life. The good father is a greater medicine man than he."

"When didst thou last see him?"

"The good father was with the Man-with-the-little-rifle last before he went away. Tsin-shil-zaska might ask the good father whether he knows anything of him."

"My son," said Father Francis, "thou knowest that I have never unjustly accused any one, — that I have quarreled with none and done no man wrong. Thou knowest that I would rather love thee than hate, and if thou canst show me that my suspicions are unjust it will be gladness and joy to me."

The Indian's face remained utterly without expression during this appeal.

"The good father has no cause for his suspicions. Tsin-shil-zaska has done no wrong."

Again there was silence. The father looked anxiously at him for some seconds; then, —

"I trust it is so, my son. If thou

hast done any wrong, be sure that the Lord will convict and punish thee."

With that he moved away to the farther end of the cabin. Then for the first time a gleam of expression came into the Indian's eyes, — only one flash, but a flash of such malignity and hatred as I have never seen in human eyes before or since. A moment later he shuffled out of the cabin.

That day formed another epoch in my period of exile from the world. Then arose the fourth terror, which held a longer sway than any of its predecessors. This was the terror of murder.

After the events of the preceding night, the intense strain and mental agonies of those hours of darkness, I was possessed with a strange restlessness all day. It was a curious feeling, — feverishness, perhaps, if a man without blood could be obnoxious to fever; intense nervousness, if nervousness could attach to a being that is nerveless.

The Indians had shambled off afoot in the morning, and the place was lonely even to me, accustomed as I was now to the supreme isolation of my condition. About midday, I, for the first time since the drinking of the drug, left the Mission, and wandered aimlessly towards the river. The stream was running brimful, and muddy with the melted snow from the mountains. Most unlike a trout stream it looked, as it hurried past in thick eddies and rapids, flecked with bubbles. Reaching the bank, I turned down stream, following the winding water through patches of woodland, and beds of purple iris, and round smooth lawns of grass. Arriving at one unusually dense patch of woodland and brush, it became necessary to leave the stream, and skirt the edges of the thicket. When I was half-way round, the sound of voices from the other side of the intervening brush caught my ear. These, as I approached, resolved themselves into the rhythmic cadence of an Indian

chant, — the rising and falling of that simple song without words which is common to all the Northwestern Indians: “Hi-yi-yi-yi-ya-ha-ha-hi-yi!” and so on in endless strophes of “Hi-yi-yi!” and antistrophes of “Ha-ya-ya!” On rounding the end of the woodland, I came upon the party from which the song proceeded, — my friend and enemy, Tsin-shil-zaska, and his two satellites. Just now all three were revolving in a common orbit round the same centre. From a distance I could not see what that centre was; but on approaching I found it to be a simple stake, some four feet high, driven into the ground, on the top of which a dead scarlet-crested woodpecker was impaled. Whether the woodpecker was an accidental victim, or whether the old bird of augury still has for the red man of the Northwest any supernatural properties, I do not know. However, there Picus lay, or hung, evidently the central figure in a solemn ceremonial.

It was a dance which was new to me, and I have a suspicion that it was invented for the occasion by Tsin-shil-zaska. Their blankets were thrown aside, and all were, except for a waistcloth, from the sides of which depended the straps by which the leggings, which reached a little above the knees, were supported, entirely naked. They were revolving in a circle, some ten feet in diameter, each equidistant from the other, of which the impaled woodpecker was the centre. Their attitudes and gestures were the same, and those which are adopted by, I believe, all Indians in their solemn dances: the knees slightly bent; the bronze body leaned a little forward, as if in eager, stealthy march upon some enemy; the head erect, and turning stiffly and in jerks from side to side; the left hand pressed upon the groin; the right upraised, as if about to stab with the large knife which each held in his fingers. “Hi-yi-yi-yi! Hi-ya-a-a! Ya-ha-ha-ha!” and so on, and

so on, — *da capo* and *ad libitum*. Each sang without reference to the time of the others, and moved his feet, raising them at each step very high, and planting them flat and firmly, only to the cadence of his own voice. At intervals, Tsin-shil-zaska, who was evidently coryphæus, would, in addition to his regular revolution in the common orbit, make a quick secondary revolution on his own axis, — turning round on his heels as if suspecting some enemy behind, and quickly resuming his place in the circle, to recommence hi-yi-ing with renewed vigor.

For fully a quarter of an hour I watched them treading their weary round; then Tsin-shil-zaska quickened his step. The others followed suit. Quicker and quicker they revolved, till all were fairly on the run. Meanwhile their voices were rising, and the chant grew faster and wilder, till at length it culminated in that strange yelping noise into which all Indian chantings resolve themselves in the crisis of a dance. They brandished their right arms around their heads. The heads themselves turned rapidly from side to side. Keenest excitement was on every face. The yelpings rose higher and higher yet; faster and more furious grew the dance, till suddenly, with one demoniacal howl in unison, all three sprang on the poor woodpecker with uplifted knives. A sudden stab from Tsin-shil-zaska's hand loosened the bird from the stake, and it dropped to the ground. In an instant all were on their knees beside it, and in rapid succession the three knives were plunging into the mangled body, — so rapid that it seemed a wonder that none stabbed a comrade by mistake. For half a minute, perhaps, they were on their knees, each stabbing as fast as his muscles would work, and throwing into every stroke the strength of a death-thrust.

It was unutterably horrible and savage to watch. I felt my own being

thrill with excitement, and the muscles of my hands twitched responsively as the Indians stabbed. When they rose from the ground, a few small shreds of bloody flesh and a litter of feathers — red and green and gray — were all that remained of the sacred bird.

It was a very Dance of Death. Whether or not anything as to the meaning of what I had witnessed had yet formed itself in my mind, I cannot say. I knew that it made me shudder; that it was horrid, — the condensed expression of all the bloodthirstiness of savage nature; and, vaguely, that it had somehow a terrible significance. It was not long before I knew what that significance was.

After a moment's rest, Tsin-shil-zaska proceeded to gather up the feathers and fragments of flesh in his hands. Advancing to the edge of the swollen river, which was not ten paces away, he scattered them over the water, to be swirled away into eddies as soon as they touched the stream. This action he accompanied with the low chanting of what I knew must be a curse. Most of it was unintelligible to me, being in his native tongue, but twice the words "good father" caught my ear, and made me shudder. Ceasing, he turned round, took half a pace towards the Mission, and stood, the knife clasped in his right hand at the level of the thigh, the left foot forward as if about to make a spring, and every muscle in his body strained and rigid. The other two at once caught the spirit of the pose, and, similarly grasping their knives, threw themselves into the same attitude, facing in the same direction. A yell broke from Tsin-shil-zaska's lips. He raised his knife as if to strike, and all three started to run abreast towards the Mission. At first I thought they were really about to "run amuck" to the father's cabin, and murder him in their present frenzy. But after some ten paces they halted, brandished their knives, with a ferocity

that was indescribable, in the air, in the direction of the invisible buildings, gave one yell, and suddenly relapsed into perfect Indian apathy.

It was awful to see the completeness with which they controlled themselves. A moment before, fierce as wolves savage with the lust of blood; and now, with their bronze skins still flashing in the sun from the perspiration which the excitement and exercise had forced from their pores, unconcerned and listless as if after a day of idleness.

I did not wait by the river, but started at once for the Mission. There was no longer the shadow of a doubt in my mind as to the significance of what I had witnessed. The ferocity of the final feint in the direction of the Mission could not be misunderstood, even if the repetition of the father's name in Tsin-shil-zaska's curse had not already given the cue. That a murder, and a murder of the most revolting kind, was about to be committed I knew, without any argument or the necessity of putting my knowledge into words. The medicine man was, of course, the instigator of the horrible conspiracy, with no possible motive for his crime but malice and jealousy, with perhaps a touch of fear, awakened by the father's reference to his vision, lest his disposition of myself should be discovered. The dance, with its bloody symbolism, — whether improvised or of traditional observance on such occasions. I could not guess, — was undoubtedly intended to give to the crime some semblance of religious sacrifice in the minds of the other two. All this I realized without formulating my apprehensions into words, as I ran, in dazed, staggering haste, back to the Mission.

Arrived at the father's cabin, I found him seated on a stool, lost in meditation, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, his hands folded in his lap. I threw myself kneeling at his feet, rested my elbows on his knees, and gazed in an agony of

supplication and despair into his eyes. If I could but tell him! If by the lightest sign I could only make known my presence to him, then it might be that in some way I could put him on his guard! If it were only night-time, when I could speak to him in his sleep! But I thought with terror that before another night came it might be too late, and I would only be able, having witnessed his murder, to implore, in the perhaps more perfect communication of invisible with invisible spirit, his forgiveness. Was it quite impossible to establish a means of correspondence with his waking mind? All my life I have had the supremest contempt for what I have considered the charlatanry of spiritualism, and mind-reading, and "Christian science;" but in those moments of agony, how I wished that I had given even the smallest study to the methods which I had been so quick to despise!

Kneeling before him, I gazed with all my soul into the great grave eyes which, at a distance of scarcely a foot, looked through mine, and struggled to project some impulse of my mind into his. If ever man was enabled to influence and inform the mind of another, surely I, I thought, in the intensity of my endeavor, can influence him. Striving my utmost, contracting my brows to concentrate my gaze the more perfectly, drawing my eyes closer and closer to his, I watched with tingling anxiety every light and shade that flitted across his face. Sometimes serene in quiet meditation, then ruffling under the passing shadow of troubled thought, then again placid and smooth as if sunlit with the light of piety, I watched his eyes, as one may watch the surface of the lake on a day of fickle cloud and sunshine. More earnestly still I attempted to compress my whole being — heart and thought — into my gaze, and to force my mind into communion with his, trying to cut my attention from wan-

dering even so far as to recognize the changes of expression on his sad, sweet face.

Whether or not I influenced him, certainly he was influencing me. I felt myself drawn more near and yet more near to him; my very life seemed to merge and lose itself in the soft light of his eyes; a sense of dependence came over me, — of oblivion. I ceased to realize my own corporeal individuality, and felt drawn by those eyes into a clearer, purer atmosphere than I was used to move in. My mind was wrapped, engulfed, in his. A sense of quiet and of holy awe to which I was a stranger came over me. I knew that his temper was absorbing mine, or rather infusing itself into me. With an effort I strove to undazzle my sense, and with my heart as much as with my lips I murmured, "Murder!" And it seemed to me as if it were he who murmured it, not I, — or at least that our two beings murmured it as one.

Suddenly his brow contracted. His eye darkened, as if some thunder-cloud obscured the light. His lips moved. The charm was broken, and my mind freed itself from his. Hastily he rose and paced to the door; then returned, and gazing for a moment, with clasped hands, at the crucifix where it hung against the rough log wall, in the further shadow of the little cabin, dropped on his knees beneath it in prayer.

"O Lord! I know not whether these presentiments, so often recurring, are sent of Thee, or whether they are but the unworthy forebodings of a fearful heart. Thy will be done, O Lord! In the days past, Thine arm has upheld me in the presence of death, when the knives were already lifted against me, and Thy goodness has softened the savage hearts. Lord, Thou knowest that Thy servant awaits Thy bidding, and that if it be Thy pleasure that I should now die by the hand of violence I am willing to suffer. But I pray Thee,

O Lord, that this act be not laid to the charge of him who does it. Of Thy infinite mercy, I beseech Thee to pardon him " —

And here his voice became inaudible. I *had* influenced him! At least I had been able, however dimly, to warn him of the danger which impended; but I knew, and sickened at the knowledge, that he would take no steps to avoid what was coming, but would meet it resignedly as a manifestation of His will.

The rest of that day was terrible to me, as one long waking nightmare. But at last the time for the evening service arrived. The father, who had been on his knees in prayer since mid-afternoon, entered the Mission building. The Indians came up the hill, with their long shadows in front, and followed him into the sacred edifice. Then they sat silent, expressionless, indifferent, while the man whom they were about to murder prayed for them. Perhaps they did not hear him, or surely his gentle words must have softened their hearts. His prayers were short. Doubtless he felt the mockery of it all. His words were chiefly a supplication in behalf of the three visible members of his congregation; a hope that they might be blessed and purified, and made to live in the way of peace and gentleness, forgetting more and more the untaught manners of their fathers, and leading with every day a life of greater humanity and mercy. They submitted passively to be prayed for, never changing countenance, and, when he ceased, rose and shuffled down the aisle, shutting the sunlight out of the door as they stepped into the open air. The father remained, as usual, a few minutes on his knees, and then passed out with bowed head. The Indians were waiting outside for his customary evening greeting, which was given with greater earnestness than usual, and which they acknowledged doggedly, and with a brief, ungracious-sounding murmur of response. Their

faces did not change, — the same stolid, expressionless features, and the eyes fixed on the further dusk of the evening.

It was all, to me, inexpressibly pathetic and very terrible.

The father lingered in his cabin doorway for one last look at the now half-hidden sun, and I thought that I saw; "in his eyes the foreknowledge of death." Very deep and sad the eyes were, while the whole cabin, his face, his very robe, and the hillside beyond were flushed with rose-color. Turning, he went into the cabin. The Indians shuffled off, their three figures black and large against the sky.

The father was soon again upon his knees, and I sat crushed and weary in the doorway. The last tinge of rose almost faded from the western sky. The song of the meadow-lark and the osprey's shrill scream ceased, and the night-hawks wheeled overhead. The mist hanging over the river shut out all the landscape. Once the father rose, and paced up and down his cabin; and when he stopped in the doorway I rose, and laid my hands on his shoulders, endeavoring to bring my mind once more into communication with his, to piece out the imperfect warning of the afternoon. But it was useless. His eyes were looking up to heaven, "filled with the sacred imagination of things which are not," and I knew that his mind was on a plane to which I could not climb, — holy and unapproachable in its serenity. It awed me, and I soon desisted. As I sat down again a strange dizziness came over me, causing sudden hope to thrill through me. But it passed, though I sat with head thrown back and muscles relaxed, inviting it to return.

Darkness fell. The father prayed on. Hours passed, — nine o'clock — ten — eleven. My strained ears had as yet heard no sound from the direction of the teepee. At last the father rose, and lit a small remnant of candle, which was placed on a shelf just below the crucifix,

so that that only caught any light, the kneeling figure below and the bunk being in complete darkness. Looking out into the night, I gave a sudden start. Something moved there in the further, faint candlelight. Yes, there were figures approaching, — one — two — three; and I knew that the supreme hour had come.

But once more the dizziness was on me. This time the fit did not pass away so quickly; and what followed is all indistinct in my memory. I can remember Tsin-shil-zaska entering the cabin. I rose, and followed him in. I saw the father standing and facing the Indian. Then sinking on my knees behind and almost touching the latter, as he stood beside the table, I swooned.

When I recovered consciousness, it was to suffer again all the internal rackings, the nausea, and the dizziness that had beset me after the drinking of the drug. Through them I was dimly conscious of a certain hopefulness, — hope that this second agony might mean that the potion had exhausted itself. But hope was soon blotted out again by physical pain.

Brokenly, as if from a distance, voices reached me. A movement in the blanket just before my face suddenly attracted my attention. The Indian's right arm had dropped stealthily down, and the long blade of the knife that I had seen twice before protruded from under the folds to within a few inches of my cheek. Again the fit came over me, and I sank lower to the ground, resting with my knuckles on the sawdust floor; and as the paroxysm passed, a new fact came dimly to me: I became aware that I could feel a sensation of weight upon my hands, — a sensation to which I had long been a stranger.

Hope? Oh, I was hopeful in a vague, weary way. Everything was strange and unreal. I knew that I was becoming myself again; that my flesh gained substance once more. I knew that my

horrid trance was ending; but I knew also that murder was about to be committed before me, and above all was the sense of intense sickness and great physical pain. I knew what was going on, — knew it acutely; but I did not seem to care.

The Indian fumbled the handle of the knife in his fingers; and I heard his voice: —

"Tsin-shil-zaska has not the power to bring the dead to life, but he can make the living dead."

The crisis had arrived. I saw the fingers moving nervously on the knife handle, as if preparing for the final grip. A few seconds more and all would be too late. Clearly, as in a burst of light, it all came to me. Had I strength? I knew not, but with a sudden spring I had clutched the murderer's hand in both of mine. The left grasped his wrist. The right wrenched the knife from his unsuspecting fingers. I jumped to my feet. He turned quickly to confront me. The candle, long apparently dead, shot up into sudden brilliancy, and a gleam of terror came into his eyes, as he saw who it was that faced him. In a quick movement of fear he raised his left arm, and with it the blanket from his breast, and I drove the knife with all my strength into his heart.

We fell together to the ground. Neither had uttered a sound. Then, as I lay, came the nausea again, — deathly retching; everything swam around me; my head seemed bursting; then blackness, and once more I was unconscious.

When I awoke it was afternoon, as was evident from the sunlight which shone aslant in at the open door, throwing a long, pointed patch of yellow across the floor. I was in the father's cabin, lying on the bunk, with a blanket thrown over me. I knew at once that I was again as other men are. Father Francis kneeled by my side.

"Father!"

"My son!"

"Can you see me?"

"Assuredly, my son!"

With a long sigh of relief, I turned on my side, and gazed out of the open door at the sunlit landscape, my whole being filled with a sense of dreamy pleasure, such as one feels between sleep and waking, — an inexpressible contentment. There was no alloy whatever in the pure enjoyment of the sensation of new-found life.

And now for my object in writing this. It is in no wise to be regarded as a confession of crime; though indeed, if at any time, through the information of any of the other Indians, accusation should be made against Father Francis of the murder of the medicine man, herein lies his exculpation. Nor is it simply written to catch the public ear by the narration of experiences which I believe to be unprecedented. It is chiefly for the benefit of my brothers of the medical profession, many hundreds of whom will know my name. To them I speak.

Somewhere on these western slopes of the Bitter Roots, not far from the Cœur d'Alène River, and so near to the Mission that the Indian could procure it within a day's journey, is to be found a drug of properties entirely new to science. A physician will not need to be told that the action of the potion was not that of any ordinary acid or alkali. Its operation on me was something more than one of mere chemical dissolution, — no simple resolving of matter into its elements. With some subtler action than chemist has ever been called upon to analyze, — by means of properties the very genus of which cannot be guessed at, — it works upon the vital forces themselves. It is the fable of Gyges' ring translated into the language of prescriptions: "the gift of fernseed" in the hands of every qualified pharmacist in the United States! And during

the two months in which I have been searching for the herb with the pungent, well-remembered smell, there is not a fern on the mountain side that I have not examined and experimented with again and again, with some vague, half-superstitious hope that the old myth may somehow help me to the truth.

I have visited the reservation, and cross-questioned the only medicine man now holding any authority, but am convinced that he knows nothing of the secret. Perhaps, had I considered that I was destroying the only clue within my reach, I might have stayed my hand from the death-thrust. But I doubt it. Terror and hatred were strong within me.

I do not purpose leaving this section until the secret is in my hands. Once only have I had any hint of the presence of the plant that I am seeking. It was in a patch of dense forest that clothes a steep hill slope, where it rises abruptly from the river's edge. I was forcing my way through the tangled brush, when suddenly there was a movement a few feet ahead, and a great she cinnamon bear rose in the dim light from behind a rotting log, where she had been lying with her pair of cubs. I knew that I should have to fight, and at once brought my Winchester to my shoulder. The brute scrambled over the log towards me, and as she rose on her haunches on the nearer side, scarcely fifteen feet away, I fired. She dropped, but rose again and charged. The flash from the muzzle must almost have scorched her face, as my second bullet crashed through her skull. So close to me was she that, in falling, one of her fore-paws struck me just above the ankle, and sent me rolling backwards into the brush. In that moment when I was falling the well-remembered scent came clearly to my nostrils. Forgetting all about the cubs, I began plucking the leaves and crushing the stems of every plant around; snapping twigs from the

branches and peeling the bark from the trees, testing every substance with my nose. For a time I even thought that perhaps I was mistaken, and the drug was not an herb at all, but was expressed from some portion of the bear. A series of experiments with the carcass, however, have convinced me that there was no truth in that, and I am to-day as far from the discovery as ever.

But I will not abandon my hope. The chances of mishap in the life that I am leading are many, and it is possible that

I may never live to achieve the great triumph. But I am hopeful, and do not believe that the object of my search can much longer evade me. If anything should happen to me, however, I implore some brother physician who has known me and can rely on what I say, by the love that he bears to his profession, to take up the task that I leave uncompleted. There is a reward worth striving for, worth risking all for. No man who has gone through the experiences that I have known here would relinquish the quest in life.

Harry Perry Robinson.

ADDRESS TO THE ASSEMBLY AT THE OPENING OF THE PLAYERS' CLUB IN NEW YORK.

[*The speaker advances with a chaplet bearing a label on which is written the name of BOOTH.*]

LET us crown Edwin. Though he wear
The crown already of his Art,
Grateful Manhattan's mighty mart
May well a civic garland spare
For one who hath deserved so well
Of his whole country, carrying far
And wide the great Enchanter's spell
Under whose thralldom we all are.
Yet not alone his laurel twine
With civil oak. The poet's bays
And critic's ivy should combine
Besides, to speak our actor's praise.
For he hath educated men,
(Who knew none other lore but this,)
Making past history live again, —
A lofty mark which many miss!
Through him those rough lads of the West
That never slept beneath a roof,
Men from the mountains, tempest-proof,
Gold-hunters, rugged and untaught,
Feel Romeo's passion heave their breast,
Or Hamlet's wisdom swell their thought.
Even the great Marlborough, we are told,
More history learned from Shakespeare's page
Than Holinshed's; nor seems it bold
To guess that many a sapient sage,

As well as soldier, may have known
 More of mankind from gifted bards
 Than chroniclers, though he had grown
 Gray o'er the schoolroom's history-cards.

[*To the Players.*]

Players! I ask your benison for this wreath:
 Oh, read the name that here is writ beneath
 Approvingly, as of all words the one
 Most fit to glorify the sire and son!
 Perchance the coming centuries will say,
 There was a home by Massachusetts Bay,
 Whence children came to keep that flame alive
 Which Edwin kindled, and may long survive
 Till each America, both North and South,
 Shall speak him honor with a single mouth,
 And England's language from the Arctic main
 To San Rosario's watch-tower hold one reign.

[*To Mr. Booth.*]

Tragedian, teacher, take the crown
 Where Love her myrtle with our laurel blends:
 These portals open to large troops of friends,
 But I behold, to cherish thy renown,
 A line, aye stretching, as in Banquo's glass,
 Of thousands following after these do pass.

T. W. Parsons.

THE NEW TALKING-MACHINES.

THE first idea of a genuine talking-machine appears to belong to Thomas A. Edison, who, in 1875, took out patents upon a device intended to reproduce complex sounds, such as those of the human voice. Of the thousands of persons who in that year visited the small room in the Tribune building, in New York, where the first phonograph was for months on exhibition, very few were found to hope much for the invention. It was apparently a toy of no practical value; its talking was more or less of a caricature upon the human voice, and only when one knew what had been said to the phonograph could its version be understood. Edison's

early phonograph nevertheless contained every essential feature of the new instruments which he and other inventors are about to introduce. It was founded upon the discovery that if a delicate diaphragm or sounding-board is provided with a sharp point of steel, its vibrations under the sound of the human voice will cause the sharp point or stylus to make a series of impressions or indentations upon a sheet of wax or other material passed beneath it. Such indentations, though microscopic, are sufficiently defined to cause similar vibrations in the diaphragm, if the stylus is again passed over the furrow of indentations, and this reproduction is loud enough to

be heard. Thus the phonograph in its rudest form consists of a little sounding-board, carrying on its under side a needle-point, and a sheet of wax so held as just to touch the needle. The sound waves of the voice cause the sounding-board with its needle-point to vibrate with a rapidity varying with the pitch of the note. If the wax sheet is moved slowly along while talk is going on, the result is a line of minute indentations. So far there is nothing surprising about the apparatus. But at the end of a line across the wax sheet raise the diaphragm, and put it back to the beginning of the line, causing the point to travel again over the same line of indentations. Listen carefully, and a repetition of the original sounds spoken or sung into the apparatus will be heard, strong or weak, distinct or indistinct, according to the perfection of the instrument. Tin-foil sheets were first used to receive the impression; they were placed on a cylinder, which was turned slowly by hand, in front of the vibrating diaphragm. While the cylinder carrying the foil had a rotary motion, it also moved from right to left, so that the line of dots or indentations made by the stylus formed a spiral running around the cylinder.

The defects of the early phonograph were so great that Edison found it impossible to interest capitalists in perfecting it. It reproduced singing and whistling with wonderful accuracy, but as a talker it was merely a curiosity. As such it was exhibited throughout the country, and the few hundreds then made soon found their way into college laboratories and museums. Edison went to work at his electric light. At the same time there were not wanting eminent men in Europe who predicted great things for the phonograph of the future. What it accomplished was so wonderful that inventors would certainly be tempted to work over it. The perfect and practical phonograph might be due to a

dozen men, each of whom should contribute something. One day it would be found a useful and most wonderful help to man. Edison himself has always stoutly maintained this view. More than a score of times, during the last ten years, he has said to me, "I wish I had leisure to work at my phonograph. When I get rich I will astonish the world with it." He tells me that whenever disheartened for the moment over difficulties connected with his electric-light system, his mind would revert to the phonograph. For years he kept a special note-book in his pocket in which to jot down ideas concerning the invention, suggestions as to future experiments, etc. Two years ago he found himself in a position to take it up again. In the mean time several other inventors and workers had done something to simplify the problem. Mr. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, has made phonographs of far greater delicacy than any of the original instruments, while in England some noted experimenters have succeeded in doing wonders in the way of delicate apparatus. Mr. Edison took up the work where these had left off. In place of a sheet of tin-foil a sheet of prepared wax was adopted. The steel needle-point was retained for indenting the sheet, but for reproducing the sound it was found that an elastic splinter of bamboo, as fine as a hair, answered the purpose better, and made so little impression upon the wax as not to wear off its record. In place of a hand-crank to turn the cylinder an electric motor was introduced. Finally all parts of the machine were made with a delicacy and care not thought of ten years ago. In the old phonograph the attempt was to make a loud noise, and this was accomplished at the expense of distinctness of articulation. If the voice of the perfected phonograph is as loud as that of a telephone, the result will be satisfactory, provided it is perfectly distinct.

Edison has devoted nearly two years to the task of making the phonograph of commercial use. He believes that he has succeeded. Whether or not the instrument shall enter into every-day life, as the telephone has done, is a question for the future. Certainly it is now a far greater wonder than it was in 1875, and it has reached a point where it cannot again be dropped by the scientific world. Whether Mr. Edison, or Mr. Bell, or some one else puts the final touches which will take the apparatus out of the laboratory and make it practical for common use does not much matter. Some one will certainly do it. Those persons who smile incredulously when it is said that the perfected phonograph will do away with letter-writing, will read to us, will sing and play for us, will give us books, music, plays, speeches, at almost no cost, and become a constant source of instruction and amusement, must have forgotten the ridicule they heaped upon the rumor that an American inventor proposed to talk from New York to Chicago. The achievements of the phonograph will at best be less wonderful than those of the telephone.

It has been my privilege to follow pretty closely the evolution of the phonograph under Mr. Edison's hands, and also to study the graphophone of Mr. Bell. A brief account of one apparatus will answer for both, as they are identical in essentials. The new phonograph takes up, with its table, about the space occupied by a sewing-machine, and might at first be taken for one. Underneath the table is an electric battery or a treadle, according to the power used in moving the cylinder. The wax cylinders, or phonograms, as they are called, are two inches in diameter, and vary in length from one to ten inches, according to the amount of talking which is to be engraved upon them. The smallest size is about that of a napkin ring, and will be sufficient for an

ordinary business letter of two or three hundred words. The wax surface is highly polished; when it has been through the apparatus, the marks or engraving upon it can be seen only with a glass. When a message is to be recorded, one of these phonograms is slipped over the permanent steel cylinder, which is set in motion, and the diaphragm, carrying its stylus on the under side, is lowered toward the wax surface until a slight grating sound announces that it touches. Then the talking may begin. It is not necessary to talk louder than in an ordinary conversation, but distinct articulation is required. For reproduction, the stylus is raised, and the "follower" or sounding-spring is brought into contact with the wax. The amount of talking upon a cylinder depends, of course, upon the speed of the talker; one page of this magazine might easily be recorded upon a cylinder ten inches long. The exact value of the reproduction, both in the phonograph and the graphophone, is still, according to my own experience in a score of tests, something of a lottery. With a phone at my ear, I have heard Mr. Edison's phonograph read off a page of *Nicholas Nickleby* so clearly that not one word in twenty was lost; the phonograph's voice was as distinct and as loud as that of a telephone in good working order. At other times the results have been anything but satisfactory. When the apparatus is in the hands of experts, who can adjust a screw here and there, they are likely to be surprisingly good. As to trusting its manipulation to the office boy or the typewriter girl, that is out of the question for the present. It is far too delicate an instrument. When it comes to music, the present achievements are wonderful. The phonograph will reproduce any kind of music — singing, the piano, violin, cornet, oboe, etc. — with a beauty of tone and accuracy which will astonish the musician. It is

possible, also, to magnify musical sounds without distorting them, as often happens where speech is concerned. Thus, I have repeatedly heard music given out by the phonograph so loudly as to be heard one hundred feet away from the instrument. Should the phonograph never reach greater perfection than its present stage, — something which, as I have already said, seems scarcely credible, — it will be of the greatest use to musicians.

If we admit that the inventors or manufacturers of the phonograph can turn out in quantities instruments as perfect as the best of the present experimental machines, and make them so automatic in action and so easily adjusted that every one who uses a sewing-machine, a typewriter, or a telephone can use the phonograph, we concede at once that a wonderful field is before them. The phonograph itself cannot cost more than fifty dollars, and the wax cylinders used upon them scarcely more than writing-paper. Once a cylinder has been “engraved,” or has had a message recorded upon it, it can be passed through the phonograph any number of times, apparently without deterioration. Mr. Edison has some phonograms, containing pages of Nicholas Nickleby, which have been read out thousands of times by the phonograph, and no indications of wear are audible. Finally, bear in mind that having once obtained a good phonogram, it can be multiplied *ad infinitum* at nominal cost, and what a wonderful prospect opens before us! The duplication of a phonogram is as simple as it is perfect. The wax phonogram is placed in a bath, and coated with nickel by electric deposition. When the nickel plate is sufficiently thick, it is stripped off, giving an exact mould, a die representing every minute indentation of the original wax. In order to make a second or a thousandth wax fac-simile, wax sheets can be pressed against the nickel die. Edison estimates

that novels of the length of Nicholas Nickleby could be sold in phonogram shape for a few cents. A good reader would first have to read the whole book to the phonograph, and the multiplication of the resulting phonograms would then be simply a matter of detail. So also with music, — songs, piano pieces, symphonies, operas. There seems to be no reason why a play cannot be reproduced so as to give infinite pleasure. The length of the phonograph’s message is limited only by the size of the phonograms. Edison estimates that Nicholas Nickleby can be transcribed upon six cylinders, six inches in diameter by twelve inches in length. But some one will soon discover a method of recording the phonographic message upon an endless roll, so that the man who cannot sleep at night will be able to have the machine read to him hour after hour without the trouble of changing cylinders. As compared with the field of the telephone, that of the phonograph is limitless. The telephone must always remain somewhat of an expensive luxury, owing to the cost of maintaining wires, connecting stations, etc. The whole expense of the phonograph will be the first cost. Even its motive power may be supplied by weights or other costless means. Imagine what the phonograph will do for the man on the borders of civilization! It will supply him with books in a far more welcome shape than print, for they will read themselves; the mail will bring him the latest play of London, or opera of Vienna. If he cares for political speeches, he can have the Congressional Record in the shape of phonograms. It is even possible to imagine that many books and stories may not see the light of print at all; they will go into the hands of their readers, or hearers rather, as phonograms.

As a saving in the time given up to writing, the phonograph promises to far outstrip the typewriter. The business

man can dictate to the phonograph as fast as he can talk, and the wax cylinder, inclosed in a suitable box, can be sent off by mail to read out its message perhaps thousands of miles away. Or else, as is now done in Mr. Edison's laboratory in Orange, N. J., the typewriter girl can print out upon paper what her employer has dictated to the phonograph. For the reporter, the editor, and the author who can dictate, a device has been adapted to the phonograph which causes it to stop its message at every tenth word, and to continue only when a spring is touched. Thus, the editor can dictate his article to the phonograph as he does now to his stenographer, and when the printer at the case gets the resulting phonogram the instrument will dictate to him in short sentences. If he cannot set up the sentence at one hearing, it will repeat its ten words. If he is satisfied, it reads out ten words more. I really see no reason why the newspaper of the future should not come to the subscriber in the shape of a phonogram. It would have to begin, however, with a table of contents, in order that one might not have to listen to a two hours' speech upon the tariff question in order to get at ten lines of a musical notice. But think what a musical critic might be able to do for his public! He might give them whole arias from an opera or movements from a symphony, by way of proof or illustration. The very tones of an actor's or singer's voice might be reproduced in the morning notice of last night's important dramatic or musical event. It has been remarked, by the way, that business letters and orders by phonograph would not be so binding as when put in black and white upon paper. A little wax cylinder covered with microscopic dots would not be considered as good evidence in court. But if the speaker's voice, inflection, accent, were so reproduced that witnesses could swear to the personality, would it not suffice? How could there be any dispute over a man's

will, when the voice of the dead man was heard?

In music, as I have already said, the value of the phonograph even in its present condition is indisputable. Musicians are divided, and probably always will be, as to the manner in which certain famous symphonies ought to be conducted. The metronome marks used by Beethoven are but uncertain guides at best, while no written directions as to dynamic values, expression, etc., are worth much. The phonograph will at least make it possible for the musician of the future to know exactly how our composers wished their music given, for it will repeat that music as played to-day, with every shade of expression, with all its infinite changes of time. Moreover, the phonograph will offer to the composer that long-sought instrument, an automatic recorder of improvisation upon the piano or other instrument. In the far-off future, when our descendants wish to compare our simple little Wagner operas with the complex productions of their own days, requiring, perhaps, a dozen orchestras, playing in half a dozen different keys at once, they will have an accurate phonographic record of our harmonic simplicity.

At present but few of the new phonographs have been finished, and those only for exhibition purposes. When they will be offered for sale seems to be doubtful; probably within a few months. Mr. Edison says that by the beginning of 1890 the phonograph will be far less of a curiosity than the telephone is now, and that he could begin selling the instruments at once if he were fully satisfied with them. There is always something which needs improving. Just at present there is needed a funnel for so magnifying the sound that if the instrument is placed in the centre of a table all the persons sitting around can hear its reading or its music. For the last year it has been the same story, — the

phonographs would be ready for sale next month. It was so a year ago, and it may be so a year from now. But these many delays, which have made people rather skeptical as to the doings

of the phonograph, do not make the wonders already achieved less wonderful, or warrant any doubts as to the vast possibilities which the little device contains.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

BRIANDA DE BARDAXI.

THE name of Brianda de Bardaxi is unknown to history. She was only one of the multitude of obscure sufferers whose wrongs and agonies were a matter of course in the evil days in which she lived, and are forgotten save in the records of the dread tribunal which sat in judgment on them. Her story is a commonplace one, and precisely on that account it possesses interest as an illustration of the methods by which the Spanish Inquisition secured the supreme blessing of uniformity of faith, and finally reduced to impotence a people who, under Charles V. and Philip II., seemed destined to universal monarchy.

To render it intelligible, we must remember that the motive for establishing the Inquisition in Spain was the Judaizing tendency popularly ascribed to the *conversos*, or converts from Judaism, and their immediate descendants. The general massacres of 1391, the partial ones which followed, and the cruelly repressive laws of the fifteenth century had compelled or induced vast numbers of Jews to submit to baptism. The sincerity of conversions effected after this fashion might well be doubted, and the impression was general that a large proportion, if not all, the conversos were secretly inclined to their old faith. Rabbinical Judaism had so completely surrounded the believer with observances, which through generations had become part of his daily existence, that it was impossible for them to be abruptly cast aside. As the zeal of fanaticism grew

intense, everything which savored of Jewish custom was regarded as proof of heresy and apostasy, and the inquisitor sought not so much to ascertain directly the belief of those accused as to find whether they were guilty of following any of the abhorred customs. This led to a minuteness of definition of criminal acts unparalleled in the history of jurisprudence. In the sentences which condemned to the stake, to confiscation, or to penances which were punishments of the severest description, we find enumerated such offenses as avoiding the use of fat, and especially of lard, eating *amin*, a kind of broth esteemed by Jews, eating Passover bread, reading and even possessing a Hebrew Bible, ignorance of the Paternoster and Creed, saying that a good Jew could be saved, blessing a child and passing the hands over his face, resting on Saturdays and working on Sundays, neglecting to make the sign of the cross and to kneel at the elevation of the Host, eating raw eggs on the day a brother died, eating often with a father who had remained a Jew, giving alms to Jews, casting small pieces of dough into the fire while employed in kneading it, putting on a clean tablecloth on Friday afternoon, changing the body linen on Saturday. In one case, the only crime asserted in the sentence of a woman was that she had been present at the wedding of a Jew, her brother. In another, it was alleged against the penitent that when very sick his sister had told him to commend himself to the

God of Abraham, and he had returned no answer. In another, it was gravely averred that the offender, when dealing with Old Christians, tried to cheat them, and rejoiced when he succeeded. Eating meat in Lent, even casually, was of course a symptom of the gravest character, and equally so was abstaining from food on the Jewish fasts of Kippur or of Queen Esther.¹ In this hypersensitiveness of orthodoxy, it was of course easy to find grounds of suspicion against all who were newly born to the Church, and to be suspected, as we shall see, was in itself a crime.

Shortly after the Inquisition was established in Aragon in 1484, a woman named Brianda de Bardaxi appeared before it.² Whether she had been cited, or came spontaneously in pursuance of the customary edict promising mercy to those who would present themselves within a given time and tell all they knew about themselves and others, does not appear, and is of little moment. She evidently belonged to the conversos of the wealthy class, of whom there were many holding high station in Church and State. She was then a woman about thirty years of age, married to Gabriel de la Cabra, who seems to have been well to do. Her mother, Salvadora Salvat, was turned of seventy, and resided at Barbastró with a widowed daughter-in-law, Aldonza Junqueras. There had been some dissension between them, the mother thinking that Brianda had obtained more than her share of the family property.

In the general terror evoked by the Inquisition, the ties of kindred amounted to little. Every one was required to reveal all he knew, whether it affected the life of parent or child, husband or

wife, and the instinct of self-preservation blotted out all other instincts and affections. Moreover, as the names of accusers and hostile witnesses were kept secret, and no one was allowed to know on whose evidence he was tried and condemned, the opportunity for the gratification of malignity was unbounded. It was the time for wicked men and wicked women, as Gilabert Desplugas boasted when he threatened revenge on Brianda's husband, who had evicted him from a house for not paying rent, and he made his words good. Gilabert himself was penanced in the *auto de fé* of May 21, 1486, and his wife had been burnt three months before. In that Saturnalia of persecution every one with a drop of Jewish blood in his veins walked as though on a lava crust that might engulf him at any moment.

When Brianda came before the Inquisition, she confessed nothing as to herself, but mentioned that when she was about five years old she had one day seen her mother fast until night-fall, and when she was about fifteen she had seen it repeated by her mother and sister-in-law. When about ten, at the town of Alcolea, she had heard a woman named Violante Fayol speak some Hebrew words, had seen her one day barefooted, and on asking the reason had been told that it was a Jewish fast-day. This was the sum of her revelations, which appear frivolous enough; but it was in a strange, distempered world, seeming to us now like a hideous nightmare peopled with fantastic spectres whose actions defy human reason. The information was sufficient for the Inquisition: doubtless Violante Fayol was duly looked after, though we know nothing of her fate, but we do know that the mother and sister-in-law were records of the trial, preserved in the Llorente MSS. now in the Bibliothèque Nationale de France (fonds espagnol, No. 80). As is customary in such matters, they are of enormous prolixity, extending to nearly 350 folio pages.

¹ These offenses are all alleged in the abstracts of sentences contained in a MS. in my possession, entitled *Memoria de diversos Autos de Inquisicion celebrados en Caragoça desde el año de 1484 asta el de 1502.*

² The following details are drawn from the

brought to account, and they could readily guess the source of the accusation against them.

Several years passed away, for the terrible patience of the Inquisition, secure of its victim, alive or dead, was accustomed to wait till it had exhausted its indirect means of obtaining information before casting the net which should envelop the accused. Salvadora and Aldonza were at length arrested and put on trial. The old woman, angry with her daughter and frightened by threats of torture, endeavored to satisfy her judges by sacrificing her child, and, as she afterwards admitted, between fear and hatred, she told more than the truth. She accused Brianda of having participated knowingly in the forbidden fasts on both occasions, and when she and Aldonza were condemned to penance she had at least the satisfaction of gratified revenge.

The evidence was transmitted to Saragossa, where the Inquisition had been gathering further testimony against the incriminated Brianda; for depositions dated in 1485 and 1486 show that she had not been lost sight of. At length, on February 9, 1488, the prosecutor brought his charges against her, supported by such evidence as had been procured. It was trivial and flimsy, much of it based on hearsay gossip, for in the jurisprudence of the time there was no limit set as to the quality of evidence. The most important was the testimony of Gilabert Desplugas and his two daughters that Brianda had admitted to them that she secretly led the life of a Jew; and besides this, a certain Maria Guillem deposed that she had said of the murdered inquisitor, Pedro Arbues, commonly called Master Epila, that his only fault was that he purchased testimony. On the same day Brianda was subjected to an interrogatory, and again on May 19.

¹ This Maria Desplugas was penanced in the *auto de fé* of March 2, 1488, but was spared confiscation because she had voluntarily come

Then a long interval followed, and she was examined a third time on February 17, 1491. Promises of mercy and threats of rigor were not spared, but only a few trifling matters could be extracted from her in addition to her original confession. She remembered that when five or six years old she had eaten one or two mouthfuls of Passover bread, given to her by a neighbor whose name she had forgotten, and that, some eighteen years before, in the house of Gilabert Desplugas, she had refused to eat some *amin* because she disliked it, when she and Maria Desplugas came to blows over the matter.¹

Meanwhile, she had been allowed to employ counsel selected by the Inquisition, a certain Pedro de Bordalva, who, on July 1, 1490, had put in his argument for the defense, in which he smartly and vigorously exposed the nugatory character of the evidence for the prosecution. He also gave a list of forty witnesses whom he desired the inquisitors to examine, — for in these proceedings all evidence was taken secretly by the judges themselves, and counsel were not allowed to participate. This evidence developed the animosity of the mother and sister-in-law, and the enmity of Gilabert Desplugas and his family. Abundant witnesses swore that Brianda was an earnestly religious woman, leading the life of a nun rather than that of the world: she wore a hair shirt next to the skin, and walked barefoot in the processions; she observed rigorously all the fasts commanded or recommended by the Church; she spent an hour or two a day in prayer, and ate freely of both fat and lard. When the holy Pedro Arbues was slain, and his dried blood on the church pavement suddenly liquefied and welled forth, she sent a serving-man to dip a linen cloth in it, which she kissed, and made her household kiss, as

forward and informed on herself and others, including the Bardaxi family.

the blood of a martyr. Moreover, there were put in evidence an application from her to the Pope for the privilege of choosing a confessor, indulgences granted to her by the Master of the Order for the Redemption of Captives, a papal absolution to her for certain vows, a bull *de la Cruzada* in her favor, and an absolution *a culpa et pœna* given to her, showing that she had liberally spent money for the salvation of her soul according to the most orthodox observances.

The only testimony obtainable in rebuttal was a reëxamination of the old witnesses, who simply repeated what they had said before. Thus the evidence in her favor preponderated, and conviction was not easy without a further confession. In such a dilemma the only resource for a puzzled inquisitor was torture. After a considerable interval, on March 8, 1492, she was therefore brought before the tribunal, and solemnly adjured to tell the truth, in default of which she would be tortured. She bravely replied that she was innocent and was ready to endure any torture, but protested that if she should, while under it, confess anything, it would be through fear, and not through truth, and she denied it in advance.

She was forthwith taken to the torture-chamber, and bound on the trestle for the water torture. In this, the patient was tied, with sharp cords which cut into the flesh, upon a frame inclined so that the head was lower than the body; a strong jet of water was directed into the mouth, carrying with it a strip of linen, which was withdrawn from time to time to prevent absolute strangulation, and to enable him to confess if so disposed.¹ For an hour and a half Brianda

was subjected to this torment, and the colorless official record, which I transcribe literally, gives us a clear insight into the methods which, with rare exceptions, broke down the firmness of the most resolute.

At the first interval she was told to confess all the Jewish rites which she had observed, to which she replied that she was innocent. The torture was resumed, and then she was thrice summoned to tell what Jewish ceremonies she had performed. She asked the inquisitors to enumerate the ceremonies, when she said she had performed them all, but could give no details. She was evidently weakening, and the water was resumed for a while, after which she promised she would tell the truth. On being asked again what ceremonies she had performed, she replied that she admitted those named in the proceedings. Then she said she had kept the Kippur fast with Salvadora and Aldonza, who told her she would become rich if she would do so; she was then fifteen or sixteen years old. When asked if she had done so more than once, she did not remember. Asked if what she said was true, she replied yes. Asked if, when she fasted, she believed in the law of Moses, she said that Salvadora and Aldonza told her to believe in it, and she did so. Asked, since she believed in the law of Moses, what other Jewish ceremonies she had performed, she said she had given alms to Jews. Asked what Jews, she said that seven or eight years before, after her marriage, she had in her house given four sous to a Jew named Pastor for a poor Jew. Asked whether, when they fasted, other persons knew of it, she said no, for they shut themselves up. Adjured to tell the truth, she said she did not eat the fat of meat. Asked on what they supped after the fasts, she said on codfish, and then again on meat. Then she was pressingly asked whether she had performed other Jewish ceremonies, and she replied that she had

¹ This is the form of torture to which the contemporary François Villon alludes as applied to himself: —

“Se fusse des hoirs Hue Capel
Qui fut extraict de boucherie,
On ne m'eust parmy ce drapel
Faict boyre à celle escorcherie.”

once kept the fast of Queen Esther, during Lent, at the instigation of a Jewess named Algeroza. Asked if her husband knew of it or was in the house, she said no. Asked what women she had in the house at the time, she said a woman named —, who was about to be married. Asked if she took the *glandolita*, or sinew, out of the leg of meat, she said no. Asked to tell all the Jewish ceremonies she had performed, she said all that a Jew can perform. Asked what ceremonies, she said taking out the *glandolita* and the fat. Asked with whom she had performed the fasts and other ceremonies, she said with the wife of Domingo Agustin. Asked what fasts, she said the fasts of God, such as Lent and Advent. The torment was then resumed, after which she said that she had performed all the Jewish ceremonies that could be named. Asked if she knew of others who did so, she said no. Then the torture was recommenced, and in the next interval she said that she had kept the Kippur fast with Juana Sanchez, now dead, the wife of Maestro Pedro de la Cabra the younger. Asked how long ago, she said about eighteen years. Asked where and with whom, she said in the house of the said Juana Sanchez, with Catalina Sanchez, her sister. Asked who taught her how to observe the Kippur, she said Salvadora and Aldonza. Asked who induced the other, she or Pedro's wife, she replied that they were together, when she said to Juana, Will you fast? Juana said yes, and they fasted.

All these disconnected and incoherent trivialities were but slender results from the infliction of such prolonged agony, but nothing more could be obtained. According to law, torture could be applied but once, but the tribunals were not accustomed to submit to such restriction, and easily evaded it by the fiction of adjournment and continuance. Accordingly, in the present case, when Brianda was unbound, the inquisitor

announced that the torture was not finished, and would be continued on the third day.

The inhuman criminal legislation of the period acknowledged the worthlessness of confessions under torture by considering them invalid unless they were confirmed after removal from the place of torment. On the third day, therefore, Brianda was brought into the council-chamber of the Inquisition, where, the record is careful to inform us, there was no sign of torture, and was interrogated under oath. She declared that all she had uttered on the trestle was false, and had been extorted from her by fear and agony. The question of what to do when a confession was thus retracted was one which puzzled the legists greatly, but was usually solved by the ready expedient of repeating the infliction. So it was in this case. The inquisitors thrice warned Brianda solemnly to tell the truth, as otherwise they would subject her to torture again. She defiantly answered that she had already told the truth; they might kill her if they pleased; if they tortured her a hundred times, she would confess a hundred times, and would retract on removal. They were doubtless used to this display of vehemence on the part of the victim, and were unmoved. An order was promptly issued for the "continuance" of the torture; she was carried back to the place of torment, where she desired the notary to record a public protest that whatever she might say would be extorted by pain. Thus far the brave woman had borne herself resolutely, but she miscalculated the physical endurance of her overwrought nerves and exhausted frame. She was stripped, and preparations were made to hoist her in the strappado, which was a very effective form of torture, when she fell to the floor in a swoon and became deathly cold. It was against the humane provisions of the law to endanger the life of a patient,

and the baffled inquisitors had her carried out.

Thus, after proceedings which had lasted for four years, exhausting all the methods of the Inquisition, no positive evidence had been obtained even as to the infinitesimal offenses alleged against her. Through those long years she had endured the unceasing anxieties of suspense, as well as the sharper agonies of the torture-chamber, and the awful punishment which she had thus undergone might well have been regarded as atoning for whatever problematical derelictions she might have been guilty of. Still, the faith had not yet been vindicated. Nothing, in fact, had been proved, but to inquisitorial casuists there had been cause shown for suspicion against her; and to be subject to suspicion was, in the inquisitorial code, itself a crime, requiring public abjuration and penance. When, therefore, the customary council of learned jurists was assembled to consult upon her case, they unanimously decided that she was "vehemently suspect" of Judaizing heresy, and must abjure and undergo such penance as the discretion of the inquisitors might impose. The points of which she was thus held suspect are enumerated in her public abjuration in the *auto de fé* of March 28, 1492, the outcome of her four years of misery. On the scaffold in the church of *Nuestra Señora de la Gracia* she was made to declare herself suspected —

"That for some years, both as a child and after marriage, I observed the fast of Kippur.

"That I did not eat lard.

"That I frequented the house of the condemned heretic Beatriz, wife of Gilabert Desplugas, for which your reverences hold me suspect that I went to Judaize.

"That when the reverend father inquisitor Epila was killed I rejoiced at what was done to him.

"That I said the only fault of the

said Master Epila was that he purchased testimony.

"That I have confessed that when I was a child I ate Passover bread."

Then followed the sentence, in which the inquisitors, in the name of Christ, said: "We find that we must declare and pronounce her suspect of the crimes and heresy and apostasy which she has abjured, and as these suspicions must not remain unpunished, we assign to her as penance that she do not commit these crimes and errors, and we condemn her to imprisonment at our discretion, reserving such other penance as we may see fit to impose, and we condemn her in the costs of the case, the taxation of which we reserve to ourselves."

A few days later there followed the imposition of the penance thus reserved: Brianda was to be shut up for five years in the tower of Saliana, she was to confess and receive the sacrament thrice a year, and she was to forfeit to the Inquisition one third of all her property, which was to discharge her from the obligation of paying the costs, — except, presumably, the fees of her counsel, Pedro de Bordalvo, which were taxed at fourteen florins. The said third of her property, or its money value, was to be paid within ten days, under penalty of a mulct of two thousand gold florins, and of being held convicted of all the crimes and heresies whereof she was suspected. We may reasonably assume that the money was promptly paid, for on the following June 9 she was mercifully released from prison, and restored to full control over her person and property. Had her sentence been confiscation, her whole estate would have gone to the royal treasury, and the Inquisition would have received nothing; so mercy and thrift went hand in hand.

One is tempted to ask, in no spirit of irreverence, whether the interests of religion, in whose name the whole affair was performed, would have suffered if the third of Brianda's property had

been quietly appropriated at the outset, without exposing her to years of shame and misery, and inducing her kindred and neighbors to bear false witness against her.

Gilbert Desplugas, at least, had no

reason to congratulate himself on the result of his relations with the Inquisition. He followed the fate of his wife, and was burnt, presumably as a relapsed heretic, in the *auto de fé* of May 15, 1502.

Henry C. Lea.

LETTERS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

THE letters of a musician are often singularly interesting, because one approaches his mind in a novel way; and in this familiar correspondence¹ the impression which Mendelssohn gives of himself is so direct and personal that it affords something of the pleasure one gets in meeting some noted person of whom he has heard much. Moscheles was an early master of Mendelssohn, who had the fortune to win his confidence; and he so cultivated the friendship that when the young genius set out on his musical travels he naturally came to the old master's home in London, where he began to see the world. The Moscheles family were most hospitable to him, and hence arose an intimate association, which continued to strengthen and ripen into one of the closest and most prized friendships of their lives. Letters and notes passed between them during their long absences from each other: warm and free-hearted on Mendelssohn's part, overflowing with confidence, crowded with little details and the trifles that made up his days, discussing his own compositions and passing judgment upon the work of other men without reserve, full of helpful or kind suggestion about plans for concerts and journeys, and in general just what letters ought to be that have no thought of the future biographer. The collec-

tion is not a very large one. It is supplemented in the volume by a number of Mendelssohn's sketches and other illustrations, and fac-similes of interesting papers, which make the work more characteristic, and bring us still closer to the man. Much of it, however, remains technical, entertaining only to the reader of music as well as books, and requiring some special and minute acquaintance with the history of the art in order to have real value. The more important part, for our purpose, consists of the glimpses of Mendelssohn's daily life, of the society he met and lived with, and in general his circumstances and temperament. There is enough of such matter to furnish a definite idea of the human as distinguished from the ideal side of his nature.

Mendelssohn was a very pleasant companion, if the recollections of the editor of these pages are to be trusted. Felix Moscheles was Mendelssohn's godchild, and naturally received strong impression of him. The brief introduction which is all he allows his pen is exquisitely touched with the memory of his godfather's amiability and playfulness. "From earliest childhood I looked upon him as my parents' dearest friend and my own specially dear godfather, whose attention I had a right to monopolize whenever I thought my turn had

¹ *Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles.* Translated from the originals in his possession, and edited by FELIX

MOSCHELES. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

come. I recollect waiting for that turn more than once, while he was sitting at the piano with my father. When it came I had every reason to enjoy it. He really was a rare playfellow, a delightful companion, not likely to be forgotten. A certain race across Regent's Park; the tennis-ball thrown into immeasurable space; that pitched battle of snow-balls, which appeared to me second to none in the annals of warfare; his improvisation of a funeral march, to which I enacted the part and exemplified the throes of the dying hero,—all seem but things of yesterday. And then the drawing of that troublesome hatchet! To this day I am grateful to him for helping me with that curve I could not get right." He remembers, too, the musical contests of the two composers, and gives a lively description of them: "A subject once started, it was caught up as if it were a shuttlecock. Now one of the players would seem to toss it up on high, or to keep it balanced in mid-octaves with delicate touch; then the other would take it in hand, start it on classical lines, and develop it with profound erudition, until, perhaps, the two, joining together in new and brilliant forms, would triumphantly carry it up to other spheres of sound. Four hands there might be, but only one soul, so it seemed, as they would catch with lightning speed at each other's ideas, each trying to introduce subjects from the works of the other. It was exciting to watch how the amicable contest would wax hot, culminating occasionally in an outburst of merriment when some conflicting harmonies met in terrible collision. I see Mendelssohn's sparkling eye, his air of triumph, on that evening when he had succeeded in twisting a subject from a composition of his own into a Moscheles theme, while Moscheles was obliged to second him in the bass. But not for long. 'Stop a minute!' said the next few chords that Moscheles

struck. 'There I have you; this time you have taken the bait.'" And so on to the finale. The younger Moscheles was but fifteen when Mendelssohn died, but the picture he gives us of him is one of the most lifelike and familiar that we have.

The letters themselves begin in 1829, and continue to within a few months of Mendelssohn's death, in 1847, when the Moscheles family had removed from London to Leipzig. The early years are somewhat clouded by the discouragements that attended the unfolding of his genius, the fits of depression that attacked his sensitive temperament, and the disagreeable features of the society in which he moved; but in his letters he is uniformly cheerful and interested for himself and others, and the glimpses occasionally given of his own family, especially his half-blind father, to whom he was affectionately attached, are in the happiest manner. He was fond of London, and frequently returned to it for a brief visit; and he was correspondingly depressed by Germany and the trials he suffered in persuading his fellow-countrymen to hold to the best in music. He was inclined, apparently, to radicalism by his life in England, and more than once he expresses himself with vigor in regard to the formal fopperies of the German courts. He complains, when he is anxious to compose an opera, that he cannot find any one who knows the stage and writes tolerable verses. "Altogether," he goes on, in this passage, "this is a queer country. Much as I love it, I hate it in certain respects. Look at the musical men of this place, for instance; their doings are quite shameful." It appears that they sit and grumble, and complain, and brood over their grievances, when they might do good work if they would use their talents and skill. This does not seem an exceptional situation for poor human nature. But Mendelssohn occasionally laughs at his fellow-country-

men, which is much worse than hating them "in certain respects." This is the way he treated them in Berlin. "Strange to say, since I have begun to work hard, and have become convinced that Berlin society is an awful monster, I should like to remain here some time longer. I feel comfortable, and find it rather difficult to set out traveling again. All the morning there is a constant knocking at my door, but I do not open, and am happy to think what bores I may have escaped, unknown to myself. But when the evening comes, and I go round to my parents, and we all join in the liveliest discussion and the maddest laughter, then indeed we have a splendid time." Outside of this domestic circle society had no attraction. He denounces the *grand déjeuner dansant*, — "of all the hateful Berlin institutions the one I hate most. A nice set they are! They meet at half past eleven A. M., and spend their time eating and drinking until one o'clock next morning. There are few things so unsightly in my eyes," — a peculiarity of taste which he shared with Landor, — "whether it is done in broad daylight, which is one way, or whether the shutters are closed at midday and the chandeliers lighted, as they do at court in Berlin." From these "splendors" and the late dancing-parties under the lead of Prince Frederick he rejoices to be saved at the expense of a severe cold. In Düsseldorf, likewise, he exhibits the same critical temper. The passage is as vivacious as any in the volume, and is very characteristic: "If I had seen Mrs. Moscheles at that ball I went to last night, where there were such quantities of tallow candles, and we had ham and potatoes for supper, and the boards were sprinkled after the first dance, not after the second (that would have been of no use; the dust was so thick that you could hardly see the people), and they danced down the stove to the capital music of some worthy members of my

band, — the whole thing got up by the commercial club commonly called The Parliament, — and the ladies' dresses — no, but these baffle description, — only had I seen Mrs. Moscheles there, and she me, in my best English cravat, too, I should just have collapsed for very shame. Now what I should like of all things would be to go and enjoy myself at the fair; surely it could not be ungenteeler, but undoubtedly jollier; only you see my rank as music director does not allow of my taking such liberties, a fact that the burgomaster himself has strongly impressed upon me. And then we have the glorious rivalry between Düsseldorf and Elberfeld, which is twelve miles off; Düsseldorf styling itself Athens, and dubbing Elberfeld Rio de Janeiro or Augsburg. And then all the girls are plain, and that is quite a misfortune, or at least a grievance."

This is an admirable vignette of German provincial life in the town; but it may be remarked that Mendelssohn was exacting in regard to feminine charms. He speaks of his horse, "so glossy and brown, so healthy and so very good-natured," as more attractive than all the young ladies he knew in Berlin. The reference to his English cravat, too, recalls the fact that he seems to have acquired neatness in England under the tutorship of Mrs. Moscheles. "You want to know," he writes, "whether I am rapidly degenerating here, and whether I stand in awe of any one as I did of you with regard to elegance, or rather neatness. Madame Hübner, whom you must have seen at Berlin, does sometimes take me to task, and sees at a glance, on my entering a room, some shortcoming which it might take me six months to notice; but she is not so good a Mentor as you, so that I fear you will find me quite run wild should I venture again out of my backwoods; and as for my capacity for tying a cravat with taste, that will be a thing of the past. But when we meet, you

will find me as willing a pupil as ever." And again, lamenting the perennial lack of "enough pretty girls here," and remarking that "one doesn't want to be composing fugues and chorales all day long," he says, upon his soul, he is getting "so frumpy and old-fashioned that I dread the thought of putting on a dress-coat; and how I am to get on if I go to England next spring and have to wear shoes, I know not." Slight as these details are, they give the social perspective of his life, and add something of costume to his personality. They are the every-day side of his genius.

There is less direct criticism of the great masters of music than might have been expected. Mendelssohn's own practice is sufficient to define his tastes and standards, and from it one easily arrives at his opinion. Expressions of admiration for his predecessors are not infrequent, and occasionally there is a burst of enthusiasm; but in writing to Moscheles he would not have been likely to fill his pages with encomiums which might well be taken for granted between two such correspondents. The subjects in the letters are usually their own works, or those of others who were at the time supporting theories of music with which Mendelssohn did not agree. There is but one violent passage: it is upon Berlioz's Overture, which he calls chaotic and prosaic; the orchestration is pronounced "a frightful muddle," "an incongruous mess," such that one "ought to wash his hands" after handling the score. Mendelssohn remarks, too, upon the shame of setting "nothing but murder, misery, and wailing" to music; even when well done, he says, it would be simply "a record of atrocities;" and then he briefly dismisses Berlioz's works as "rubbishy nonsense." The French taste in music was a burden and a weariness to him. He had to forgive the French polish in Liszt; but the way in which he speaks of him at the end of

the volume, contrasted with some expressions in the earlier portion, shows openness and flexibility in the composer's judgment: "His playing, which is quite masterly, and his subtle musical feeling, which finds its way to the very tips of his fingers, truly delighted me. His rapidity and suppleness, above all his playing at sight, his memory, and his thorough musical insight, are qualities quite unique in their way, and that I have never seen surpassed. With all that, you find in him, when once you have penetrated beneath the surface of modern French polish, a good fellow and a true artist, whom you can't help liking even if you disagree with him." He objects that Liszt lacks original ideas, and that there is incompleteness in his work, but, taken all in all, there is much breadth in this friendly and frank judgment. For Cherubini he expresses a warm regard, and when he touches on the works of the greater masters his words have the warmth of the true artist's delight in the things which he recognizes to be best. There is a passage upon discords which would, perhaps, need some revision in the light of recent musical history, but the Wagnerian development was then unforeseen. Handel is praised especially for his style. "Then, again, that constant use of the brass! As a matter of sheer calculation it should be sparingly employed, let alone the question of art! That's where I admire Handel's glorious style, when he brings up his kettledrums and trumpets toward the end, and thumps and batters about to his heart's content, as if he meant to knock you down; no mortal man can remain unmoved. I really think it is far better to imitate such work than to overstrain the nerves of your audience, who, after all, will at last get accustomed to Cayenne pepper." He goes on to lament the change in Cherubini's style.

It is not for opinions upon music or any of the chance criticisms of his pen,

unguarded as they are, that these letters are interesting, but for the directness and frankness with which they reveal Mendelssohn's temperament. He is seen at home among his friends, and this familiar view is one to give great pleasure to his admirers. He had the volatility of the artist nature, its sensibilities, and, as he seems never to have written when he was depressed, he exhibits its vivacity. There is a real sparkle to the flow of thought, so that one feels the vitality of the man himself. The constancy of the friendship between the Moscheles family and Mendelssohn was undisturbed, and their correspondence is interesting to the end. His sudden

death makes the closing pages, which contain Moscheles's account of the event, pathetic; and coming as it does in the midst of plans for the future, of his many interests in life, and the abundance of his enjoyments and occupations, one has the sense of the breaking of his career in the prime of his activity. The impression made by the volume, therefore, unlike most collections of letters in that it covers the period from youth to the time of death, is one of a complete life; it is in a true sense biographical, and one could hardly desire a more attractive and sincere record of Mendelssohn's personality than is thus provided from his own hand.

ANCIENT ROME IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

DR. LANCIANI is perhaps of all men the best fitted for the peculiar task which he has here undertaken.¹ By nature gifted not only with the perseverance of the investigator, but with the romantic enthusiasm of the true lover of the antique, actually learning his alphabet from the monuments which were to be his life-study, trained in the science of archæology under the eye of the illustrious De Rossi, and companion of the lamented Jordan in his walks about Rome, he justly speaks as one having authority. Through his whole work runs the keynote *vidi, vidi ipse, libelle*, yet so modestly as not to be aggressive.

The author does not come before us as a stranger. Many of our readers heard from his own lips, two years since, a part of the story here told in full, while others will have used on the spot itself his excellent little Guide du Palatin, compiled some fifteen years ago. In this connection it is instructive merely

to note the differences in the two plans of the Palatine hill as given in each book, to say nothing of the advance shown in the descriptive text of the new one. In the more recent plan, and not in the earlier, we have observed laid down the sites of such buildings as the Balnea Helagabali, Domus Neroniana, Propylæia Augusti, Area and Templum Apollinis, and the two Bibliothecæ. We are thus enabled to gain a fair idea of the most magnificent group of buildings which the world has ever seen, the group upon which contemporary writers bestowed the highest title in their vocabulary, — 'golden.'

Scholars who are familiar with Lanciani's more professional articles in the *Bulletino* must not expect to find in the present volume the same attention to detail or the elaborated arguments which necessarily belong to his official publications. We have here, in short, a general view of the most important archæo-

¹ *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*. By RODOLFO LANCIANI, LL. D.

Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

logical discoveries made during the last thirty years. No man more than Lanciani regrets the loss of much that was picturesque and poetic in the Rome of the Popes, — a loss which has made possible important conquests in the field of archaeology. But it is a mistake to regard the former as always a direct result of efforts towards the latter. In fact, generally speaking, the cause has been the *auri sacra fames* of the Roman nobility, who have been eager to sacrifice their ancestral villas to the temptations of modern speculators. Some of the most valuable discoveries have been made in the course of the transformation of mediæval beauty into modern ugliness. The charges of wholesale vandalism which have been aimed against men constantly on the watch to defend the sacred ground ought to recoil to the shame of the originators. The chronicle of the labors of those men is now before us, and it is the author's hope that the reading of its pages by the young men of America will still further stimulate the movement so auspiciously begun by our Archæological Institute.

We have, after a valuable preface, an introductory chapter on the renaissance of archæological studies. Like a true Roman, Lanciani claims for Cola di Rienzi over Dante and Petrarch the honor of being the real founder of the modern school. There is no doubt that Rienzi deserves it, but we think that to the two passages quoted as the only ones in which Dante alludes to ancient monuments might have been added the lines

“La faccia sua mi pareva lunga e grossa
Come la pigna di S. Pietro a Roma.”

As for Petrarch, the less said about his archæological lore, the better; still, as Lanciani remarks, no one should be blamed for ignorance of a science which did not then exist. But in the following century the prospect brightened, and to the Humanists and the Academy of Pomponius, with Paul II., who figures

in these pages as a lover, and not a destroyer, of the antique, succeeded such men as Brunelleschi, Donatelli, and Ghiberti, the founding of the great museums, and the group of cinquecento masters, who have left us invaluable descriptions and drawings of monuments long since gone. The respect with which Lanciani speaks of his predecessors is equaled only by his enthusiasm for his art. We have been amused, *en passant*, to find confirmation for an old story which we have hitherto regarded as apocryphal. It is said that Socrates once remained lost in meditation for twenty-four hours, without food or drink, until the rising sun recalled him to himself, and, with a prayer to the god, he went his way. The vigil of the Commendatore di Rossi lasted thirty-six hours, and he fainted at his post, having beaten the ancient record by a good half-day.

We admit that we are old-fashioned enough to take greater pleasure in the reëstablishment of Romulus than in almost anything else in the book. He is not precisely the same Romulus, the old friend of our youth, son of Mars and Rhea Silvia, and nursling of the wolf, but it is at least refreshing to find that the absolute power of the hypercritical school is a thing of the past. Not long ago it was the fashion to deny everything, apparently only because somebody else had once held different views. And even as late as 1885, when certain discoveries were made in excavations on the Esquiline and Viminal hills, the opportunity was seized to bury the Rome of Romulus deeper than ever, or rather to ignore it, on the plea that there had never been any such Rome to bury. It now appears that the conclusion was too hasty. The site of Rome was never occupied by an Etruscan city, as Professor Middleton, on the basis of those excavations, declared. Roma, the city of the Rumon, or stream, under the leadership of Romulus, “the man from the town of the river,” was founded by

Alban shepherds, whose mode of life drove them to escape from the volcanic country about Alba to safer and better pasture-grounds. To go into the arguments which have led Dr. Lanciani and his fellows of the modern school to these conclusions would be beyond the purpose of this notice; they are given in full in the second chapter. What has especially interested us is the identification of the time of the settlement of Rome with the Age of Bronze. This leads us to believe more strongly than ever in the theory of Büchholz and others, that the Homeric period was a step further remote, the Age of Copper, and that the weapons and other implements used by the Hetaeans were of that metal without artificial alloy. This would point to a stage of metallurgy nearly parallel with that attained by the early American Indians. We are well aware of the objection so often raised, that the deeds of war chronicled by Homer could scarcely have been wrought with copper spears and swords. But when it is borne in mind that the warriors are regularly wounded in some exposed part of the body, or through a joint in the armor, and that with the simple copper axe of the Indians it is possible to cut down a tree, the objection becomes nothing but a lingering romantic regret.

Passing from the prehistoric period, there follows a chapter on the sanitary arrangements of ancient Rome, with a description of the system of sewers and aqueducts, in part still remaining marvels to men. Eighteen springs, at distances of from seven to forty-four miles from the city, sent their pure waters to Rome, and the aggregate length of the aqueducts was more than three hundred and fifty miles. No doubt many of our readers have wondered why the Romans spent so much labor on the construction of these massive works, sometimes real triumphal arches more than a hundred feet in height, when by applying the principle of the siphon they might have

accomplished the same end with far greater ease by means of underground pipes. Lanciani answers the question. It was not that the Romans were ignorant of the siphon, or that they had the foresight to avoid the perennial nuisance of the digging up of the public roads, from which so many of our cities suffer, but simply that no pipe, except one of cast-iron, could have borne the enormous pressure of fifty-four million cubic feet of water every day, and that the Romans had no cast-iron. Nobody, however, who has seen the ruins of the mighty arches spanning the Campagna will regret the ignorance to which we owe so grand a sight.

Out-of-door life was a far more important feature in the business and social intercourse of the ancients than it is with us to-day. Of course, the mildness of the climate in Greece and Italy made this possible, but there was another cause which Dr. Lanciani, with others, seems to have overlooked. In antiquity, a man's house was still a thing sacred to its owner and his Penates. Nobody ever came to disturb the privacy of a Roman or a Greek, unless he had some right or some pressing need. There were no pedlars nor book-agents; no sellers of tickets for temple fairs, prowling from door to door to levy contributions; no reporters to ring one up at all hours of the day,—in fact, there were no door-bells to ring. Energetic business men though the Romans were, yet they had the sense to transact their affairs elsewhere than at home. The very bankers had their tables out in the public squares. Even friends respected each other's retirement, and calls of pleasure or of duty were made at the stated morning hour of the *salutatio*. This is the reason why the scene of the philosophical dialogue is generally laid, not at the house of one of the characters, but, as a rule, in some public place of resort. Rome was full of such places. The fora,

thermae, gymnasia, and basilicae were all great club-houses, in which men met each other, by accident or appointment, and arranged their pleasure-parties or affairs. But perhaps the favorite lounging and meeting places during the Empire were the porticoes, each Emperor vying with his predecessor in constructing them of ever-increasing length and magnificence. The whole Campus Martius became covered with colonnades, and it was possible to take a walk of two or three miles beneath their shelter. Many of them were in themselves museums and picture-galleries; others magazines of Oriental magnificence. One, lined with shops like the Burlington Arcade, contained within its corridor the Truefitt of ancient Rome. As for the fora, used for business of a more restricted nature, the need for such space had so increased in Trajan's time that he cut away the ridge joining the Capitol to the Quirinal, and thus secured level ground for a new forum, six hundred feet wide. In the centre of it still stands his column, testifying by its height "how high rose the mountain leveled by the Emperor."

Lanciani's interesting chapter on the house and temple of the Vestals, which are among the most recent excavations, ought to be read in its entirety. We shall therefore not summarize. The

worship of Vesta, one of the bright spots in the severe and gloomy religion of the Romans, here receives thorough and even loving treatment from its origin to its suppression. One almost regrets that in some form or other its generally softening and holy influence was not retained on the establishment of Christianity as the state religion. But it was swept away, and we have only to be thankful that after nearly fifteen hundred years, we are enabled at last to form a clear idea of its sanctuary and of the home of its priestesses. Among the other subjects treated in the book are the libraries, police and fire departments, the Tiber (that rich depository which may some day give up its wealth to the archæologist), and, in a final chapter, the loss and recovery of works of art.

The volume is richly supplied with illustrations in the form of heliotypes, full-page plates, and cuts in the text. Most of the subjects are freshly treated, and it is a relief to be spared the old views which are generally found in slavish repetition in works of this kind. The execution of a few plates leaves something to be desired, notably those of the Pigna, Caracalla's Baths, and the Appian Way. But as a rule the illustrations are excellent, and add to the interest of a very valuable book.

ILLINOIS LIFE IN FICTION.

It is natural that an author who wrote a series of carefully built novels, and then, having trained himself by this means for historical work, devoted himself for several years to investigations in the history of American society in general, should wish to protect himself from

the charge of having deserted history for fiction again, by pleading that "it is a very little one;" but we suspect that Mr. Eggleston's reason for dubbing his book a story¹ grows out of his artistic conscience. He is quite aware that in taking a single incident for his theme

¹ *The Graysons*. A Story of Illinois. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. With illustrations by

ALLEGRA EGGLESTON. New York: The Century Co. [n. d.]

and working that out, he has not made a novel, and that the slight studies in life and character which accompany the story are purposely sketched with few lines in order not to disturb the main effect. Certainly, taken as a story, *The Graysons* is a distinct success, and the student of the processes of fiction has a positive pleasure in noting how the story is an expansion of an anecdote, and offers the germ of a novel.

By following the order of construction as it seems to have been developed in the author's mind, the unity and completeness of the story are demonstrated most agreeably. The anecdote, stripped of its unessential accessories, reports the clever and effective manner in which Abraham Lincoln, when an obscure country lawyer, saved the life of a man charged with murder by convicting of perjury the principal witness for the prosecution, and by a sudden blaze of light thrown upon this witness eliciting from him a confession that he was himself the murderer. The witness maintained that he was twenty feet distant from the prisoner and the murdered man, on the night of the affair; that he recognized both men, and even the kind of pistol used in the murder, and all this by the light of the moon. Lincoln, after snarling the witness in a web of minor inconsistencies, suddenly showed by the almanac that the moon did not rise for several hours after the time of the murder.

With this anecdote in his mind, Mr. Eggleston proceeded to ask himself several questions: Why was the prisoner supposed to be likely to kill the man? What was the nature of any unfriendliness that may have existed between them? Why did the real criminal commit the murder? What sort of a man was the one killed? How did Lincoln happen to be the prisoner's counsel? Then, What was the relation of the prisoner to the community about him? What was his own family? Was he in

love, and did the girl have anything to do with the affair? It was plain to him, as it would be to any observant writer, that if the prisoner were to be proved innocent, he must from the first have the general sympathy of the reader; but that if the trial were to be real to the reader, the difficulty of proving the man's innocence must be considerable, and the secret of the real fact be kept to the last. Finally, the essential moral of the tale must lie in the effect upon the character and destiny of the principal figure.

With these problems before him, Mr. Eggleston considered the material at his disposal. He had a local society with which he was thoroughly familiar, and whose characteristics he had already displayed minutely and at length in his previous novels. For the purposes of his story he could assume a reasonable knowledge on the part of his readers. He was not obliged to build out of a great variety of particulars a general framework for his characters. He could use details only as they were needed for special scenes, and it was not necessary to delay over an elaborate presentation of his masses. For single figures he was already largely provided by his anecdote. He had a young man of good impulses and quick temper, who might in anger kill a man, and thus would invite the sudden and unthinking suspicion of a community, among whom there would doubtless be some special enemies, and also one or two friends not easily shaken in their confidence in character by untoward circumstance. He had a sneak in the real murderer, and as for the murdered man, it was easy to see that it was required to make of him a mean man and a calculating one. Then the prisoner must have his character in formation; so he was to be provided with a widowed mother, with a sister and a sweetheart. The sweetheart belonged, however, to his character before he was under trial, and was at the bottom of his quarrel with the murdered

man; she must change with him, if she was to match him after his innocence was proved. It was better to have her as she was, or to make her a little inconstant, and to furnish the foil of constancy in the prisoner's sister and her lover.

But these are all subordinate characters, whose action rarely is to be diverted from direct relation to the prisoner and his fortunes. One other figure was needed, the one who solved the problem of the trial, and so in a measure came the closest to the central figure of the story. By a simple suggestion that the prisoner's mother had once befriended Lincoln when he was a poor boy, Mr. Eggleston easily introduces the historic person who had not yet become historic. Here also he is helped immensely by his readers' familiarity with the person of his character. They know the Illinois of forty years ago by Mr. Eggleston's novels and kindred books, but they know Lincoln by the multifarious lights which have been cast on this American and very modern knight. It is to Mr. Eggleston's credit as a literary artist that he recognizes this general acquaintance with Lincoln, and thus merely reminds the reader of well-known characteristics, and proceeds to use the person with a clear perception of his probable relations to all the parties in the contest, and with a subtle development of traits which became more conspicuous when larger opportunities gave room for sharper expression. It is also to his credit that he is not misled into making Lincoln a too prominent character. On the contrary, he seems to have perceived intuitively that Lincoln would borrow from his future in the reader's mind, and that it was the author's business, therefore, to tone down the lights, lest an exact portraiture should seem exaggerated; that is to say, had Mr. Eggleston found himself with his little anecdote minus the great fame of the lawyer who saves the prisoner,

he would have built up this figure in his story more elaborately, with a view to giving him his proper proportions in the company of which he was so important a member. It is this unstudied representation of Lincoln, so that the prisoner shall be and remain undeniably the main person in the book, which marks Mr. Eggleston as instinctively an artist in letters. He has undertaken to tell a story of life and death, and he will not be diverted from his course by any adventitious circumstance.

How well Mr. Eggleston has succeeded in telling his story we shall not attempt to advise our readers, but if we have found a pleasure in tracing the evolution of the story in his mind, we can assure them that they may trust themselves to the story-teller; for, whatever may have been the process of conception, the result is a straightforward story, with cumulative interest, with dramatic and never histrionic situations, with much play of humor and shrewd reflection, — the latter under the author's breath, as it were, and as it should be, — and with that genuine interest in the great movements of human nature which lifts even a casual story like this into dignity, and the absence of which degrades many an elaborate novel into a mere clatter of human noise.

It is impossible to read another piece of fiction, the scenes of which are also laid in Illinois at the same time, among the same class, and even with one character in common in one instance, without instituting comparisons. It happened to us to read *The McVeys*¹ immediately after finishing *The Graysons*, and the two books partly confirm each other, and also partly suggest interesting reflections by the substantial difference between them. If Mr. Eggleston needed to have his picture of Illinois life established as correct, Mr. Kirkland has been

¹ *The McVeys*. (An Episode.) By JOSEPH KIRKLAND. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

an unintentional witness in his favor; or, to put it conversely, after reading *The Graysons* we feel *The McVeys* to be faithful to nature. As the well-known figure of Lincoln helped us to feel at home with him and his neighbors in the one book, so in the other, when we catch a momentary glimpse of the great American along with Douglas and Davis, we feel a certain assurance that Zury Proudler, in whose cart we are driving, is just as real as these historic persons.

It is not Mr. Kirkland's fault if Zury has not actuality for us. He had already given his hero's biography in full in the novel which bears the quaint and significant name¹; and even though the reader of *The McVeys* may not have read the novel of Zury, he seems to recognize Zury Proudler, when he appears on the scene, almost as surely as do the characters in the book who have also stepped out of Zury. In calling his second novel *An Episode*, Mr. Kirkland seems to ask for a suspension of judgment on its merits as a piece of art. Do not take this book by itself, he says in effect; read it in connection with the book already published, and (for aught we know) with one to come. It is necessary to do so if we are to regard it as a novel at all, and if we are to accept the action of one of the chief characters, when she marries, as anything more than a caprice. There is no reasonable explanation in the book itself for the relation which Anne bears to Zury. We can scarcely blame the author for this. He was reluctant to explain it in Zury itself, and left to the reader the disagreeable business of imagining the explanation.

The McVeys really is a series of sketches of Illinois life, in which a few figures occur again and again. The hero of the book is a young boy, who has a turn for mechanics, and by dint of his own energy and of judicious pushing from others becomes engine-driver

¹ Zury: *The Meanest Man in Spring County*.

on one of the early railroads in Illinois. He becomes involved in an intrigue with a handsome, coarse woman, the wife of the conductor on his train, and then suddenly wakes to a healthy passion for a girl of finer qualities. The intrigue, by a series of natural but loosely connected events, results in the malicious destruction of the train which Phil McVey, the hero, is driving, and in his death. There is, properly speaking, no climax to the story. The reader resents the notion that the catastrophe is in consequence of Phil's moral misbehavior. At the best, one can only say that if he had not misbehaved, he might have received a warning in time to put him on his guard. Nor do we think that Mr. Kirkland wishes the reader to regard the accident as a nemesis. At any rate, if he is bent on showing the sure though subtle retribution which waits on misconduct, his *deus ex machina* is a very capricious divinity, which gives Zury and Anne a chromo and flays Phil alive.

We have said that *The McVeys* is a series of sketches of life in Illinois. It represents the period when the pioneers are old men, and the material prosperity of the present day is within sight, and it reproduces with photographic accuracy and photographic blindness the superficialities of life. The conversation, barring an occasional strain after epigrammatic point, is homely and natural; the incidents, though often trivial, are characteristic; there is now and then a witty success scored; the aims of the several characters are well within the range of possibility. In a word, Mr. Kirkland, in describing the life concerned, makes himself for the time one of the persons in that life. It is easy to see that he takes a very strong interest in his characters; and while this interest gives vitality to his work, it also blinds him, we think, to the perception of true proportions. He is so near-sighted that things large and small look alike to him, and when he describes any

scene, or incident, or conversation, he reports his observation as if he never had seen or heard of anything like it before.

This exaggeration of his material is not a conscious one, apparently, and, as we have intimated, it betrays itself not in undue emphasis or in the attempt to select striking scenes; on the contrary, there is a studied use of the commonplace, and even the railroad accident is treated in a matter-of-fact manner. No; the disproportion is not in the relation of one part of the story to another, nor in the relation of all the characters and scenes to actual life in Illinois, but in the relation which the whole story bears to the universal; in the conception, in other words, of human life as it lies in the mind of the author, and finds expression in this production. What is this but saying that Mr. Kirkland's realism is not the realism of art, but the realism of nature? According as one sees human life behind his eye or before his eye will be the result in his work. In *The McVeys*, man goes on all fours. He is very close to the soil. His very religion is a coarse, sensuous reflection of his mundane experience. His horizon is just as far as his eye can see, and no farther. If supernatural terms occur in his speech, the thought behind them is wholly natural.

Well, we fancy some one saying, that was the actual condition of things in the Illinois which is mirrored in *The McVeys*, and the book bears, therefore, the very stamp of fidelity, of truthfulness. It is here that we take issue with the apologist. There is a heaven above as well as an earth beneath; the greatest artists, whether realists or idealists, confess this in their work. By some sign, more or less sure, they set their bit of portraiture of human life in relation with the universal. Look, for instance, at two familiar examples in modern art. The peasants in Millet's *Angelus* are as close to the soil in all

the accidents of their life as are Zury, and Phil and Anne and Margaret. There is not a note in the picture which does not find its response in nature, yet by a touch the artist has made these two poor creatures free, not of Normandy, but of the world. Again, read that powerful bit of one of the most realistic of modern novelists, *The Father*, by Björnson. With what perfect ease Björnson has translated a Norwegian local life into a universal human one! If one needed to go to a fuller and more elaborate instance, Arne might well be set against *The McVeys* as an illustration of what the realism of art signifies as contrasted with the realism of nature.

We do not need to go so far afield. The very book which we have just laid down, *The Graysons*, affords a most instructive comparison. It is not a question of degree in art which we are considering, but of kind. Mr. Eggleston is not a great artist in letters, but he is a true artist. Mr. Kirkland shows often a more nervous power in his reproduction of single incidents and forms of speech, but he lacks that instinctive sense of the relations of his subject which constitutes an artist, and inevitably affects the outcome of thought and observation. To make our meaning plain, we instance the use which these two writers have made of the figure of Lincoln. It is not that in *The Graysons* Lincoln is an important figure, and that in *The McVeys* he scarcely more than crosses the path. The difference is in the impression made upon the mind of the reader as to the secret of the man who was one day to be a world-figure. Both of these writers take Lincoln at the same moment of his life; both have the advantage of the existence already of a general conception of Lincoln; each gives a quick sketch of the Lincoln of the day, and each mentally sees the Lincoln of the future. We are not sure but Mr. Kirkland is more graphic in his portraiture of the man whom Zury saw,

and this description of Lincoln's conduct of a railroad case is extremely effective: —

"‘But let us look into this a little’ [says Lincoln]. ‘I find, on reference to my notes, that the first point dwelt upon by Judge Douglas was this.’ And he stated the point in question with great fairness, and added, ‘But all this has nothing to do with the merits of this case.’ He proceeded to show why the case should turn on another question entirely, and then set the irrelevant matter aside by a gesture representing the picking up of a mass of stuff, and depositing it on the table at his left hand. Another and another point he treated in the same manner; always calling the attention of the jury to the ever-growing dimensions of the heap on his left. From time to time he would come to a matter which, as he was willing to concede, did have some bearing on the rights of the dispute; and this he would make believe to place at his right hand. When he had gone through the entire speech in this fashion, he (in pantomime) pushed off to the floor the whole pile of irrelevant trash, and turning his attention to the few things which he had minuted as being truly applicable, he demolished them as best he might, and stated his own case in rebuttal.”

Mr. Kirkland also uses in a pleasant fashion that kindly trait in Lincoln's character which would lead him to make over his fee to the unhappy wife of his client, as Mr. Eggleston also emphasizes the same trait. It is not easy to show, except by full citations, the difference between the two authors in their treatment of this figure, as resulting from their conception of a great man who was to have Illinois for a pedestal only, but we quote a single passage from *The Graysons* to illustrate our point: —

"The tall, awkward young lawyer only drew his brow to a frown, and said nothing; but turned and went into the

tavern with his saddle-bags on his arm, and walking stiffly from being so long cramped in riding. Passing through the cool bar-room with its moist odors of mixed drinks, he crossed the hall into the rag-carpeted sitting-room beyond.

"‘Oh, Abra'm, I'm that glad to see you!’ But here the old lady's feelings overcame her, and she could not go on.

"‘Howdy, Mrs. Grayson. It's too bad about Tom. How did he come to do it?’

"‘Lawsy, honey, he *did n't* do it.’

"‘You think he did n't?’

"‘I know he did n't. He says so himself. I've been a-waitin' here all the mornin' to see you, an' git you to defend him.’

"The lawyer sat down on the wooden settee by Mrs. Grayson, and after a little time of silence said: —

"‘You'd better get some older man, like Blackman.’

"‘Tom won't have Blackman; he won't have nobody but Abe Lincoln, he says.’

"‘But they say the evidence is all against him; and if that's the case, an inexperienced man like me could n't do any good.’

"Mrs. Grayson looked at him piteously, as she detected his reluctance.

"‘Abra'm, he's all the boy I've got left. Ef you'll defend him, I'll give you my farm, an' make out the deed before you begin. An' that's all I've got.’

"‘Farm be hanged!’ said Lincoln. ‘Do you think I don't remember your goodness to me when I was a little wretch, with my toes sticking out of my ragged shoes? I would n't take a copper from you. But you're Tom's mother, and of course you think he did n't do it. Now, what if the evidence proves that he did?’

"Barbara had been sitting in one corner of the room, and Lincoln had not observed her in the obscurity produced by the shade of the green slat

curtains. She got up and came forward. 'Abra'm, do you remember me?'

" 'Is this little Barby?' he said, scanning her face. 'You're a young woman now, I declare.'

"There was a simple tenderness in his voice that showed how deeply he felt the trouble that had befallen the Graysons.

" 'Well, I want to say, Abra'm,' Barbara went on, 'that after talking to Tom, we believe that he does n't know anything about the shooting. Now, you'd better go and see him for yourself.'

" 'Well, I'll tell you what, aunt Marthy,' said he, relapsing into the familiar form of address he had been accustomed to use toward Mrs. Grayson in his boyhood. 'I'll go over and see Tom, and if he *is* innocent, as you and Barby think, we'll manage to save him, or know the reason why. But I must see him alone, and he must n't know about my talk with you.'

We should be glad if our space permitted us to copy the scene with Tom in the prison, as well as the examination

by Lincoln of Dave Sovine in the courtroom. Mr. Eggleston's power is shown in the hints which he gives to the reader's imagination, and almost as much in what he does not say as in what he does say. Throughout the scenes in which Lincoln figures, the quality of the man pervades the narrative, and the reader perceives not a great advocate in embryo, but a great man in obscurity. Comparisons proverbially are odious, and we do not wish to insist upon points of likeness and unlikeness between these two books. We have tried to give in some detail our reasons for judging that one book is a work of art, and as such has a penetrating power, interprets life, and goes to swell the tale of humanity; that the other is a perishable photograph, which may remind one of a phase of life, but, whether taken by itself or in connection with its companion volume, has no power to reveal actual life. There is material in *The McVeys* for a work of art, but the creative mind which can make, not something out of nothing, but something out of some things, is wanting.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Theory as to Disparity. IT is curious to notice how the age of parties contracting marriage is affected by economic institutions, as well as by the social influences which act upon the more purely emotional part of the natures of men and women. I would not venture to say that the suggestions that have occurred to me cover the whole truth as to the relations of the sexes, but they may serve as hints that indicate the line along which research may be pleasantly, if not profitably, pursued.

In countries where daughters are a burden, fathers and mothers naturally

marry them off as early as possible, though in China this method of securing parental relief is supplemented by the possibly preferable custom of infanticide.

George Sand, in her pretty story of *La Mare au Diable*, testifies to different customs among the French peasants whose life she describes. Her hero is about twenty-eight, and her heroine, who is sixteen or seventeen, thinks he is almost superannuated, and he dolefully feels that she has much cause for her opinion. She is represented as giving expression to the ideas prevalent in her class as to marriages where there is

a disparity in age. It is certain that where, as in Russia, special peculiarities of institution do not unite to produce a different result, the simple domestic life of village and rural communities favors early unions between persons of nearly the same age. If the motive leading to marriage is the primitive instinct, and the happiness expected from it has no roots in the larger life of the world, wherever boys and girls are allowed to choose their own partners freely, they will usually choose each other, and will not seek their mates among those who are either much older or younger than themselves. The French Canadians who are domiciled in this country bear witness to the truth of this statement every Sunday, the couples that promenade our village streets are so young, so gay, so evenly matched.

As a people grow wealthy, they discover that life holds other possibilities of pleasure than those which are felt in providing and preparing food and shelter for husband or wife, and those which come from the rearing of offspring to walk in similar paths and toil to a like result. Lovers and ladies find that varied forms of enjoyment offer new chances for congenial companionship, and parents learn to hope more things for their children. Life becomes more complicated, and the extension of experience extends also the opportunity which selfishness has to play a dominant part in determining human action. Luxury and ambition make demands upon the married state which it is difficult for young men to supply; so they delay marriage, and girls are induced to accept older men, who have already acquired the means to gratify a love of sensuous ease as well as an æsthetic taste.

Undoubtedly pure and honorable motives often lead to the same result. There are women in whom the filial element is strong, and who easily develop a passion which is modified by the gentler

sentiments of reverence and trust. Such love flows naturally towards a mature suitor. A high degree of intellectual activity in society also tends to produce marriages where the man is decidedly the senior of his wife. It is not only the woman who delights in maintaining an attitude of childlike docility, but the girl who is developed in intellect and character beyond her years is likely to find age more satisfying than youth is attractive, when it comes to a question of marrying. Moreover, if a girl chance to have a daring and positive mind united to an affectionate and sensitive disposition, she is very apt to yield to the charm of a lover whose added years have taught him to treat with half-paternal tenderness and toleration the combination of arrogant self-assertion and timid self-distrust she is pretty sure to exhibit.

The more intensely people live in matters of thought and intellect, the more likely are young men of their own accord to marry women older than themselves. It is quite remarkable how many men of genius have found the companionship of older women congenial, and how many women of genius have preferred youthful to mature husbands. It seems as if women, like men, sometimes exercised a fascination which, though magnetic and personal, is not wholly dependent on attractiveness of person. Like Iseult's "sweet charm," in Matthew Arnold's poem, "it will not fade with the dull years away," nor is it merged into some other sort of loveliness, like that of the ordinary maiden, which passes insensibly into a placid wifely and motherly beauty. The charm of which we speak continues to the end to be just itself, and to command intense affection and devotion. Its power is felt by all who come in contact with its possessor; but when that possessor is a woman, it is more often necessary that a man should have some special quality of nature to enable him to enter the

sphere of fascination. Margaret Fuller is said to have had many lovers, and she finally married a man ten or a dozen years her junior. These two do not seem to have met on the intellectual plane, but according to some principle of pure affinity. "Ossoli loves me," she wrote, "as little children have loved me, — he loves to be near me."

The world has recently been touched by the few words in which Mr. Cross discloses the secret of his marriage to George Eliot. "For she had," he says, "the distinctively feminine qualities which lend a rhythm to the movement of life. . . . Add to these the crowning gift of genius, and in such companionship we may possess the world without belonging to it."

The fact is that one of the most essential factors to happiness is agreeable companionship, and in the intellectual world such companionship is not always furnished to each other by contemporaries in age. Association in business also sometimes brings about marriages where the disparity is, according to the popular phrase, "on the wrong side," but it is doubtful whether a large extension of feminine life into social and political affairs would have any marked tendency to increase the frequency of such marriages. Satisfactory companionship implies substantial unity in aim and sympathy in method; and while a difference in age sometimes facilitates the approach of men and women to each other, if their mutual interest lies in thought and study, such unity of aim and sympathy as to method about practical and humanitarian matters are most likely to be found among people who belong to the same generation. I have heard of one case, for instance, where a sharply defined difference of opinion as to the mode of dealing with criminals led a young woman finally to break her engagement with a man older than herself. It was a difference which probably implied to her mind widely

dissimilar views as to many ethical relations, and she realized that the life which her nature constrained her to lead would bring her into complications in which it would be necessary for her to be in full harmony with her husband on moral questions, if she was to be happy in marriage. In its social action and in the thought by which it directs such action, each generation is unlike those that precede and those that follow; and if men and women are to marry in consequence of their association in social thought and action, they should generally have been developed under the same influences, and hence at the same time.

Italian Nick-names. — It is puzzling to a novice in the study of the history of art to find that the names by which he knows most of the Italian masters are not their family names. He reads of Pietro Vannucci, and is surprised to discover after a time that he has known that artist before under the name of Perugino; or he sees an engraving from a picture by Antonio Allegri, and afterwards hears a photograph of the same picture spoken of as a Correggio. To one who lives in Italy this nomenclature seems most natural, as few are called by their proper names.

The Italian masters are known to us either by their Christian names, as Giotto, Raphael, or Michael Angelo, or by corruptions of the baptismal name, as Masaccio, — "great hulking Tom," Ruskin calls him, — Giorgione, and Domenichino. Others we know by names derived from the father's trade or occupation, as Andrea del Sarto, Ghirlandajo, and Tintoretto. Some are called from their birthplaces or the cities of their adoption, as Luini, Veronese, Caravaggio, Romano, and Sassoferrato. Lastly, a large number are known to posterity by nicknames, — *sopranomi* the Italians say, — received on account of some characteristic or physical peculiarity, such as Verocchio, the true-eyed;

Moretto, the dark-complexioned; Riccio, the curly-haired; and Pinturicchio, the little painter, or, as he was also called, Sordicchio, the little deaf man.

Among Italians of to-day we find names used in the same way. Gentlemen and ladies are known to their neighbors and retainers, as well as to their friends, by their Christian names. The first question put to a new-comer is the familiar one from the catechism, "What is your name?" and by that name he or she will hereafter be called. "La Signora Nini" may be a grandmother, but she still bears her baby name. "Il Signor Franceschino" may be old, and bowed, and gray-haired, but his nursery name will cling to him as long as he lives. Often the surname is so seldom used that it is almost forgotten.

The corruption of the Christian name is also frequent. Our *contadino* is known far and wide as Pello, a contraction for Pietro, and our carpenter is called Tita, from Battista. We often hear young people called from their fathers' trades, as in Germany: "Lorenzo del Sarto," the tailor's Lawrence, or "Giulia del Pollajuolo," the poulterer's Julia. Sometimes the occupation suggests the *soprannome*, which is not, strictly speaking, derived from it, as that of our wood merchant, who is called "Il Stecchitin," the little stick.

Names from the place of residence or birth are very common, and sometimes the adjectival form is used. One often hears of Il Genovese, Il Triestino, Il Novarese. A man who worked for us was always called Sesto, and it was only after some months' acquaintance that we learned that that was his place of abode, and not his real name.

A great many *soprannomi* are personal, given on account of some peculiarity, but these are inherited by the children, nephews and nieces. I had a cook once who delighted in nicknames. She never called her husband by his classical name Oreste, but always "Il Secco," the

dried-up one, a name singularly appropriate, as his face was yellow and wrinkled, like a dried apple. The butcher she called "Il Guercio," because he was cross-eyed, or, as she would have said in the polite Tuscan phrase, because he looked in the cabbages. His rival across the street was "Il Zucco," the squash, and I even saw a letter addressed to him by this name. If she did not know the *soprannome* of any one she saw, she invented one on the spur of the moment. A dapper little gentleman who called often she dubbed "Il Frustino," the little whip; and a young lady who walked rather gingerly on her toes received the *sobriquet* of "Signorina Tippi-Tappi;" but the climax was reached when, one day, a neighbor's daughter coming to call, whose red hair did not suit the cook's taste, she announced her quite audibly as "La Brutta," the ugly woman.

The Italians seem rather proud of these names, and do not resent being called by them. Our grocer has over his shop door, in lieu of a sign, this inscription: —

DAL REMAGIN
PAN' PASTA E VIN.

This man rejoices in a grand name, which appears on his bill-heads, but in every-day life he is known as "Il Remagin." On inquiring the origin of this remarkable nickname, I was told that he was small and dark, and resembled those figures of the Wise Men, or Re Magi, that are to be seen beside the *preserpio*, or representation of the Nativity set up in the churches at Christmas. His children are called by this name; and should they make it famous, some future biographer may puzzle himself as to how they came by it.

A Question
in Ethical
Geography.

— If there is, as legend says there is, such a thing, seen through Western eyes, as an "effete East," what are its precise ter-

ritorial limits? In other words, where does such an East really end and the West begin? Or, to state it still differently, at what point on the map may one, if so disposed, put one's finger confidently down and say, "Here is the spot where the effeteness of the arrogant East abruptly ends, and in its stead is the unexpended fecundity of a liberal, untrammelled West?" While the matter is not one that will, apparently, in the immediate future give rise to serious international complication, it is, nevertheless, of no little domestic moment, and may, at some distant day, even call for state interference and adjudication at the hands of a boundary commission, to be chosen from the impartial outlying districts in the extreme north and south.

In reality, the problem of geographical separation would be one extremely difficult to solve to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. It is, for instance, not merely a broad question between Maine and Oregon, between Eastport and Portland, or even, possibly, between New York and San Francisco. On general grounds, it might be admitted that somewhere in the intervening space the line would certainly fall. On a somewhat closer examination, however, it will be found that facts other and more minute than mere latitude and longitude must be seriously taken into consideration. It may even be not unfairly assumed that the fundamental idea of East and West itself is only relative, and cannot be thus recklessly applied. Schenectady,

where Daisy Miller lived, is west of Jersey City; and we all know that Oshkosh lies far to the westward of Kalamazoo. If, in the inquiry thus set on foot, the reasons for the necessary distinction were still more closely inquired into, it might even be shown that they who have thoughtlessly used the epithet in question themselves may fall under its ban.

When the division is finally made, it must be wholly irrespective of any mere sectional prejudice, to which it should rise superior. The West, it may be supposed, will accept the judgment joyfully; while the East, from the very nature of the case, will be sure, wherever the line is drawn, to regard it with its accustomed equanimity. Only those who, in a possible redistribution, may now for the first time be included under the term "East" will become even a little more intolerant than they who have longer borne the name. For purely practical reasons, apart from mere sentiment, the distinction here suggested ought soon to be made. It was on the island of Grand Manan, down in the Bay of Fundy, last summer, that a comment was made upon the scarcity in the community of young people of both sexes. "How is it," we asked, "that we see so few young men and women here?" "Well," the captain replied, "a great many have married and gone west." "West?" we said. "To what part of the West?" "Well," said the captain, "mostly to Boston."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. The Mapleson Memoirs, 1884-1888; in two volumes. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Colonel Mapleson tells the narrative of his "squirmishes" and battles as a theatrical impresario with a delightful ingenuousness, which makes no distinction between

things big and little, and assumes a generous interest on the part of the public in his business affairs. Certainly the world of opera singers into which one is introduced in these two volumes has only one dimension. There are not many racy anecdotes well told in this riff-raff

of reminiscences, but one is constantly coming upon such lively passages as this: "At the *matinée* given on January 1st, at which she [Gerster] appeared, upwards of one hundred ladies' odd india-rubber overshoes were picked up on the family-circle staircase, lost in the rush after the opening of the doors, there being a heavy snow-storm raging at the time." — Omitted Chapters of History, disclosed in the life and papers of Edmund Randolph, by Moncure Daniel Conway. (Putnams.) Whatever may be the conclusion regarding the value of Randolph's services, the student is greatly indebted to Mr. Conway for bringing together so much new and important material; and if he is a little shy of a writer who announces himself at once as an advocate, he will at any rate find his labor in reading lightened by the liveliness of the narrator. — A Short History of the War of Secession, 1861-1865, by Rossiter Johnson. (Ticknor.) Mr. Johnson opens his history with a sketch of the anti-slavery contest before the war; it is meagre, and hardly gives one the impression of a cumulative struggle. He interests us more in his graphic account of the comparative resources of the two combatants and of the attitude assumed by the South. The outline of the military movements, which is the main business of the book, is rapid and effective, and the brief conclusion forcible. We wish the author had called his book *A Short History of the War of the Union*. Names have power over habits of thought, and Americans should never lose sight of the two great ideas involved in Independence and Union; revolution and secession are the negative poles. — A History of Greece, by Evelyn Abbott. (Putnams.) The limits of the book are drawn at the Ionian revolt. A second part will bring the history to the end of the Peloponnesian War. Mr. Abbott writes with caution, but not with a power to arouse enthusiasm or to win the reader. — Facts about Ireland, a curve-history of recent years, by Alex. B. MacDowall. (Edward Stanford, London.) An ingenuous little book, which by means of a series of diagrams discloses the movements in Ireland under the heads of Agriculture, Education, Emigration, Bank Deposits, etc. — Four Years with the Army of the Potomac, by Regis de Trobriand; translated by George K. Danchy. (Ticknor.) This work was originally written for French readers, hence it has an introduction on the origin of the war; but the writer soon escapes into the more native task of relating his own experiences, which are told with animation and a generous spirit which quickly wins one to a liking for the soldier. — The Story of Mediæval France from the Reign of Hugues Capet to the Beginning of the Eighteenth Cen-

tury, by Gustave Masson. (Putnams.) One of the Story of the Nations series. The title-page says one thing, the book says another, for it closes naturally at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The writer, who appears to know his subject well, struggles between a desire to tell all he knows and to keep his book down. The result is an inequality in the text, some chapters being fresh and readable, others crowded with troublesome detail. — The Life of Young Sir Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts Bay and Leader of the Long Parliament, with a Consideration of the English Commonwealth as a Forecast of America, by James K. Hosmer. (Houghton.) Mr. Hosmer had a good subject, and he has treated it with respect. Instead of taking the easily accessible material about Vane and working it up into a readable volume, he has sought diligently for new material, and he has studied his subject anew. His own dramatic habit of mind helps him to make a picturesque subject true to itself; and the book, moreover, is pervaded by an energetic spirit, which finds special expression in the preface and closing chapter, looking to a more vital connection of English-speaking peoples than even Vane's career prophesied. — Two Volumes in the International Statesmen series edited by Lloyd C. Sanders (Lippincott) are Daniel O'Connell, by J. A. Hamilton, and Prince Metternich, by G. B. Malleson. What contrasted lives! Yet they were both statesmen, with marked conceptions of what the state was. — Franklin in France, compiled from original sources, by E. E. Hale and Sons is completed in the present volume, — the second. (Roberts Bros.) — Delia Bacon, a biographical sketch. (Houghton.) Mr. Theodore Bacon has collected the letters written by and to his aunt during the time when she was engaged in her passionate study of the Shakespeare problem, and has made them the basis of a most interesting sketch. One does not need to have any views on the Shakespeare-Bacon question to read with profound interest and pity this exceptional book. It is not only a revelation of a remarkable character, but throws strong light on the characters of Hawthorne, Emerson, and Carlyle. — Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, in two volumes. (Webster.) The reader of this work is at first a little disappointed at the plain, rather dry style, the absence of that dash and *élan* which is associated with Sheridan's name, and a further reading will not serve to increase greatly his admiration of the soldier's literary power; but he will lay down the book with an admiration for something better than literary skill. The reserve with which Sheridan writes cannot conceal the temper of the man, which comes out effectively in his recital of a boyish

scrape at West Point, and of his relations to Meade and Grant. The narrative, indeed, is never dull, and there is a refreshing absence of brag and fine writing. — Pen and Powder, by Franc B. Wilkie. (Ticknor.) A collection of reminiscences of the war, chiefly in the Western campaigns, by a newspaper correspondent of the time. His narrative deals little with the actual events of the war, but rather with his personal experience and with the accompaniments of war. His description of Washington will recall the loathsome condition of the city to those whose misfortune it was to be there in 1861-1865. There are one or two interesting sketches, but on the whole the book is not very valuable. — In The Story of the Nations series (Putnams), a new volume is The Story of Holland, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Putnams.) A very acceptable book, especially because Mr. Rogers, by his training, is not disposed to take up an historical subject in a conventional manner. He recognizes other elements in state life than political changes, and he looks to the relation which the whole history of Holland bears to European and American history. Hence there are many capital suggestions to the philosophical student, and but little mere picturesque detail of the war with Spain. — Ohio, by Rufus King, is the latest volume in the American Commonwealths series. (Houghton.) Mr. King writes like a publicist rather than a historian; that is to say, while he is interested in historical problems, he is especially interested in the legal aspects of history and in the general development of state policy. His apprehension of the forces which make Ohio is clear, and he writes often with a candor which is very agreeable; this is especially true of his treatment of education and religion. His narrative of the Moravian settlements is strong, and his picture of early pioneer life full of interesting points. His view of Ohio in the late war is rich in suggestion, though it is presented so compactly as almost to mislead the reader. The quietness with which certain great facts are presented may lead their significance to be overlooked. — The Pilgrims and the Anglican Church, by William Deverell. (Remington, London.) A somewhat rhetorical account, for English readers, of the events which culminated in the establishment of New England, and finally of the monarchy in England under William and Mary. Mr. Deverell starts off on a gallop, and rides hard all through his tract; for such it is, a blindly partisan piece of writing. — The Nun of Kenmare, an autobiography. (Ticknor.) The writer was received into the Roman Catholic Church from the Anglican in 1858, and after devoting herself for a while to literary pursuits organized and became the

head of a new order, the Sisters of Peace. She gave herself to the amelioration of the Irish peasants, and especially of the condition of working-girls, but met with continuous opposition from her ecclesiastical superiors. The book is mainly a narrative of the persecutions endured by her from first to last, and the reader becomes seized with a desire to know why she was persecuted, for it is difficult to discover the real cause from the somewhat confused though pathetic narrative. One gets glimpses, however, of the inner working of the Roman system which are not encouraging.

Education and Text-Books. Lectures on Pedagogy, Theoretical and Practical, by Gabriel Compayré; translated, with an introduction, notes, and an appendix, by W. H. Payne. (Heath.) The author of this work means to confine himself to elementary processes. He impresses us as a writer who has gathered his material from many other writers rather than has worked out his principles by a thorough examination of the art of teaching. It is worth while, however, to get a survey of the subject from a French point of view, and the animation of the book is in contrast to the spirit of much kindred literature. — The Government Printing Office issues for the United States Bureau of Education an interesting thick pamphlet on Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia, by Herbert B. Adams, with authorized sketches of Hampden-Sidney, Randolph-Macon, Emory-Henry, Roanoke, and Richmond colleges, Washington and Lee University, and Virginia Military Institute. The work is thus a contribution to a comprehensive history of the higher education in Virginia. The subject involves a consideration, in this historical form, of methods of education, and thus the treatment is of service to all who are interested in collegiate and university problems. The other colleges, with the exception of Washington and Lee and the Virginia Military Institute, appear to owe their origin and continuance to religious motives. The university has a noble history. The recent revival of William and Mary, which is treated only in its past relations, is significant of the new Virginia. The State is a great one in its past and its resources. No loyal American can help hoping for a great restoration within its borders, and the present educational fervor is one of the hopeful signs. — From the same source is a tractate by A. D. Mayo on Industrial Education in the South. The paper, while it outlines nascent institutions, is rather a strong plea for the thorough organization of industrial schools throughout the South as a corrective of tendencies which must fill every thoughtful citizen with grave alarm. Mr. Mayo is no mere doctrinaire. — An introduc-

tion to the Study of the Middle Ages (375-814), by E. Emerton. (Ginn.) A practical working manual for the period which is occupied by Gibbon's Decline and Fall. Dr. Emerton has some admirable suggestions as to the use of his book,—suggestions which apply to all text-books in history, but are not so certainly reinforced by the text-books themselves as in this case. Although the book is intended for the student and the class-room, it will be found full of suggestive sentences for fastening movements of historic importance in the reader's mind. — Recitations for Christmas, selected and arranged by Margaret Holmes. (DeWitt, New York.)

Holiday Books and Books on Art. A History of French Painting from its Earliest to its Latest Practice, including an Account of the French Academy of Painting, its Salons, Schools of Instruction, and Regulations, by C. H. Stranahan; with reproductions of sixteen representative paintings. (Scribners.) This work represents a vast deal of industry, and connoisseurs as well as students will be grateful to Mrs. Stranahan for bringing together so much that is scattered in a number of books and pamphlets. Most of the book is taken up, properly, with current or very recent art. We suspect it will be used chiefly as a book of reference, partly because it contains so much that is encyclopædic, and partly because the author's style does not win to continuous reading. — The Home of Shakespeare, after Water-Color Sketches by Louis K. Harlow. (L. Prang & Co., Boston.) An oblong volume with chromo-lithographic plates, serviceable as a souvenir to those who have visited Warwickshire. Mr. Harlow's style, however, is ill adapted to a book, since the value of his work is in its masses, and almost any one of the plates would look better if pinned to the wall on the other side of the room. The passages from Shakespeare are in some cases even farther fetched. — The Dream of Love and Fire. (Estes & Lauriat.) The general style of this book places it among holiday publications. The illustrations are photogravures, apparently from pictures by Gérôme, Picou, Cabanel, and others, executed in nightmarish tints. The text is rhythmical prose. It is deep-sea sounding to draw up ideas from it, and the bathybia which one discovers hardly pay for the fishing. When the author tells us that "the life-fire of thought-force dries man's eye as it strikes," we necessarily wish to shade ours, and so it may be that we have not seen through this production. — The Birds' Christmas Carol, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) A pathetic and humorous little story, of a kind more common when Dickens overshadowed humorists, but better done to-day just because

Dickens is at a distance. It has a genuine touch, and the tear in the book sparkles. — The Man Without a Country, by Edward E. Hale. (Roberts.) This classic has been illustrated with drawings in the text and full page by Frank T. Merrill. The cleverest is that of Mr. Hale himself reading *The Herald*, which heads the story. It is a pity that the artist could not have managed to keep the figure of Nolan more distinctly before the eye in the several scenes which he has depicted. The subjects, however, are studied with care, and the general effect is good. — Eight Songs of Horace, edited by George E. Vincent. (F. A. Stokes & Bro.) An ingenious imitation of an ancient Roman cylindrical book. The odes are given in Latin and in English, and the reproduction is certainly very clever. To read it with ease one needs three or four slaves to hold it open. — Daylight Land, by W. H. H. Murray. (Cupples & Hurd.) This volume is an interesting experiment in book-making. It contains one hundred and forty designs in color printed with the text. The color is sometimes rather strong, to our thinking, and the effect rather raw, but the attempt was worth making. The figures of animals are often quite striking, and some of the ice and snow and mountain scenes are more impressive for the color in which they are printed. The book is a narrative of travel along the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad by a party of gentlemen, whose interest is divided between the future of the country and the present attractions of travel, hunting, and fishing. The style is rather noisy at times, but perhaps the scenery makes us a little more sensitive to what is florid in literature. — We may name here, because of their dainty holiday dress, imitated from another publisher's well-known series, five books published by F. A. Stokes & Bro.: Songs from Béranger, translated in the original metres by Craven Langstroth Betts. A little more refinement of ear would have helped the translator, for songs, above all other poetic forms, need melody. Mr. Betts has managed to retain something of the homely wit of Béranger, but his very anxiety to be faithful has sometimes made him miss more truly poetic qualities. Now and then the reader almost corrects the translator as he reads. Take, for example, the lines

"Heloise, darling, do you know

It is a year since you've been born?"

where it is almost impossible not to read

It's a year since you were born.

Songs of Toil, by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania, translated by John Eliot Bowen, are the poems already published in *The Independent*, together with a number of others. The German original is courageously printed on the

opposite page, a plan which we wish Mr. Betts had adopted. The conjunction of royalty with toil thus symbolized is a significant one. Another of these little books is, *In the Name of the King*, by George Kingle, a volume inspired mainly by the religious motive, and written for the most part, we should say, after some familiarity with Vaughan. At any rate, the writer plays timidly with conceits, and seeks by irregularity of form to correct a tameness of thought. Two other volumes belong to the same series: *Wood Blooms*, by John Vance Cheney, and *Old and New World Lyrics*, by Clinton Scollard. We think the latter shows an advance on the writer's earlier work. It is not quite so much mere frost-work. There is more conviction that

"A song should be, with ardor wrought, —
Cut in the firm Pentelic snow
Of lofty thought."

Books for the Young. *Baby's Lullaby Book*, *Mother Songs*, is a showy volume of verses written by Charles Stuart Pratt, set to music by G. W. Chadwick, and adorned with water-color drawings by W. L. Taylor; the whole chrono-lithographed and published by Prang. The writer of the lullabies has not forgotten that the thought is for the mother, and only the rhythmic movement for the child, and he has written simple, tender lines. Some of the smaller vignettes are particularly pretty, and one or two of the colored prints have more reserve than the others. — *White Sails*, by Emma Huntington Nason. (Lothrop.) This has something the air of a gift-book, but the poems, which sail under the title of the first, are bright stories in verse, of no poetic worth, and sometimes suggesting that Pegasus is traveling a corduroy road, but hearty, good-natured, and kindly. — Two more volumes in W. O. Stoddard's series of *The Lives of the Presidents* (F. A. Stokes & Bro.) include, the one, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan; the other, Lincoln and Johnson. Mr. Stoddard has had a tough job in some of these public functionaries, but it seems to us that as he has gone on with his series he has warmed up to it, and writes the later numbers with more skill than the earlier. — A new edition, revised and enlarged, is issued of *The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play*, by Helen Campbell (Putnams), which we noticed when it appeared five years ago. Two chapters are added: one on candy-making, the other on a New Home Industry, which is mosaic work in broken china, a curious saving of the fragments which Mrs. Campbell finds practiced in London. It will be remembered that a part of her work is devoted to hints as to methods by which girls may earn their living. — *The Chezzles*, by Lucy Gibbons Morse.

(Houghton.) A lively little book, thoroughly entertaining and wholesome, with scenes laid partly on Cape Cod, partly in France; and if the author wafts her characters to the Blessed Isles and metes out rewards with unstinting liberality, this is only part of the generous spirit which animates the entire story.

Fun and Humor. *Patchwork in Pictures and Print* — the pictures by F. Oppen, the print by Emma Oppen — (Stokes) aims at the youthful sense of humor, and so any one can enjoy it without a sense of shame. There are clever touches both to the business-like rhymes and to the dashing pictures. — *Christmas brings the fifth series of The Good Things of Life.* (Stokes.) Some of the smaller, least ambitious cuts are the most amusing. The society scenes are rather rapid, but literature in this respect is hardly better off, so that we are forced to the conclusion that the trouble is fundamental, — with society itself. — *Thinks*, by Bill Nye. (The Dearborn Publishing Co., Chicago.) An entertaining little specimen of American humor let loose. — *Nye and Riley's Railway Guide* (same publishers) is a *lucus a non*. There is no railway in it and no guide, but the book is a collection of drolleries: the prose by Bill Nye, the verse by James Whitcomb Riley. It is the peanuts of literature.

Politics, Economics, and Sociology. *The Civil Service Law*, a defense of its principles, with corroborative evidence from the works of many eminent American statesmen, by William Harrison Clarke. (L. K. Strouse & Co., New York.) An historical study as well as apology, for the author aims to show that the principles involved in the law are those which have been advocated by all great American publicists. — *Numbers 50 and 51 of Questions of the Day* (Putnams) are *Friendly Letters to American Farmers and Others*, by J. S. Moore, and *American Prisons in the Tenth United States Census*, by F. H. Wines. Mr. Moore at once indicates the animus of his argument by heading his letters *The Champion Tariff Swindle of the World*. Mr. Wines's pamphlet bristles with figures, but he handles them as if they were familiar tools. — *Temperance and Prohibition*, by G. H. Stockham. (The Author, Oakland, Cal.) The author of this book was early interested in the temperance movement, having been a witness to Father Mathew's labors in Ireland in 1838. He writes from a conviction that the license and prohibition laws have failed to accomplish the end aimed at, and offers his suggestions and criticisms in a temperate, judicious manner. His book will not be read much, because it is not violent and one-sided, but those who do read it are likely, if they are fair-minded, to credit the author with honesty and reasonableness.